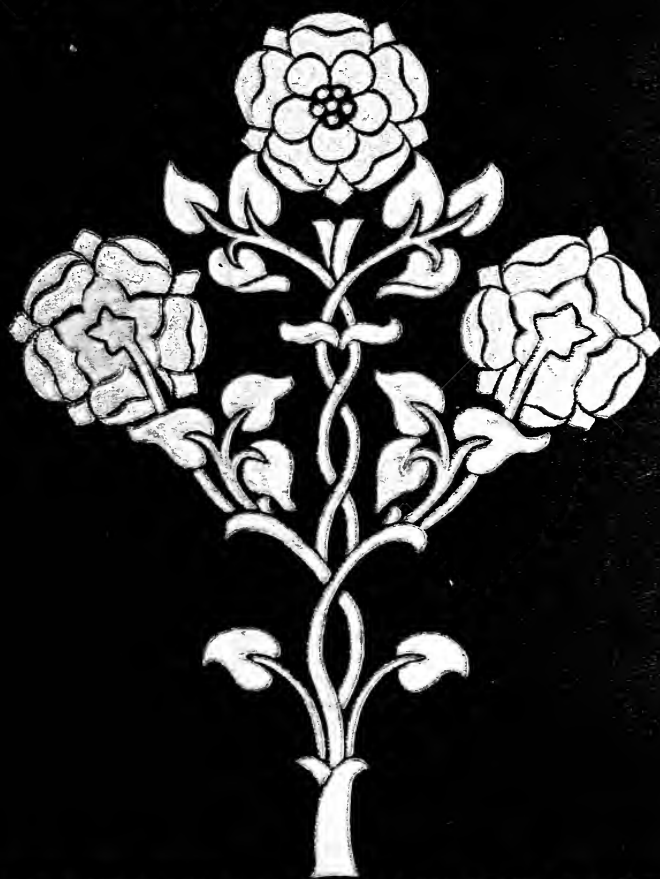


IN · OLD
NEW · YORK



WILSON · BARRETT
& · ELWYN · BARRON

No. _____



IN OLD NEW YORK.



“WALLACE . . . TOOK ADVANTAGE OF JACOB'S DISTRACTED
ATTENTION TO MAKE A SAVAGE THRUST.”

(See page 404.)

A Romance

BY
WILSON BARRETT
AND
ELWYN BARRON

Illustrated by
H. C. EDWARDS



BOSTON

(INCORPORATED)
1900

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IN OLD NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

“A PRETTY assemblage, Mr. Boylston.”

“As pretty, your Excellency, as I have seen in New York.”

“I hope the occasion may prove worthy of it. Have you made a choice, Miss Sophia?” inclining his head toward the young lady who sat in the farther corner of the carriage.

“I am between the two horns of a dilemma, your Excellency,” Miss Boylston answered, laughingly. “My sympathies run with the Virginian; but I confess my judgment leans toward the English horse. So you see I am at contraries whether to risk my judgment or my sentiments, for I should be vastly sorry to find either amiss.”

“Then back your sentiments,” the Governor urged in good humour, “for ’tis a common experience that a young lady’s most trustworthy guide is her heart.”

"My daughter is not of that opinion, I promise you. She prides herself in a mind —"

"La, papa," interrupted Miss Boylston, "you must not expose my pretensions to the ridicule of his Excellency."

"Pardon me, Miss Boylston, but you can make no pretensions that I am not ready to allow with additions. But what is your reason for preferring the Virginian?"

"None you will think substantial."

"Gad, no, your Excellency, for I must tell you that Sophy has come back from her winter in Boston with some ill-fitting notions of colonial dignity that she airs with prodigious impudence."

"Humph!" said the Governor, looking in an amused way at Miss Boylston, "if 'tis on that ground that you incline to the Virginian, I must change my advice and bid you back your judgment against your sentiments. 'Twere a pity if so much beauty and grace were thrown into the wrong basin of the balance. Let us leave sedition to the vulgar."

"La, your Excellency, I hope 'tis no sedition to wish that a home-bred horse may win against a foreign product?"

"Indeed, no, dear Miss Boylston; but an English horse *is* home-bred."

"I think, Sophy, his Excellency tripped you up there."

"Then, in the sheer obstinacy of a revengeful spirit, I shall throw my fortune with the Virginian."

"If you win —," the Governor began, hesitatingly, as he cast about in his mind for a suitable penalty.

"You shall lead me out for the first dance at the next Fort ball," Miss Boylston suggested, saucily.

"Agreed. I can think of no better way to punish you, for they say I dance atrociously."

The Governor lifted his hat and bowed with a flourish, riding off to exchange civilities with the de Lancy's, whose carriage had just entered the enclosure.

This being the first considerable race of the mid-June season, the world of fashion, not less than the crowd on the lower planes of sensibility, hastened to take joy of the occasion. The picturesque Church Farm course — idealised by the near flow of the majestic Hudson and the friendly green of approaching trees — was thronged by a shifting motley of brilliance and commonplace. Ladies in a finery of toilet suited to the elegances of an indoor reception, gentlemen in the smart attire of a dress parade, set their showiness in animating contrast to the curiously varied garb of plainer and poorer folk, from the prim dignity of the merchant's sobriety to the uncouth garment of the farmer from over the river. Here and there the leather and fringed suit of a fur-hunter

or an Indian fighter matched merit with the dashing uniform of some of his Majesty's officers or plain soldiers. Memories and traditions of the Dutch combated the dominant pretensions of English fashions, there being sabots and caps to match with French high heels and wide-brimmed, lace-decorated hats ; heavy, straight petticoats and stiff-laced bodices to rebuke the ample skirts and low corsages of the London mode. The democracy of pleasure was shown, too, in the vehicular array as well as in the trappings of the saddled cattle. Against the imported carriage of the Governor and two or three families of the gentry were set the chaise and the cabriolet in all degrees and grades of being from smartness to dilapidation ; nor was the ox-cart wanting to lend a serious importance to the scene of interest. Booths and games of the catchpenny order, hawkers of fruit and buns, tumblers and mountebanks, gave token of the imitative spirit with which the colonists declared their origin,—for the English in New York were of a mind to reproduce the conditions and characteristics of sports on the farther side of the sea, and fancied they were within the range of favourable comparison. Mr. Zenger, in the glowing account furnished to his *Weekly Journal*, notwithstanding his republican predilections, left no doubt in the reader's mind of the entire success of the imitation.

Though any sort of race was an enchantment to the wager-loving New Yorkers, whose ardour for betting overleaped all bounds of discretion, the contest to witness which all the town had come forth to-day, was exceptionally inspiring in the fact that an English thoroughbred, got over the sea with much anxiety, was to contest the honours and the purse with a Virginian-born stallion, brought to redoubtable horse-hood on the island. Partisan spirit ran the higher for the reason that there was just then no small amount of guarded friction between the vigorous Tory and the nascent Whig elements; and, though the former affected a thorough detestation of the seditious faction, as it was styled, no opportunity was missed to prove its superiority. This race was an uncommon chance, and the young bloods of the royalist holding were prodigal of their money, and, flashing it to right and left, gave odds with such reckless confidence that the English horse very early became the favourite of society in the drawing-rooms no less than of society in the taverns.

The adherents of the Virginian stallion moderated their wager-taking fervour without faltering in their allegiance, when they learned from recent arrivals from England something more of the invader's reputation than they had known. One of these newcomers was Wallace Waring, just graduated from Oxford, and come to rejoin his father, Mr. Stephen

Waring, a retired barrister of some fortune, whom ill health had driven from England ten years before. Young Waring had seen the English racer do some notable work on his native turf, and expanded the story of the exploit in a way to give that incentive to inclination which results in enthusiasm. It is an ancient observation that prophets, even those of the equine order, suffer a diminution of credit among their familiars when they are brought into question by an Unknown of whom wondrous things are spoken. The Virginian horse, unfortunately, had been raised and trained right there on the island, and, though there was among the town-folk great esteem of his merits, he certainly lacked the commanding distinction of an animal that had done great things on a famous track and against formidable rivals. Perhaps the only person who never for a moment wavered from his faith was the sturdy owner of the stallion, young Jacob Wilbruch, a well-to-do Anglo-Dutchman, who combined something of the farmer with the merchant, and was more student than sportsman. Cautious and sagacious Evert Vanbergen, who had been the guardian of Jacob's youth and young manhood, and was much averse to having his training brought under the popular reproach, had come with sage counsel to Jacob's place one morning.

"I have seen t'at Enklish horse, Jacob."

"So have I, Mr. Vanbergen."

"He is a good horse, Jacob."

"There is no doubt about that."

"Petter not pet against him."

"I have already wagered all I can afford."

"You will lose your moneys, Jacob."

"I don't think so, Mr. Vanbergen."

"Vill I put some moneys privately on t'e ot'er horse for you?"

"No; I have confidence in Black Dan."

"Ton't pe a fool, Jacob!"

"I won't. But don't bet against Black Dan, Mr. Vanbergen."

"Jacob! Jacob! I ton't like to see you lose your moneys."

"I am not going to lose it."

"Oh, ja, t'at's your vay! You vas always hard-nekkiglijk," and the old merchant turned away, in irritated pity of Jacob's obstinacy.

And this afternoon, with the race about to come off, Jacob found most people in Mr. Vanbergen's way of thinking. Favour seemed to have gone over bodily to the "foreigner," and only the unconquerable passion for gambling on a hazard which characterised the times kept Black Dan in countenance. But Jacob cared not a whit for that. He had slapped the broad, deep chest of the stallion, smoothed down the powerful shoulders, patted the wide nostrils, and

looked into the fire-lighted eyes, very well satisfied with the inspection.

“The other fellow has more speed than you have, Dan ; but he hasn’t got your chest and muscles. You and I know what four-mile heats will mean.” And Black Dan had whinnied something which Jacob seemed to understand.

Before the chief event could come on there were to be a half-dozen of those wild and thundering “quarter dashes” in which the common people found a mighty delight. These dashes were always between two horses running on parallel paths ; and though everything depended on the volt at the start, and nothing was due to skill of horsemanship, the fury of the rush was a mad excitement to the gamesters, and in the few seconds between start and finish extravagant sums changed hands. After the last of these had got the assembly into the proper frame of mind to appreciate the vital incident of the day, the eight horses entered for the great race were led out from the paddock, amid the cheers of the multitude. There was a hurrying of eager gamesters to take stock of the cattle, though little attention was given to any but the fine bay gelding and the superb black stallion generally designated as the real competitors for first place.

Black Dan’s mount was a negro lad as black as himself, a perfect accord apparently existing between

the two. Jacob gave the boy one final word of instruction.

"Don't strain to take the first heat, Jim. Second place will do."

"Yas, Marse Jake."

"Your freedom, if you win, Jim."

"Yas, Marse Jake."

While the horses were cantering and caracoling up the track preparing for the start, Jacob Wilbruch crossed the turf to the private stand, as if in no wise concerned in the results of the race. He exchanged telegraphic signs, however, with a young lady of a distinctive beauty but in less fashionable attire than those about her, whose face gave every token of an apprehensive excitement. Jacob's nod was one of reassurance, for she smiled in contented way and turned to whisper to the old merchant sitting beside her :

"Jacob feels sure, papa."

"Oh, ja," said Mr. Vanbergen, a little gruffly, "Jacob always feels t'at vay."

"Well, I feel sure, too, papa."

"T'at ton't matter. You are not going to lose some moneys py your feelings."

"That may be, but I'm going to risk some on them!"

"Luya!"

Mr. Vanbergen looked at his daughter with a sur-

prise as great as his displeasure, there being nothing he held more in abhorrence than bad judgment in money affairs, and nothing that could more confound him than such bad judgment in his daughter. But Miss Luya Vanbergen had been too long accustomed to rule her father to take note of his disapprobation of her opinions, and she was already well down the steps toward the grass-plot before Mr. Vanbergen was enough recovered to understand her intention. She was going in quest of some friendly victim.

Meantime, Lieutenant Willett, one of the most gracefully dissipated of his Majesty's young officers, and Mr. Philip Ashton had sauntered up to Wilbruch with the easy air of gentlemen who feel a genial tolerance of the follies of an inferior intelligence.

"Well, Mr. Wilbruch," Lieutenant Willett began, with a smile, "are you still advising your friends to lay their money on Black Dan?"

"I have advised no one to lay his money on Black Dan, lieutenant," Jacob answered, good-naturedly.

"How about your own money?" Ashton asked. "Does it support your preference?"

"As far as I have thought wise, Mr. Ashton."

"Gad, I'm sorry to hear you say so, for I have still a few guineas I should love to set to breeding. Come, a simple fifty?"

"You might oblige him to that extent," the lieutenant urged, as Jacob shook his head.

"I run my horse for his own credit and for some little pride of my own, lieutenant, and not to fill my purse by emptying those of my neighbours."

"Gad, lieutenant, Mr. Wilbruch is a moralist of economies. 'Tis a saving sort of virtue. Then you will not lay me fifty on your horse?"

"I think not, Mr. Ashton."

"But I will, Mr. Ashton," said Miss Vanbergen, coming up at the moment. "And, that you may not feel slighted, lieutenant, I'll be as accommodating in your interest."

Both gentlemen bowed in a deprecating way.

"I am sure," said the lieutenant, "that Mr. Ashton no more than I can have a wish to rob Miss Vanbergen."

"But if you care to be rid of your purse —"

"La, Mr. Ashton," cried Miss Vanbergen, interrupting the gentleman addressed, "I shall have the greatest need of my purse to hold what I shall win from you both, if you have the courage to venture."

"Faith, I haven't the courage, Miss Vanbergen," the lieutenant laughed.

"Nor I," echoed Mr. Ashton, in equal good humour. "But if you really seek a wager, as I was going to say, you have but to offer yourself to Miss Boylston, who is so eager in the matter as to be out of temper because none of her friends will oppose her."

"And she is ready to give the handsomest odds," the lieutenant added.

"I applaud the way you turn me off, gentlemen; but I am the better pleased to have you scorn my wager for the reason that I much prefer to place my savings with Miss Boylston. I thank you for letting me know her inclination. But take my advice, put your money on Black Dan. That is the best way to keep it. Jacob, give me your arm to Miss Boylston's carriage. Let us see, gentlemen, who shall be readiest of us to put something into the contribution-box next Sunday."

Miss Vanbergen made a half-curtsey as she took Wilbruch's arm and moved away, throwing back at the two young gentlemen such a smile of malicious good humour as made them aware that there was nothing on the island more provokingly pretty than Luya Vanbergen's face, in which young loveliness and keen intelligence had established a compromise.

"Who the deuce is she?" eagerly asked Wallace Waring, joining the lieutenant and Ashton as Luya retired with Wilbruch. "That is one of your townswomen, Ashton, you must have kept hidden from me, and I shall hold a spite against you for it! Who is she? What's her name? Eh?"

Ashton laughed.

"Have you been 'shot through with a pretty

wench's blue eye,' my dear Waring? The blue eye of a trader's daughter, into the bargain?"

"Make no jests about it! Upon my word, 'tis the first sight since I arrived in your cursed wilderness that has reconciled me to my expatriation. Tell me, lieutenant, who she is!" Waring betrayed an impatience which the lieutenant smilingly received.

"Miss Luya Vanbergen, daughter of one of the rich Dutchmen who seem to be able to teach our English merchants something in the way of trade. Have you a mind to negotiate?"

"If so, you will have to take account of the stout fellow beside her there, for I think Mr. Wilbruch has bespoke the merchandise."

"Which of you will do me the favour to introduce me?" Waring demanded. "I shall have a fever till I know the lady."

"Then I'll be your physician," Ashton said, linking his arm into Waring's. "But I can tell you, and the lieutenant here will certify the fact, that more than one of us have vainly undertaken to play Lothario in this direction —"

"Hang it, Ashton!" Waring exclaimed, warmly and with a look of genuine indignation, "I shall take a second allusion of the sort as an affront; and, by your leave, I shall find another means to the lady's acquaintance."

Waring released his arm from that of Mr. Ashton,

lifted his hat with perhaps too stern a touch of tragical seriousness in his manner and walked away in dignified contempt of the pacificatory protests of the young gentlemen.

“A pretty temper, that!” said the lieutenant.

“A pepper-pod, egad!” assented Mr. Ashton.

“If he were not such a gay devil of a rake over a bottle and the card-table, I should think him the damnable pattern of a prig.”

“He’s none of that. But you may stab me to the heart with a herring-bone if he hasn’t plunged mad into love with the first sight of the Dutchman’s daughter.”

“Then heaven send him some good of her! Egad! they’re off!”

The shout of the people had attracted the lieutenant’s attention, and he looked toward the track in time to see the eight horses charging in a bunch at full speed; and in the next instant they had passed in a flash of colours, the mass thundering by, pretty well together, with the English horse on the inner curve and Black Dan on the outside, quite half a length to the rear.

“A good start.”

“Yes, we have the advantage,” Ashton replied, with an approving smile.

CHAPTER II.

THE horses, being in motion, became, of course, the focus of every interest. Eyes and thoughts were upon the dark patch circling rapidly against the green undulations of the course, a roar of voices indicating every slight change in the relative positions of the striving animals.

Jacob and Miss Vanbergen, having paused to witness the start, had not yet reached Miss Boylston's carriage when the racers swept by to the completion of the first mile. Black Dan, though holding the third place, was quite a length and a half behind the English horse, which seemed to keep the lead with ease. A great shout of triumph attested the satisfaction of the majority of the spectators, and Miss Vanbergen looked with anxious inquiry into the impassive face of her escort.

"What do you think, Jacob?"

"I think Jim is giving Black Dan too much head."

"Too much head! But he is way behind, Jacob!"

"Not far enough behind, Luya."

"Not far enough behind? Why, Jacob! Do you want Black Dan to lose the race?"

"You know little Jim?"

"Yes."

"He is riding for his freedom."

"Ah, then he understands!"

"Yes, Jim understands. He is only to push Dan in the last heats."

They came up to the carriage on the seat of which Miss Boylston was standing, a brilliant glow of excitement in her face and eyes, and a gaiety of enthusiasm in her speech. Miss Boylston enjoyed the distinction of being the belle of the polite world of New York, and Miss Vanbergen, whose social progress had brought her only to the outer rim of the charmed circle, thought the distinction well bestowed, and looked with unconcealed admiration upon the distinguished young lady.

"What a pity 'tis," Miss Boylston was saying, "that I am allowed only a spectator's interest in the sport! I think some one might have been gallant enough to pretend a faith in the black horse! La! here is Mr. Wilbruch. Surely, Mr. Wilbruch, you are not like the others! You will venture a trifle on your own horse to give me a pleasure, I warrant me! Will you not?"

"We have come with that object," Miss Vanbergen answered for Jacob. "We heard of your disappointment, and mean to console you. I will take your offer."

“La, Miss Vanbergen!” Miss Boylston cried, affecting only then to have seen the young lady. “How do you do? I did not suppose you had a mind for hazards, — I have never seen you at the tables. But do you wager on conviction, or from friendship to Mr. Wilbruch? Though it can matter but little to which sentiment you sacrifice, — I am ashamed to take advantage of your devotion.” Miss Boylston spoke with amiable condescension.

“You need have no scruples, Miss Boylston, to take advantage of my readiness to wager on Black Dan’s winning. I have a faith nothing wavering.” Miss Vanbergen’s vivacious manner gave no evidence that she felt the condescension of the aristocratic young lady who believed that persons in trade had in some way missed the divine leavening.

“And you allow her, Mr. Wilbruch?”

“I have not the right to prevent her,” Jacob answered, simply. “But I think she will run no risk.”

“Infatuation!” exclaimed Miss Boylston. “But look! See where your horse is now!”

The troop charged by for the second time as she pointed, no longer in a bunch, but each one trailing more and more behind the leader, with Black Dan another length toward the rear. One would have imagined the race to have been won, so mighty was the roar of exultation as the beasts went straining by the stand.

"Are you still for a wager, Miss Vanbergen?" cried Miss Boylston, looking down at the couple. "Do you think, now, there is no risk, Mr. Wilbruch?"

"Fifty guineas, Miss Boylston, and I ask no odds!"

Miss Vanbergen had the manner of one throwing an empire into the scales of destiny. Even Jacob smiled, and Miss Boylston, laughingly, but with the eager pleasure of an abandoned gamester, seized upon the reckless advantage, Mr. Boylston, who had listened in amused silence, graciously consenting to hold the stakes.

"You are not as shrewd a bargainer as your father, I fear, Miss Vanbergen," he laughed, as that young lady thrust her crisp bank-notes into his hand.

"You will find that I am a Vanbergen, after all, Mr. Boylston," she answered, gaily, as she turned away with Jacob, recognising a new thrill in the joy of life now that she had given a gage to fortune. This was her first wager, and she revelled in a sense of heroic doing. Black Dan was no longer a mere horse, under the spur and the whip; he was an embodied idea, self-consciously moving toward a goal imperatively set for his attainment. Possibly, too, Miss Vanbergen was intuitively aware of the fact that the exhilarating incident was the beginning of

a rivalry which should have to do with stocks not altogether of banking value.

Jacob and Miss Vanbergen were standing near the paling above the wicket when the horses came around in the third mile, and as they passed Jacob called out :

“Yes, Jim.”

The negro boy raised his whip in the air, making a sign that he had heard and understood, and at the heat's end Black Dan was an easy second.

This little manœuvre passed unobserved by the crowd, the stallion's advance being attributed, not to his own merits, but to the deficiencies of the third horse at the finish, and the crowd, swarming on to the track, pressed around the English horse with that idolatrous ardour which muscular success always produces in the vulgar mind.

Miss Vanbergen, left alone for the moment, and thinking with Jacob that “Dan is not worrying,” was turning toward the stand with the dutiful intention to rejoin her father, when a handsome young gentleman in the elegance of fashion stepped before her with a profound bow, at the same time giving the jauntiest possible tilt to the silver-hilted sword hanging at his side.

“I beg Miss Vanbergen's pardon.”

The surprise which lifted Miss Vanbergen's pretty eyebrows discovered the more clearly to her pleased

glance the natural and fashioned allurements of the young stranger, and her mind was inclined to be lenient with such well-appearing impudence. She paused, indulgent.

"I am Mr. Wallace Waring, at your service," raising his head to look at her, but with his body still interrogatively inclined, and his hat held deferentially before him.

"Oh! Mr. Stephen Waring's son, no doubt? I had heard of your expected arrival."

She showed no disposition to move on, and he thought there was a sort of parlant privilege in her smile.

"I should have waited to have some one commend me to your favour; but, if you will accept of my self-introduction, you shall have my certificates of character when I can find them."

"I think we must have common acquaintances, Mr. Waring. It should not be so difficult to find your certificates. Were there none convenient?" She gave a mischievous glance and nod toward the throng of gay people moving to and fro about them.

"I was seeking my father when I came upon you. As your father and mine seem to have business interests in common —"

"Oh, as for that," Miss Vanbergen answered, making a *moue* of comical misprisc, "you are quite in the way to begin by slipping into a mistake."

"May I ask how?"

"You should know better than I that your father would not thank you for hinting that he has anything to do with trade."

This was a challenge to prejudice which the young gentleman chose to regard as a symptom of friendliness. He put on his hat, smiled in a way to declare a spirit superior to paternal foibles, and said, as he offered Miss Vanbergen his arm:

"Since we are come so quick to an understanding, Miss Vanbergen, I make bold to think you will let me certify in my own behalf."

"I will permit you to escort me to my father," she assented, taking his arm, frankly, and smiling into his face; "but I do not wish you to conclude from that that I shall know you the next time I see you."

"But when, then, may I assume that you know me?"

"When I have seen you under my father's roof."

"You give me leave to call?"

"If you can find some one to fetch you."

"If not my father, I know not who may be agreeable to you, I am yet so much a stranger here."

"I shall judge of your eagerness to make my acquaintance by the length of time you take to find a sponsor."

As Miss Vanbergen was not without her quota of feminine vanities, it may be imagined that she

received very complacently the flattering extravagances called forth by her not too artless remark. Mr. Waring, who had not been spoiled by an academic devotion to his studies at the university, was well schooled in the fulsome art of flattery, so esteemed in a time when gallantry and skill with the bottle were the conspicuous traits of a gentleman.

In spite of her declared theories as to the right beginnings of acquaintance and his ready endorsement of her views, the line of approach to the place in the stand got insensibly twisted and tangled into a labyrinth of wanderings; and the horses, five only of the starters, were being led on to the track for the second heat when the young people finally arrived at the steps. Neither of them was conscious of a deviation from the direct course; and if it were possible to believe that sentimental elements may fuse as instantly as chemical properties are blended, it might be concluded that the strangers of a few minutes before were qualified lovers in the present moment. Happily, both were enough ignorant of the alchemy of love to imagine that nothing more unifying had come between them than the merits of the horse-race.

Mr. Waring had been a fiery partisan of the English racer. Miss Vanbergen had replied to his attempt to persuade her of his superior knowledge of horse-flesh by the illogical but unanswerable declaration:

“La, Mr. Waring, I dare say you are very right in

what you say, but Black Dan is going to win the race, because Jacob let me risk my money on him, and Jacob would not have done that if he did not *know* that Black Dan can win."

"Jacob?"

"Yes, — Mr. Wilbruch, you know."

"Is Mr. Wilbruch so —" he hesitated, the expression of his face intelligibly completing the sentence.

"Jacob is the best friend I have in the world," she said, heartily, replying to his unspoken inquiry.

"Anything more?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Waring! Are you inquisitive?"

"I beg your pardon," bowing with that excess of dignity which suggests the resentment one must needs repress.

"I don't mind telling you, though," she said, much gratified by her interpretation of his sudden reserve, "that Jacob and I have grown up together, — he was my father's ward till he came of age, — and any one who cares for my esteem must have a friendly spirit for Jacob. And for that reason I don't want you to waste any more money betting against Jacob's horse."

She laughed and went up the steps, acknowledging his reverence with a saucy nod of the head, leaving him with the annoying reflection that, for the first time in his life, his brain had been too sodden to command the functions of speech.

As he turned away to cross the sward to the track from which the crowd was being cleared, Mr. Stephen Waring came up to him.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Wallace? I've been looking for you. Come with me; I wish to introduce you to the Boylstons."

"First, I want to make some arrangement of my bets. I find I'm on the wrong horse."

"You haven't been playing this Black Dan, surely?" Mr. Waring asked, incredulously.

"No; but that is what I am going to do."

"Ridiculous! You might as well wager on the resurrection of your great-grandmother. Stand by your colours. But I want you to know Miss Boylston," taking his arm and moving along with him; "she is the one creature in the colony I should like to have catch your fancy."

"You are not thinking to put me in bondage, I hope, sir?"

"If you call it bondage to be in the favour of the handsomest girl and the greatest heiress in New York, that is what I am thinking of. It is what I was thinking of when I sent for you. I've set my heart upon it. I want the girl in the family," tapping Wallace's arm good-humouredly.

"The girl or her money, sir?"

"The girl *and* her money, Wallace! It is the combination that interests me."

CHAPTER III.

MISS BOYLSTON, having left the carriage, was holding a petty levee improvised under one of the great elms that shaded an end of the lawn, and tea was being served in tiny cups to the group about her. She was in the vein to receive Mr. Wallace Waring most graciously, and installed him in the seat of honour beside her with such an air of cordial interest that he fell at once into accord with her spirit, — to the secret delight of his father, who was much given to making grave deductions from external show. If the lady's state of mind could have served as the basis of conclusions, Mr. Waring might have reared his hopes with security, for, out of question, Miss Boylston was more than sensible to the masculine charm of person and manner exerted by Mr. Wallace Waring. She admitted, in the smile that followed her first glance, his merit as a figure of fashion, and, finding from his conversation that he did not fall hopelessly below her own intellectual level, allowed to herself that he might be no mean conquest, if her inclination should move her to the

undertaking. Moreover, having sounded the shoals and depths of the fixed society of her native place without coming upon a virile treasure more to her liking than Lieutenant Willett, whom she thought too much in love with his epaulets to have much affection left to bestow on a wife, Miss Boylston was the readier to try the quality of the newcomer. She became so much occupied with the initial skirmish as to forget or disregard the horse-race which others of her party had less reason to ignore, and she did not fully realise that she was quite alone with Mr. Wallace until a sudden great commotion and much noise in the crowd informed them of an unusual excitement.

Wallace, who had been less engrossed in the frolics of their conversation, and who had a sportsmanlike passion for the turf that respect for the sex could not altogether stifle, sprang to his feet with profane enthusiasm, as he shouted :

“By gad, madam, I believe the black horse has got the lead !”

“Impossible !” exclaimed Miss Boylston, starting up in her turn.

“But a fact, as I’m a man of honour ! Look ! You can see for yourself ! There they come by the third quarter pole !”

They were hurrying toward the open part of the enclosure as he spoke, and the long reach of the

“home stretch” was in full view as they stopped on a little rise of ground near the paling fence.

“Yes, the black horse is ahead,” Miss Boylston admitted, in tremulous excitement, “but I vow, Mr. Waring, I think the English bay is coming up again.”

In truth, the English horse, — Royal Oak on the betting sheets, — after slipping to second place, was forging again into the lead, under the whip of the jockey, and had recovered most of the lost ground when they swept by the judge’s stand, rushing on into the second mile of the heat neck and neck together.

It is not necessary to say how large a part in the scene of hilarious disorder was played by the ladies, but the assembly in general attested tumultuously its relish of lusty sport when spiced with surprises, — and the feat of Royal Oak was a prodigiously fine shock to enthusiasm.

When the racers came around, completing the second mile, Royal Oak was half a length ahead once more, but the more cool-headed onlookers, and Miss Boylston herself was one of these, noted and remarked upon the fact that Royal Oak was under the whip, but that Black Dan’s rider crouched in the saddle like an inanimate carving in ebony.

“That is a killing pace!” said Miss Boylston. And others said so, too, when they learned that

the two miles had been covered in something under the four minutes. At the end of the third mile the relative positions of the first two horses' were much the same as they were at its beginning; but now, as in the first heat, Jacob, leaning impassively against the paling, shouted, as the rivals rushed by :

“ Yes, Jim ! ”

The ebony figure raised his whip in the air as before, but this time the thin lash came singing down upon the stallion's flank, and Black Dan made a leap to the front. Another slash and another leap, and then the steady lunging in a lead that was not to be overcome. The English horse had felt the whip too much to be stung into greater energy by its frantic use. He did not gain an inch for all the welts lacing his reeking coat.

Every one seemed bent on getting on to the track when the heat was done, with Black Dan the winner. The stands were abandoned, the commoners surged in a mass from their places, and in the confusion and excitement every scruple went down before the generous democracy of sport. The spirit of fair play was so untroubled in the crowd that even those in danger of losing snug fortunes by the unexpected turn of affairs tempered their disappointment by admiration of the animal who had set their pulses bounding.

Miss Vanbergen had managed to get to Jacob's

side, and his broad shoulders cleared her a path to the centre of the track, where, the formalities over, a ring was formed about the two horses who were to run the final heat without other competitors.

"Wasn't it glorious! Aren't you proud, Jacob? Did he not really surprise you?"

"No, I knew what Black Dan had in him." Then, looking at her with a smile as subtle as his honest lips could fashion, he added, "I've had some talks with Dan along the Boston High Road."

"Oh, Jacob! I would not have thought you were so crafty. Do you think he can do as well next time?"

"I am sure of it."

Jacob led Miss Vanbergen up to the stallion being blanketed by the grooms and with Jim standing, saddle on arm, beside him. All the Whig world roared out its joy of Black Dan in acclamation of his owner.

"Three cheers for Jacob Wilbruch!" cried out a leather-garmented woodsman, flourishing his long rifle aloft, and the cheers were given with energy.

"And three cheers for Royal Oak," Jacob responded, lifting his hat. Right lusty was the thrice repeated answer.

The excitement continued after the horses had been led away to the stables. An even-tempered hubbub in the main, but not without some turbulence,

—for it is not in the nature of every man to drink unguardedly and lose money with tranquillity. Nor was it from the ranks of the vulgar that the greatest disorder arose. At a time when gallantry and the bottle were the gauges of a gentleman's quality, sobriety was necessarily excluded from the list of cardinal virtues; and a young man of fashion would rather have worn blemished lace on his front than have suffered the question of his bibulous proficiency. It was, then, quite consistent with the ordering of exceptions to a general rule that Mr. Vinton Spencer, a young gentleman refined to an effeminate nicety in dress and appearance, should have been in a state of mind to whip out his sword and thrust viciously at the negro boy, Jim, on his way to the stable, crying:

“There is the damned black imp that will bring us to destruction.”

The first thrust having failed to do more than make a hole in the sleeve of Jim's blouse, Mr. Spencer was of a purpose to better the assault, when the sword was wrested from his hand by Mr. Jacob Wilbruch and broken into halves over that gentleman's knee.

“That was not well done, Mr. Wilbruch,” cried Lieutenant Willett, stepping to the support of the furious Mr. Spencer.

“I am of opinion it was superbly done, Lieutenant Willett!” exclaimed Mr. Wallace Waring, who had

left Miss Boylston in order to see Black Dan rubbed down.

"He shall answer for it," screamed Mr. Spencer, flinging himself forward at Jacob, but restrained by some friendly hands.

"You think it well done to break a gentleman's sword in that fashion, Mr. Waring?"

"I have seen no gentleman's sword broken, Lieutenant Willett."

"Do you insult me, sir?" shouted Mr. Spencer, turning his rage from Jacob to Wallace.

"I think not," Wallace answered, coolly eyeing the young man's threatening attitude.

"Mr. Waring," said Lieutenant Willett, as he took Spencer by the arm, "there is no occasion to your taking up a quarrel that cannot concern you. 'Tis between my friend and Mr. Wilbruch. Mr. Spencer was at some fault to thrust at the nigger, but the nigger was insolent —"

"In that you are wrong, lieutenant," said Jacob, speaking for the first time; "Jim had said nothing."

"But he grinned into our faces, damn him!" Mr. Spencer exclaimed. "Insolence enough in that to cost him his ears!"

"Whatever the provocation to the act of my friend," continued the lieutenant, "Mr. Wilbruch offended against taste and honour in breaking his sword. You cannot dissent from that."

“If a man make a dastardly use of his sword, Lieutenant Willett, he is too much complimented if an honest gentleman take the trouble to break it for him. Mr. Wilbruch, I would be glad to see your horse at nearer view ; will you allow me the favour ?”

“You shall hear from me !” Mr. Spencer promised, as Jacob and Wallace went on toward the stables, followed by Jim, who was rather proud to have been the cause of so threatening a disagreement between his betters.

The group attracted by the disturbance was not disposed, it must be admitted, to take Wallace Waring’s view of the provoking incident. The breaking of a gentleman’s sword in that summary way was thought to be an act of ruffianly brutality, grossly out of proportion to the trifling circumstance of spitting a nigger,—killing a black being only a finable offence, under the wholesome law of the day.

Mr. Spencer was therefore surrounded by sympathisers as he leaned on the arm of Lieutenant Willett, going over to the Drovers’ Inn, where they might discuss their grievances to some purpose during the wait for the final heat.

At the inn, one of the listeners to the highly coloured variations upon the facts which it pleased the imaginative Mr. Spencer to declaim was Gaspard Renaud, said to have been of service to the colony

in some forgotten Indian campaign. This ancient well-doing seemed to have secured to Gaspard a perpetual right to be dissolutely indolent, the monotony of his existence being relieved by occasional expeditions after wolf scalps, the bounty on which gave him enough for his scant needs during three or four months of idleness. It was said of Gaspard that he could put out a turkey's eye at a distance of three hundred yards. Gaspard listened very attentively, smoking his short black pipe.

After a time Lieutenant Willett left with a commission to present the compliments of Mr. Vinton Spencer to Mr. Jacob Wilbruch, most of the party returning with him to the track. Mr. Spencer remained to finish a bottle and some vagrant reflections not of a character to give sunniness to his countenance. When the bell rang to call the horses to the course, Mr. Spencer paid his reckoning, flung the petty change among some boys playing at bowls on a stretch of turf, got on his feet unsteadily, and set himself moving in the direction of the crowd. Gaspard Renaud rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and slouched away from the inn aimlessly, by the merest chance following in the steps of Mr. Spencer.

The story of the assault upon the negro boy Jim, much exaggerated by repetitions, and numerous alterations in which the arguments of the fist were

substituted for those of the tongue, had done all that was necessary to swell the normal interest in the race into an intemperate zeal of partisanship. Naturally enough, the non-betters were the more tumultuous in the expression of their ardour, and, not being hindered by material considerations, were the more ready to change sides that they might be with the victor, whatever his colour. When the horses came on to the track for the decisive struggle, the least discriminating ear in the multitude would have had no difficulty in deciding that the preponderance of noise was on the side of Black Dan. Some of the more cautious gamblers quietly protected their bets on Royal Oak, but the young gentlemen, with sportsmanlike fidelity to the cause espoused, were generally of a spirit to stand by the "foreigner," though they refrained from adding to the money value of their sentiments. Indeed, very little new money was being wagered, when, just as the horses were off, with Royal Oak a feather in advance, Mr. Vinton Spencer came, flushed and feverish, into the midst of a group, flourishing a handful of notes aloft, and shouting :

"Five to one on Royal Oak for as much as you please !"

"I'll take that for a hundred !" said Mr. Allen Bradford, who had been a supporter of Black Dan from the outset.

"No, no, Bradford," interposed Lieutenant Willett,

in what was meant to be an undertone, "don't you see that Vint is drunk?"

"Drunk!" protested Mr. Spencer. "I am as sober as yourself, lieutenant. I know what I am about, I promise you. Out with your money, Bradford; Willett shall hold the pigs for us. There are mine."

"There are no such odds; Mr. Bradford will not take advantage of your liberality. At best, 'tis an even chance."

"You are wrong, lieutenant," Mr. Spencer urged, with a significant shake of the head, "but I'm for Bradford on an even hundred, if he will take me."

But Mr. Bradford, agreeing with the lieutenant upon the injudicious character of Mr. Spencer's emotion, declined the offer politely, and the tipsy young gentleman meandered through the throng in quest of more obliging amateurs.

Every one was more engrossed in the eager excitement of watching the swift-moving figures gliding like silhouettes against the splash of ensanguined gold left by the runaway sun. Two better matched racers had never pounded the turf of the Church Farm oval. They rounded the first mile so well together that the tail of one might have swished the rump of the other, and the delighted onlookers discharged a vocal salvo that probably reëchoed from the Brooklyn Heights.

Wallace Waring had found his way to Miss Van-

bergen, and had become magnetised into a confirmed Dan-ite by the fire of her enthusiasm.

"You see what Mr. Wilbruch's tactics have been, — to keep the horses at their highest speed from start to finish. He relies on Black Dan's powers of endurance to win."

"And Black Dan could go on for ever that way," cried Miss Vanbergen, in a transport.

"But Royal Oak is getting too much of it," Wallace replied, with more cheerfulness than was religiously in keeping with his early devotion to that valiant animal.

Round came the flyers again, and again they vanished down the quarter stretch, the bay throwing off clots of foam, the black shining like a spaniel fresh from a waterway. At the half-mile pole, Jim's arm rose and fell twice in quick succession, and Black Dan had made two of his masterful bounds which gave him a neck to the fore. In that position the third mile was completed and the fourth begun. The crowd became delirious. The race was won. Strain as he might, Royal Oak could not hope to inch past that tireless engine leaping with great even springs, as if the first instead of the last of the twelve hard miles were loosening his muscles. Cheers and laughter and shouts, bravoes and screams from the crowd, a frantic throwing aloft of hats and a mad wave of handkerchiefs, as the horses, hidden a

moment from view by a clump of bushes near the three-quarter pole, came swerving around the bend into the straight sweep home. But in that instant the foremost horse was seen to rear in the air, lunge forward, and fall in a heap, the dark mass lying motionless as Royal Oak sped on and finished alone. Over the clump of bushes, a thing unnoticed by any one in the dumfounded multitude, a thin white patch of cloud floated for a moment and dissolved in the breeze.

Jacob was the first to leap the paling and start on a run up the track, but thousands were close behind him, men and women and children, the gentry and those of low degree following breathlessly, stirred, maybe, by a nobler emotion than curiosity, — for the boy Jim had not risen from that still mass on the beaten turf.

Black Dan had fallen shot through the heart, and the boy lay crushed beneath him.

Nigger boy Jim rode for his freedom that day.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. ZENGER'S paper, appearing two days later, in its appointed time of the week, contained an adequate though brief review of the Church Farm events and casualties. Patriotic zeal tended somewhat to embitter Mr. Zenger's comment, and he possibly went beyond the proper limits of journalistic license in denouncing "the vicious interruption of the race in the barbarous killing of a noble animal and the incidental sacrifice of a human, though humble, life." He could see in the affair only another of those acts of tyrannous oppression which the policy of wretched King George and his unscrupulous ministers employed to crush the rising spirit of independence in the colonies. He had no sort of doubt that a royalist conspiracy against the expansion of native genius had determined this "atrocious dishonour of sport," and burned with indignation that the judges had declared for "no race," instead of awarding the victory to the splendid creature slain in the very moment of his certain triumph.

This was the concluding paragraph of Mr. Zenger's article :

“In the confusion and indignation of the people, the perpetrator of the deed had time to make off before search for him was thought of. Then, Mr. Wilbruch and Mr. Wallace Waring, the new-arrived son of our distinguished townsman, Mr. Stephen Waring, set off together, followed by a hundred or more stout citizens and farmers, to scour the neighbourhood for the miscreant. They were able to track him to Beekman’s Swamp, but the nature of the place and the coming on darkness were to the advantage of the fugitive, and trace of him was lost, though the chase was not given over until far into the night and after a party with torches had beaten the swamp as well as might be. The pity of it is that the villain has, for the time, escaped vengeance ; but Mr. Wilbruch has offered, as may be seen by his advertisement elsewhere printed in this paper, a reward of £100 for the fellow’s apprehension, a reward large enough, in all conscience, to give some hope of justice being done right speedily, it being out of question that the fellow has accomplices.”

While the polite subscribers to Mr. Zenger’s paper were reading this article and wondering how it would compare with the account Mr. de Foreest should present in the *Evening Post* of the next Monday, the point of honour between Mr. Vinton Spencer and Mr. Jacob Wilbruch was in a way to be settled in

a bowery garden at Golden Hill. Mr. Spencer was accompanied by Lieutenant Willett. Jacob had gratefully accepted the volunteered services of Wallace Waring, a friendly sympathy having been established between the two by the circumstances of their acquaintance.

Mr. Philip Ashton and Mr. Allen Bradford were also of the party. The six young men, having exchanged greetings, strolled down into a secluded part of the garden without betraying to the good dame who kept the house any sinister purpose, and set themselves promptly to the business of their meeting.

Some perfunctory things were said in a genteel fashion as to the conveniences of a reconciliation, and Mr. Wilbruch had declared with much frankness that he knew of no reason why he should wish to do Mr. Vinton Spencer an injury. Mr. Spencer in his turn, with a strangeness of manner that piqued the lieutenant, made answer :

“I must cross swords with Mr. Wilbruch for my credit’s sake.”

And cross swords they did right prettily, the astonishing skill and lightness of Mr. Spencer being a match for the superior strength and tolerable deftness of Mr. Wilbruch’s play ; so that it occasioned no small surprise when, after five minutes of dangerous thrusting and parrying, Mr. Spencer’s sword made

a lively parabola into a bush six feet away, leaving that gentleman's breast quite at the mercy of his adversary's point.

Mr. Wilbruch saluted as if it had been the friendliest of fencing bouts, and signalled Mr. Spencer to recover his sword.

Mr. Spencer cast an irresolute glance in the direction of his sword, drew the sleeve of his shirt across his forehead, and, to the utter consternation of Lieutenant Willett, cried out :

"It's all a damned farce, my pretending to defend my honour. I haven't got any honour."

"What the devil are you saying, Spencer!" exclaimed the lieutenant, the others showing no less perplexity of countenance.

"I'm not fit to fight with a man of honour, for I'm a blackguard."

"Spencer!"

"It's true! I'm worse than a blackguard! For it was I who brought about that thing of the race. I paid for the shot that killed Black Dan!"

This was an incredible sort of confession. The men were stupefied by it. They stood staring at Spencer in silence. Jacob had made an involuntary movement forward, and his hand gripped harder the hilt of his sword, but unbelief arrested him. The thing was too monstrous.

"I don't remember it all," Spencer went on, like

one unworthy and indifferent to judgment; "the most of it is a mere shadow in my mind. But I remember a man came to me, and asked, 'What would it be worth to you if the black horse should lose?' I don't know what I answered, but I know he said, 'Give me twenty pounds, and the black horse shall stumble if he is ahead in the last mile.' I don't know what I was thinking of. I gave him the money. I didn't realise anything about it all until I saw the little nigger boy, and knew that I had killed him. I hadn't thought of anything like that, I know. I hadn't even thought of harm to the horse. I didn't know what that devil had in mind to do. I was only thinking of a stumble. But I'm a blackguard in the best of it. I only crossed swords with Mr. Wilbruch because I didn't want to be thought a coward among the rest."

Spencer turned to take up his coat.

"Gentlemen," said Lieutenant Willett, addressing the others, "I give you my word I knew nothing of this."

"That as a matter of course, lieutenant," said Mr. Bradford, bowing, Jacob and Wallace acquiescing in like manner.

Jacob moved over toward Spencer.

"Who was the man?" he asked, by no means in a conciliatory tone.

Spencer looked up, a momentary tinge of resent-

ment giving a dignity to the pallor of his delicately feminine face.

"You don't expect me to answer that question, Mr. Wilbruch?"

"But I do expect you to answer it!"

"Then I decline. The fellow acted at my instigation. I won't denounce him. I stand in his place. I take the responsibility."

"He is right," said Wallace, taking Jacob's arm. "The real culprit is here. It would need Mr. Spencer's testimony to convict the fellow who fired the shot, and I fancy Mr. Spencer will not care to send another man to wear a prison garb that belongs on his own shoulders."

"You put the case too bluntly, Mr. Waring," said Mr. Ashton. "I protest I think Mr. Spencer more the victim of circumstances than you seem willing to allow."

"That may be claimed for any man who finds himself in a false position, Mr. Ashton," Wallace replied. "Few of us, I take it, would be at fault if circumstances were wholly in our control."

"We are not to discuss ethics, I suppose," the lieutenant said, taking up Spencer's sword as he spoke. "The question is as to what course Mr. Wilbruch is resolved to pursue. You are the only material sufferer by the accident, Mr. Wilbruch, and, though the loss is not to be repaired alto-

gether, I am sure Mr. Spencer will arrange to meet the money value of your property."

"And I know not what more can be asked," Mr. Ashton volunteered, as he dipped his fingers into his snuff-box and inhaled a pinch, judicially.

"The money value is the least consideration," Jacob answered. "I think my boy Jim was murdered as much as if the bullet had been fired into his heart. I don't know what the law might think of it; I think of it as murder, and I make no compromise with crime."

Spencer paled and looked askance at Jacob.

"Do you mean that you will lodge complaint against him?" demanded the lieutenant.

"No; but I shall use what means I may to discover the man who fired that shot."

The lieutenant handed the sword to Spencer, who was about to put it in place at his side, when Wallace made a sign to arrest him.

"Wait one moment. I think we are agreed without words to keep Mr. Spencer's confession a secret among ourselves; but I think it proper we should take account of his—well, offences; and, for my part, I shall object to seeing the chief badge of a gentleman hanging at the hip of one who has—"

"Mr. Waring," Spencer interrupted, taking his sword by the blade, and tendering Wallace the hilt, "I make no excuses for my conduct; I resent noth-

ing you have to say, since the worst you can say of me must fall short of what I have said of myself. But intention must have something to do with dishonour. I claim some little on that score. You may take my sword; I am content to be without it until you return it to me as gentleman to gentleman."

This was an unconsciously well-contrived theatrical effect on Mr. Spencer's part. The young gentlemen, taken by surprise, were inclined to regard it as an effectively eloquent bit of heroic sentiment, and it touched the magnanimous side of them rather commandingly. Mr. Waring, taking the sword with some indecision, bowed, as if apologising for the act, and, in his turn, handed the weapon to Jacob. Mr. Wilbruch, holding it in an embarrassed way for a little time, during which time he seemed to be balancing the steel against some mental scruples, said, at length:

"I am willing to allow Mr. Spencer to decide for himself when he shall wear it."

Whereupon, he returned the sword to its owner.

Lieutenant Willett had a cynical appreciation of the sentimental vapours which make life rosy for so many of us, and he discovered a comical element in the serious aspects of the three principal figures in the scene.

"Well," he said, with a smile that was nigh of kin to a laugh, "since we are all of an accord in the

matter, put your sword in its scabbard, Spencer, and let us to the Black Horse Tavern, where I shall be pleased to entertain the party at dinner."

But they went their several ways, Wallace with Jacob to make his first call upon Miss Luya Van-bergen.

Mr. Spencer set out two days later, filled with a heroic fantasy, to join the New England volunteers besieging Louisburg. He arrived in time to witness the surrender of the French after a scandalous and ineffectual defence of their almost impregnable fort.

CHAPTER V.

MR. STEPHEN WARING was a man of reflective ambitions. That is to say, he planned not for his own, but for his son's aggrandisement. Amiable enough, as the world goes, he nourished some prejudices that gave a slight obliquity to his character, and made him rather more attentive to material than to moral values, but which were not pronounced enough to put in peril the intense respectability in which his soul reposed. He had never been able to forgive his grandfather the misdemeanour of crowding into a family already overstocked with six lusty boys, and, in rebuke of that ancestral want of forethought, he determined that his own first-born and last-born should be incorporated in one. "Since the law takes it upon itself to discriminate between early and late comers," he declared, in the bitterness of his envious youth, "I'll see to it that my heirs arrive together. That is the only way in which I can be just to all my children." Whether or not he would have adhered to the resolution had Fate not come to his support, it is hardly worth while to consider. When Mrs. Waring saw that Wallace was

well ushered into being, she seemed to conclude that she had performed to the full her Christian duty, and the sigh that slipped through the wan lips parted by a smile was the flight of her spirit to its reward.

Mr. Waring was, at that time, a barrister whose talents the British public had not yet learned to esteem, and he knew to the nicest tilt of the scales how many ounces of meat a week were within the limits of genteel poverty. As he believed poverty to be as much a disease as any other infirmity of the flesh, he devoted himself to its cure in his own case. Though little came of his efforts in the first years, a persevering energy, fortified by an unshakable faith in himself, proved ultimately to be a sovereign remedy, and when Wallace arrived at collegiate years he found none of his demands upon the paternal source of supply too extravagant for immediate acknowledgment, and that, too, without a precept being attached to the cheque.

Had Mr. Waring's physical forces been equal to the strain put upon them by his mental vitality, he might have ended his fortunate days on the King's Bench, and been be-lorded to his heart's content. The distribution being unequal, he was compelled, while yet in the flower of his age, to quit the bar, and go voyaging for health. He left Wallace in the care of relatives who were grateful to profit by

his keep, and came on a visit to the colonies. Than New York Bay and its surroundings the prodigal earth could offer the eye no more perfect vision of beauty, before Mammon had laid waste God's handiwork, and Mr. Waring was enchanted as his ship sailed into the port. The hospitality of his reception completed the charm, and his visit imperceptibly grew into residence; before he was well aware of it, he had "interests" in the thriving town. Here Mr. Waring's prejudices became convictions. His had been a life of money-getting, with only the remote possibility of honours in old age. His son must start life with the money already in hand. He had married for love, without a thought of bettering his material condition or extending his social influence. His son must take a more practical view of hymeneal usage. He had entered into competition with an army of eager aspirants under the restrictions of an ancient and tradition-environed society. His son should have the advantages of a new field and a limited rivalry.

Detesting trade as the very foundation of vulgarity, Mr. Waring was shrewd enough to see that the mercantile spirit of the steadily developing port was the *Pròspero* of the island. He resolved to make use of trade without becoming identified with its agents. After a season of careful investigation, he ascertained that the most sagacious, or, at any

rate, the luckiest of the more extensive merchants was Evert Vanbergen, the grandson of one Claes Vanbergen, a stout Hollander who had come over when Kieft was governor of New Amsterdam, by grace of the West Indies Company. Mr. Waring decided to sound the Dutchman.

Mr. Vanbergen lived in a quaint Dutch house, the grass-plot in front of which ran down to unite with the turf of the wide Parade, where Fashion came of an afternoon to idle an hour or two in the shade of the wide branching elms. He sat, a picture of round content and prosperous ease, on his front stoop, one afternoon, leisurely smoking his long-stemmed pipe, when Mr. Waring strolled by, contriving to drop his handkerchief as he passed. Mr. Vanbergen, who always reached conclusions by a deliberate process of intellection, regarded the lace-trimmed fabric so long without signalling its owner that Mr. Waring began to doubt the success of his stratagem, and was on the point of turning back when Mr. Vanbergen called. Recovering his handkerchief, Mr. Waring addressed some pleasantries of thanks to the complacent Dutchman, and paused to add a compliment on the view to be had from the door-steps.

"Ja," Mr. Vanbergen assented, while a good-humoured light spread over his ruddy face, "'tis very fine, Mr. Waring."

"You know me, then?" Mr. Waring asked.

"Oh, ja," Mr. Vanbergen laughed, "ve know all t'e strangers t'at coom."

In a few minutes the two men were seated together on the stoop bench, talking amicably of the town's prospects and of the steady increase of the English population, Mr. Vanbergen having that gracious air of proprietary benevolence with which a native always enlightens a visitor as to the merits and wonders of a community. Having shaped the conversation favourably to his purpose, Mr. Waring at length intimated that he had an idle capital which he should not object to put to use if he could find a proper person with whom to entrust it.

"Ja," said Mr. Vanbergen, complacently puffing out the fumes of his fragrant Virginia leaf, "'tis a goot t'ing to to."

The gaze of his indolent gray eyes went over the Parade and beyond the Battery, exploring the patchless blue of the sky curving over the scarcely ruffled turquoise of the bay and blending with the azure haze that covered, like a delicate enamel, the Jersey distance. There was no avidity in that serene face. Mr. Waring recognised the necessity of a straightforward, unequivocal proposition. The Dutchman offered too ingenuous or too subtle a resistance for the employment of tactical methods.

"In short, Mr. Vanbergen," Mr. Waring began,

with affable candour, "what I learn of your character and business capacity informs me that I can make no better use of my money than to associate it with your enterprise. If I put in a sum to equal or approximate your capital, you would double your undertakings and probably quadruple your profits. You are a business man, — there is no need that I waste words."

Mr. Vanbergen went regularly to the church and said his nightly prayers with pious devotion, but, for all that, trade was his religion, not because the love of gain was in his soul, but because far-reaching commerce was a superb trial of genius as he conceived it, and to be a great merchant as a result of one's own achieving was, in his opinion, to compass the glory of the earth. His present ambition was to be first among the merchants of New York, and the doubling of his operative power would place him so near to the realisation of that haunting dream that Mr. Waring's suggestion of the thing produced in him a joy that was apoplectic in its effects. The rudeness of his face was intensified into darkness. His eyes stared fixed and protruding. His tongue seemed to fill his mouth. A stupor came upon him. Mr. Waring, looking at the gay crowd in the Parade, was unaware of Mr. Vanbergen's peril, and ascribed the silence to the deliberation of his host. He allowed time for the momentous reflection, and when at last

he turned with a question, Mr. Vanbergen was puffing his pipe as calmly as a contented creature should smoke.

“Well, Mr. Vanbergen?”

“Vell, Mr. Varing?”

“What do you say to my offer?”

“Vell, Mr. Varing, I t’ink t’at I petter manatge my pusiness by myself. I haf my own vay, ant I ton’t t’ink some ot’er man’s vays vould suit me.”

“Then, Mr. Vanbergen, we can easily come to an arrangement, and you anticipate what I was in the way to propose. I should wish to leave the management of our interests wholly in your hands. In fact, I do not intend to be known in the matter at all. I have no taste for trade. To be open with you, I could not afford to have it supposed that I was engaged in business. Any agreement between us would be of a private and confidential nature. I should not interfere with you in any way. We should simply divide the profits. All our transactions would be here at your house, — you would not see me at your place of business.”

“Ho! T’en you are ashamet of t’e pusiness, Mr. Varing?”

“You are aware, Mr. Vanbergen, that a man of my position —” He hesitated, unwilling to wound the sensibilities of the easy-tempered merchant.

“Ho! I unterstant — I unterstant,” Mr. Van-

bergen interposed, with a suspicion of irritation in the tone. "You are a gentleman, and gentlemen are much too fine for trate. Vell, t'e one goot t'ing apout tam fools is t'at t'ey ton't know vat tam fools t'ey are."

"Mr. Vanbergen!"

"Oh, you can't help it! I ton't plame you; I only feel sorry ven a man is tam fools, t'at is all, Mr. Varing. It is not'ing vat you t'ink — if your money haf sense. I can to very vell vitout you, Mr. Varing, if I haf your money."

Mr. Vanbergen laughed, self-restored to good-nature, and in the course of the next half-hour they had come to an understanding that put them on very good terms the one with the other; and at the end of six weeks Mr. Waring had formally entered into the state of dormant partner, a state he found more and more to his liking as the years went by with gradually increasing returns from Mr. Vanbergen's ever expanding trade.

And these years of plenty were those in the course of which Wallace Waring advanced from Eton to Oxford, quit Oxford without discredit for a finishing tour of Europe, played ducks and drakes with his allowance in learning the follies of the several capitals, and, finally, with undisguised reluctance, set sail for the New World to join the father he had seen but once in the eight or ten years.

“In sending for you,” the parent had written in his mandatory letter, “I am governed by the liveliest concern for your welfare. You are now at an age when each of your acts must be considered with reference to your future, and I hope to find you as much concerned for the brilliancy as I have been solicitous for the material solidity of that future. You have been taught self-reliance from your boyhood, and I have put so little restraint upon your conduct — relying entirely for good results upon the perfect trust of our mutual relations — that I have been blamed for cultivating in you a prodigal habit that augured ill for your manhood. I need not assure you, my dear Wallace, that I am both proud and thankful to find myself so free from cause to blame the indulgence so much deplored by those of our family who should have known to judge you better. I have nothing with which to reproach you. Even your ‘reckless extravagances,’ so invariably a subject of reprobation in the letters of your Uncle Northcote, have been a source of satisfaction to me, for I have argued from them that you kept yourself in such company as I would have you cultivate. I think it the part of a gentleman to maintain a place among his social equals by as much freedom of purse as good breeding and the limits of his fortune will permit. ’Tis better to err in the direction of excess than toward niggardliness, for the one is a fault of

judgment that may be rectified with advice; the other indicates a blemish of character that is most certain to degenerate into a vice.

“But there comes a time when a luxurious idleness must indicate a want of ambition and betray a moral deficiency which makes impossible the rounding out of manly honour. Though I believe you to be in no danger from dissipation, and that you would of your own accord presently give your attention to some ennobling occupation, I am resolved to have you with me, confident that the opportunities here offered are more favourable to your rapid advancement than those you are like to find in your native city. I have some plans which, if you will lend yourself to them, can hardly fail to secure to you that entrance into the social and political life of this community which will mean more to you in a few years’ time than any dancing attendance upon the wearing and wasting possibilities of London life. Do not let your aversion to what you term ‘colonial crudeness’ deceive your judgment. My word for it, you will have much reason to correct your prejudices.

“It is my desire that you sail not later than the end of April or beginning of May of the coming spring, and if the enclosed cheque be not enough for your use until then, you know that my London bankers have instructions to see that you suffer no ill from empty pockets.”

After the dutiful manner of sons who have nothing to gain by disobedience, Mr. Wallace Waring set about putting himself in readiness to conform to orders, making such privileged use of his remaining time that the courtesy of the city bankers had twice to be invoked before he took coach to board his sailing vessel.

The young gentleman arrived in New York in time to sit at table with a notable gathering of the foremost citizens, met for the masculine celebration of a princely birth, or some equally mighty event. And when they had got down to the mahogany, there began such a drinking of ardent punch to the toasting of every sentiment under the sun that strangers of the hour vapoured into the familiarities of a lifetime's fellowship. Before the last cup was drunk and the last pipe was broken, Wallace had exchanged embraces with half the young blades of the revel.

This experience, the events and incidents of the race, and a pretty party at Miss Boylston's the night following, made Wallace feel himself thoroughly and not disagreeably initiated into the life of the community which destiny had appointed to his residence. But it was the light from Luya Vanbergen's eyes which dispelled the mists of old world longings from his mind and permitted him to see in this narrowly closed-in town the Beulah land of his seeking.

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN a willingness to oblige his father to a reasonable extent, and an inclination to please himself in a corresponding degree, Mr. Wallace Waring suffered much tribulation of mind and conscience in the course of the weeks immediately succeeding the "great race." In numerous visits to the family mansion, he had found Miss Boylston very agreeable, in spite of a worldly pride that occasionally touched upon arrogance ; and he could not deny the advantages she might give to a domestic establishment organised according to the general rule of convenience. He even went so far as to admit to himself that he might not have found it difficult to adapt himself to the situation so earnestly contrived by his father, if his ideas had not been confused by the twinkle of a pair of blue eyes in no way related to Miss Sophie Boylston.

"What you say, sir," he said, in one of the conversations with his father on the subject, "is not to be disputed, for Miss Boylston is well worth any man's attention. But I find, for all that, that I

have no sentiment toward the lady which inclines me to marriage."

"Twaddle, my dear Wallace. Interest is the first motive to a sensible marriage, that is, the marriage of substantial character and lasting happiness," the elder gentleman urged. "Sentiment is very well as an incident, and may be cultivated at your leisure. But judicious selection, with your judgment clear, after a careful consideration of relative advantages, and with an understanding of the mutual interests involved, is the only rational course in marriage, my boy. The sane marriage is a practical result of intelligent calculation; and the love-in-a-cottage sort of thing is an intemperance, the fantastic prank of a fevered brain. If you begin the partnership—marriage should be a partnership—with an equal investment of interests, and with a reciprocal respect one for the other, you lay the most secure foundation upon which marital happiness can rear itself, I assure you, Wallace."

"I think, sir, that was hardly your theory when you married my mother," Wallace ventured, smiling.

A shadow of old grief came into Mr. Waring's eyes, and he spoke more as if he were speaking to himself than answering his son.

"I thought I loved your mother, and married her with scarcely a pound in my pocket. She was one of the sweet souls of the world, and the hardships

never took the gentleness out of her voice nor the affection out of her heart. But in the three years during which she struggled with me, I learned that I had never loved her, that I had only gratified myself in marrying her, that it was selfishness, a cruel selfishness to which I had sacrificed her life, though I did not realise it all until I knelt by her coffin and heard her child cry from a stranger's arms in the other room."

There was a little unsteadiness in Mr. Waring's voice, and, to rid himself of it, he rose abruptly, traversing the room as he said, in a louder tone, "Money, Wallace, is this world's god. Money and position are the only powers that can unlock the dungeon of greed and vanity where happiness is prisoned. Hold by them, if you would save yourself from an old age of reproach, — self-reproach such as I have suffered."

"I believe, sir, that something may be got out of life which is not peddled from a huckster's cart."

Mr. Waring impatiently waved his hand to dispose of the conceit.

"And from what I have been told," Wallace continued, "you have small reason to advise against the dictates of the heart. They say no woman was happier than my mother during the time she was your wife. I see no reason you have to reproach yourself."

Mr. Waring came and stood in front of the chair in which Wallace lounged. There was a certain sternness in his face, and he spoke with the hardness of an upright judge passing sentence upon an offender who merited no mercy.

“Your mother died the victim of poverty. Years of deprivation had undermined her vitality. She had not the strength to bring my child into the world and live. She was a martyr. That is what an improvident marriage means for a woman. Martyrdom! martyrdom! Love with empty pockets is the most brutally selfish vice in the world.”

Wallace, surprised by the glimpse into the morbid secret of his father's mind, made no reply, and Mr. Waring left the room more agitated than the occasion seemed to justify. Wallace could not see the application of his father's Sadducaic theories to his own case, nor find in them an argument for greater haste to arrange with Miss Boylston. Indeed, by the perverse logic of the natural affections, he came to the conclusion that the argument was a convincing support of the sentimental rather than of the rational marriage; and he strolled out, going instinctively in the direction of the Parade, with thoughts of Luya Vanbergen giving form and colour to his fancies.

Since his introduction to the family by Jacob, Wallace had become a somewhat frequent visitor

to the Vanbergens, and was now well advanced in the good graces both of the merchant and Mrs. Vanbergen, who thought him the very pattern of a proper young gentleman. There had been, too, an appreciable increase of intimacy between him and Miss Vanbergen; but in just the degree that he found his sentiments rounding to a serious purpose, worldly-mindedness came in with counsel against a rash yielding to the blind impulses of the heart.

Journeyings about Europe in the gilded chariot of folly had let some particles of cynical dust sift into the conceptions of the sprightly young man, and it really was nothing against the soundness of his heart nor the manliness of his principles that he wavered for a time between two choices, uncertain whether to obey the voice within, or yield to the influence from without. He was too much a man of the world to be blind to the fact that Miss Boylston was better equipped for social conquest than Miss Vanbergen could pretend to be, and he was not without a sense of the woman's importance in the campaigns of man's ambition. But he was enough a creature of spirit to perceive that the affinity of mind and nature is a tremendous engine to the overcoming of most obstacles in the highway to a life success, — if by life success he meant something more precious than the approving cackle of the multitude.

So Mr. Wallace Waring continued in a pleasant

indecision midway between the factors of the interesting problem, being in no sort of haste to arrive at the final answer, thus giving some of the gossips good reason to suspect that he was but another of the showy breed of triflers. It had not occurred to him that the solution of the problem might be taken out of his hands as a result of this leisureliness. He viewed the goings and comings of other young gentlemen with the most complacent spirit imaginable, wearing the frank, indulgent smile of one assured of his superior address, whether in the art of picking a rose or pinking a rival, if one should be audacious enough to set up as his rival. Self-esteem is the essence of mastery.

Walking toward the Parade, with the balance of his mind tilting under the reflections raised by the talk with his father, Wallace was roused from his reverie by the voice of Miss Boylston, who was passing in her chair, and put her head out at the window to call him, laughingly.

"La, Mr. Waring, are you so distracted from the world that you cannot recognise your friends? I vow I think you would have let me pass."

Wallace made the most obsequious flourish with his hat.

"Then it would have been for the reason that I was so much occupied with your image as to mistake it for yourself in person."

"If you would have me believe I am so much in your mind, you must have care to keep me better in your view. But have you seen Lieutenant Willett this morning?"

"I've been too much engaged at home," Wallace said, lifting her fingers to his lips, the chairmen having set down their burden.

"Then I may tell you for myself that he is to bid you be one of a party to drive to the East River House, on Tuesday morning, where we are to meet for a fish dinner. I think you have not yet made acquaintance with that resort?"

"No; though I am advised 'tis the one important thing I have to do to complete my initiation into *le beau monde*. Is the party to be large?"

"A half-dozen or eight, at most. I fixed that limit when mamma proposed the plan. A *fête champêtre* is so easily spoiled by a couple too many. Do you know we were greatly interested in conjecturing whom you would ask?"

"You should not have doubted that I would ask Miss Boylston. If I may not have her company —"

"La, Mr. Waring, you must make no rash resolves, as I see you are about to protest you will have no company but mine; but Lieutenant Willett took the precaution to allow me no liberty of choice. 'Twas his condition of taking the arrangements in

hand that I go with him. But if I might name a substitute for myself, you would not, I'm sure, think Miss Lynn too tedious a companion?"

"Or Miss Vanbergen?" Wallace ventured to suggest, without betraying the preference.

Miss Boylston raised her eyebrows and cast down her glance in that fashion of polite equivocation which dissents while seeming to consider a question.

"Miss Vanbergen is a most amiable young lady, but one sees her in company so seldom that —" hesitating and looking up with a smile that was intended to clarify the negative of all possible doubts.

Wallace did not follow the indication.

"An excellent reason," he said, giving an argumentative twist to the end of his snug moustache, "why one should wish to bring her more into view. It were a pity that company should suffer the loss of a beauty which is only inferior to that of Miss Boylston herself."

"You wish to set a rival against me? Or have you a more private reason for your interest in the merchant's daughter? I hear you are become attentive there."

"Have you heard whether or not I have found encouragement?"

"Gossip has not yet gone so far; when it takes that turn I shall think you in some danger."

"Are blue eyes so threatening?"

"I believe Mr. Wilbruch's eyes are gray."

"In what are we concerned for the colour of Mr. Wilbruch's eyes?"

"La, Mr. Waring, I think you are better qualified to answer the question. But if you are of a mind to ask Miss Vanbergen to a seat in your chaise, you would do well to consult with Mr. Wilbruch which road you shall take."

"I fear I do not quite take you, Miss Boylston."

"Oh, if you find me enigmatical, 'tis because Miss Vanbergen's charms have blinded your eyes. But you accept the invitation for Tuesday?"

"With all my heart, even though I come alone."

"I think it well you should not do that. Odd numbers are most confusing — at a fish dinner, Mr. Waring."

Miss Boylston signalled to the chairmen, permitted Wallace to take another impress of her finger-tips, and, with some parting pleasantries, was borne away, smiling to herself over a fancy that Wallace had not been in the least sensible of the thrust she had made in Mr. Wilbruch's name.

But Miss Boylston was mistaken. She had touched home so sharply that Wallace was suddenly aroused to a vexing consciousness of a thousand trifles light as air which, hitherto ignored, swarmed now to weigh down his confidence. Miss

Boylston, desirous merely to satisfy her own doubts with regard to the trend of Wallace's affections, had succeeded in turning the balance against herself. She had dropped the germ of jealousy into his mind, a very tiny germ to be sure, but, for all that, weighty enough to excite him to an appreciation of the nature of his sentiments for Luya Vanbergen. Affairs were ranged in a new light, and he reviewed them with a clearer perception of their relations. He began to have an uneasy sense of what it means to waver and hesitate simply because one has an alternative. He had debated the advantages of an alliance with the Boylstons until it had seemed to him that policy was quite as wise a leader as inclination, and he thought it might not be a surrender of too much sentiment were he to yield to the exigent wishes of his father. But in these debates the self-esteem which is at once the basis and the danger to character had made him forgetful of the fact that attentions are offered to young ladies as well as to young gentlemen. While hesitating whether to throw his fortune on the side of interest or on the side of love, it had not occurred to him that the alternative rather than the choice would be forced upon him.

Miss Boylston had given a shock to his self-esteem in quickening his perceptions, and as he continued his walk toward the Vanbergens he thought upon the new situation. The first proba-

bility recognised was Jacob Wilbruch's love for Luya Vanbergen.

"There isn't the smallest shadow of doubt about it. I've been an ass not to see it before. The fellow worships her! And not without reason, I'll be bound. 'Tis a guinea to a sixpence but they are lovers, and the jade may have been laughing at my confounded assurance, donkey that I am! And if she loves him — egad! I'd be a knave to come between; though why a slip of such exquisite femininity should be in love with such a huge bulk of unpolished boorishness, hang me if I can imagine. She is a most damnably non-committal witch, — but, for all that, she has a freedom, too, that is more than friendliness toward him, — yet that's not conclusive. The woman who hasn't some touch of the coquette in her is but a marionette for a fool's paradise. Luya is not the girl to wear her heart on her sleeve — nor one to cry her love to let. 'Tis true old Vanbergen has told me he hopes to see Wilbruch at the head of the business one fine day — and that smacks devilishly of an understanding. But old Vanbergen's hopes need not be the oracle of his daughter's wishes, for the major part of fathers are at fault in affairs of the kind. Wilbruch is an honest fellow enough, and I have been half-minded to like him, but I think myself a better card to match with the pretty Luya. There's but one course for it. I'll make haste to

come to a knowledge of Miss Vanbergen's mind. If she will not have me — Humph ! That was a very pretty twist that Wilbruch gave to Vinton Spencer's sword."

CHAPER VII.

JACOB WILBRUCH had come to have a serious conference with Mr. Vanbergen. The comfortable merchant was — his custom ever of an afternoon — seated on his front stoop, leisurely smoking to the digestion of a liberal dinner, well washed down with Madeira. He was at the finish of the first pipeful, and between his plump, large palms was crumbling the leaf for a second filling, when Jacob came into the Parade from Beaver Street. Mr. Vanbergen was looking in the direction, watching two or three ships that were lazing out to sea under a full spread of limp sail, and, as he caught sight of the sturdy young Anglo-Dutchman, a smile of satisfaction rippled over his pudgy lips, and he raised his two hands, with the tobacco between them, to signal a welcome. Though Jacob was all but an inmate of the Vanbergen house, and never failed of his daily call, Mr. Vanbergen always seemed to regard his appearance as a special event meriting a marked reception. It was the overflow of affection, for Jacob was as an elder son to the merchant, and the genial old fellow had a conviction, so cherished that he had never confided it

even to Mrs. Vanbergen, that Jacob would one day reward this abundant affection by making him a grandfather. And each time that Jacob came to the house, Mr. Vanbergen believed his coming to be with a purpose to make the long-deferred confession and demand. But Jacob seemed to have the sustaining patience of his ancient homonym, and his days were not yet fulfilled ; for Jacob had set himself a task, — the fitting of himself to be worthy of her who might, God willing, wed him.

“Ha ! Hendrik, t’ere is Jacob,” said Mr. Vanbergen, addressing the child playing below the stoop.

Hendrik rose to his feet and looked toward Jacob, who held a small basket aloft in an alluring way.

“Oh !” cried the lad, “and he has brought the pigeons, as he promised !” making off, in an ecstasy to possess the coveted treasure.

Hendrik had read the story of a hawk that carried a message to the saving of a royal lady’s life, and he had yearned with a child’s unreason to possess a hawk, — so many royal ladies’ lives were in need of saving.

“Pigeons are better,” Jacob had said. “I’ll get you some pigeons.”

Hendrik made misery for Jacob, by demanding each day thereafter : “When will the pigeons come ? I don’t believe you are going to get ’em, Jacob !” And now, at the end of the second week, here were the

pigeons, and Jacob rose from the level of a questioned integrity to the plane of heroic honour.

Hendrik rushed off with his prize to Luya, — for the pigeons could not be quite all they should be until Luya had gazed on them.

Jacob, be it known, was a well-poised, sturdy fellow, in whom the Dutch and English elements of his begetting had blended rather admirably. Above the middle height, he had a muscular squareness to go with the frank, strong face which only wanted a greater liveliness in the steel-gray eyes, and a little more play in the curves of the firm, full lips, to be as handsome as a manly face has any need to be. He was not by any means the unwieldy bulk of Wallace Waring's imagining.

Evert nodded as Jacob came up the steps, and, turning toward the open door at his right, called out :

“Luya !”

“I haven't come to see Luya,” Jacob protested, regretfully, as he seated himself on the bench beside Mr. Vanbergen.

“No ?” asked Mr. Vanbergen, with an inflection of the most mocking contradiction.

“No,” Jacob responded, “I want to talk to you.”

“Oh, vell, you can talk. I unterstant petter ven Luya is listening, too. T'at's my vay.”

Luya appeared in the doorway, her hands and her

neatly rounded arms bare to the elbow, covered with flour, a mischievous patch of which had escaped to her cheek when she had pushed back a loop of the light brown hair from her eyes.

"Oh, it is you, Jacob," she said, with a smile of familiar greeting, as Jacob rose to make an obeisance. "Well, you see what I am doing. This is baking day, and I can't waste time. Is this all you wanted, papa?"

"All I wanted? Is it not enough? Jacob is going to talk to me. He likes to haf you listen ven he talks. I haf seen t'at." Mr. Vanbergen said this with a chuckle, making thrusts at the young people with his pipe-stem to emphasise the humour.

"Papa has seen more than I have, then, Jacob, for I've never found you eloquent. But if you want to talk where I can hear you, you must come into the kitchen. Cooks have no business on front doorsteps. If you come, though, you must have care to keep that fine new coat well out of the way of this," making a pretence of shaking upon him some of the flour from her arms. "'Tis vastly becoming to you, and quite of a proper pattern. Decidedly, you are improving, Jacob."

She returned into the house, laughingly, without waiting to hear if he had anything to say in reply, very well divining what he thought of the picture she made standing in the doorway. Though a

taciturn chap in the main, Jacob's eyes knew how to speak one language very well; and he never looked upon the slender grace of Luya's deftly fashioned figure, or into the clear oval face set in its halo of rippling hair, or felt the pretty mockery of her smiling lips and eyes, without turning that language into a thanksgiving prayer that complimented Heaven on its handiwork. Strict enough Lutheran in other respects, Jacob was pagan in his idolatry of Evert Vanbergen's daughter.

"Pretty goot, he, Jacob?" Evert asked, with one of his most expressive chuckles, and pointing over his shoulder into the house with his pipe.

Jacob again seated himself on the bench, nodding a response to Evert.

"She's going to make a fine vifes for some mans one of t'em tays, he?"

"Yes," Jacob assented, with conviction.

"Ja, ja. Luya can cook almost as vell as her modder, and use her neetle petter, and play on t'e spinet like a teacher, and dance like a fairies. But petter t'an t'at, Jacob, Luya haf a het for trate as goot as any mans put mine, Jacob."

It was one of Evert's great pleasures to consult and advise with Luya in the affairs of the counting-house, and he had a jovial habit of boasting, after each fortunate enterprise or shrewdly managed transaction, that the success came of his obedience to

his daughter's instructions. "I to vat she tell me, t'at's all," and the chuckle would ripple away from the surface lips to lose itself echoing in some recess of the inner man.

Jacob did not respond for some moments to the eulogy of Luya's domestic and mental virtues, but sat back on the bench, one arm over the top, as if he had no other object in coming to the house than to take his ease on the stoop. Evert smoked on in silence, peering at Jacob through half-closed eyes, wondering what lay behind the more than common seriousness of Jacob's manner.

Presently, Luya was heard singing in the house the fragment of a ballad having to do with a noble lord and a lowly maid who had "twined their two loves together" without any subsequent regrets. If there was not much art in the ballad, there was a compensating musical sweetness in the voice, and Jacob cared to say nothing while he could have the tranquil bliss of listening to that song. When Luya sang, he seemed to go back to a summer day of his boyhood when he had gone, a truant, to the big fresh-water pond beyond the Boston High Road. He had stretched himself under a tree with his fishing-rod held between his feet, and was building castles in the drifting hills of white and purple which he saw through the tree-branches above him, when a vagrant oriole perched in the tree-top, and

fell to piping out the marvellous notes of its love song. The tropic softness of the bird's voice and the shadowed gold of its plumes, so like the locks of Luya's hair in those young days, got so tangled in the scheme of his dream that when the bird, obeying the call of its mate, flew suddenly away, Jacob felt a great pain in his heart. He thought what it would mean to him if Luya should take wing at another's call, and he made haste back to the town and cried out to the child, who was a playmate then, "Come, sing to me, Luya." And always when Luya sang in these later days, he thought of that early time, and smiled at that early fear.

"Vell, Jacob, vat you haf to tell me?" Mr. Vanbergen asked, after the long pause.

The question came so abruptly upon his fancies that Jacob answered, unguardedly :

"I love Luya."

The faintest twinkle of satisfaction in Mr. Vanbergen's eyes was the only indication of the fact that the father had waited long in patient expectation of this avowal.

"Ja, I know t'at, Jacob."

"I want her for my wife."

"Ja, I know t'at, too, Jacob."

Some moments of silence passed, during which Evert complacently smoked, and Jacob made no

other movement than to bring his hand from the back of the bench to rest on his knee.

"Then it is agreed?" Jacob asked, at last.

Evert did not immediately answer. He sent up a few circles of smoke, and regarded them meditatively as they coiled and twisted into nothing.

"Haf you tolt Luya?"

"No; I am not ready to tell her yet."

Evert's eyebrows lifted in the least perceptible degree of a faint, disapproving surprise. In his opinion, the first auditory of love should be the sweetheart's ear.

"You hafn't hat some talks vit her?"

"No."

"You haf neffer, all t'e times, tolt her t'at you lofe her?"

"No; there hasn't been any need to tell her. She knows it without the telling."

"Oh, ja, t'at is so. Vomens knows t'em t'ings petter as ve can tell t'em. But, on t'e o'ter site, Jacob, t'e mens neffer know vat vomens t'inks. Haf Luya tolt you t'at she lofes you, he, Jacob?"

"Not yet. Time enough for that when everything is ready."

Evert shook his head a little dubiously. He had no doubt that the state of Luya's affections was at present entirely favourable to Jacob's assumption, but he had a troublesome consciousness that the

young female mind is something like market values, variable to circumstances and needing to be dealt with opportunely.

"You know, Jacob, t'at girls ton't wait all t'e time. T'ere is ot'er young mens t'at come t'is way more as t'ey used to. Nice young mens, Jacob, t'at gif t'em-selves airs, Jacob, and vears sworts py t'eir sites, and make pretty speeches. Luya is only a girls, Jacob! You can't plame girls if t'ey like pirts vit fine feat'ers, Jacob."

"No, I can't blame them, Mr. Vanbergen, and that is the reason I am not ready to speak to Luya."

"I ton't unterstant you, Jacob."

"I mean that Luya ought to have the best that can be offered to her." Some little pride of purpose was in the tone.

"Ja," giving a very emphatic side movement to his head, "I t'ink so myself."

"I am not as fit for Luya as some of these young English gentlemen —"

"Vat you say, Jacob?" Evert exclaimed, taking his pipe from his mouth, the better to point his astonishment.

"I am not as fine as they are; I am not educated as well; I'm going to educate myself better."

"Etucate yourself petter! Vy, Jacob, you haf more education now t'an you neet in t'e pusiness!

Donder! A merchant ton't neet more etucation as you haf, Jacob!"

"But I'm not going to be a merchant. I'm going out of the business. I'm going to the college in Massachusetts for a year. And then I'm going to make a surgeon of myself."

Evert had thrown back his head, letting the pipe fall from his lips to the floor, with the first dumfounding declaration of the deliberate Jacob, and he stared in pained incredulity at the resolute young man whose guardian he had been for fifteen years, and whom he had thought he knew as thoroughly as he knew himself. He gasped :

"Not going to pe a merchant, Jacob!"

"No ; I want to be something better."

"Petter!"

If Jacob had been less intent on the idea that had formed in his own mind during a fortnight of laboured thought, he would have been penitently touched by the pitiful way in which Vanbergen uttered this stifled cry of reproach. The old merchant was wounded to the heart by the unconscious thrust of the man for whom he entertained a proud and paternal affection. He bent down to pick up the fragments of his pipe and put them in a heap on the bench. He absently pushed his finger into the bowl and tapped with it on the oak of the seat, the beats being timed with those in his breast, perhaps.

He was oppressed and uncertain. He had lost his bearings. He looked toward the ships, one of which had disappeared beyond the line of the Fort, and the sun was on the weather-tempered gray of the sails like sheets of pliant gold, proper dressing for those stately argosies that should come anon from the rich Indies with new testimony to the dignity of trade. Gradually, as he looked, his stunned faculties reasserted themselves. Something better than being a merchant! Ah! youth is not the season of wisdom, and sensible age must make allowance for the rash impulses of undisciplined spirit. Old hearts may suffer the pangs of an ingratitude that does not understand itself, but time averages. The visionary legend of "Vanbergen and Wilbruch" over the low door of the counting-house in Dock Street was broken in pieces like the slim clay pipe, but the sea was there and the vessels. There had been a dream once before of "Vanbergen and Son," and the first-born had died while the dream was making. Dreams give way to other dreams, but trade keeps on. As well, then, to make the best of the thing that is, forgetting the hope that was. Having thought this out by a slow process of reasoning, Evert flung the bowl of the pipe on to the lawn and rose to his feet, a smile, which he wished to make cheerful but which was only forgivingly compassionate, shimmering about his lips.

"Vell, Jacob, your money is in my business. It has been t'ere a goot many years, and I haf neffer let it get mixed up vit o'ter tings, — I arrangt vit Mr. Varing, — it has tone pretty vell in t'e pusiness, Jacob."

"And there I mean to leave it, Mr. Vanbergen."

"No, Jacob. You haf peen of age t'ese sefen years, but I haf not troupled to make you your own masters, because I peen t'inking of you all t'em times as my partners ven I close up vit Mr. Varing. But if you go out of t'e pusiness, 'tis anot'er t'ing. Ven your fat'er tie, he say, 'Evert, I leafe you fifteen huntert pounts for my poy Jacob. Use it for him. Ven he is a mans, gif him vat is left.' Vell, Jacob, I haf tone my best —"

"You have been my father," Jacob interrupted, earnestly, at the same time rising to put his large hand in a rough caress upon Vanbergen's shoulder.

"T'ank you, Jacob. Vell, t'ose fifteen huntert pounts vas just fife per cent. of my capitals. I put t'em in te pusiness. Effery year I set fife per cent. of t'e profits to your cretit. At first, it vas not much, and you cost me more as I earned," giving Jacob a nudge with his elbow, to lend a jocular turn to the practical exactness of the statement, "put, t'at came out all right in t'e ent. To-morrow, Jacob, ve vill go ofer t'e pooks toget'er, and make t'e settlement."

"I don't want a settlement. I wish to leave

matters as they are. I want you to use my money for me — ”

“ Ve vill talk of t’at after t’e settlement, for you see, Jacob,” and Vanbergen was not as merry as his manner would have made Jacob believe, “ as you are going out of t’e pusiness, as ve are not going to pe partners some more, ve must close t’e pusiness relations as pusiness mens vould to. I vill gif you a cheque for your share, and you can put it in Mr. Boylston’s pank, or you can puy lant mit it, — unless you t’ink t’e farm your fat’er left is lant enough. Put I belief in lant, Jacob.”

Evert confessed this belief impressively, and, reducing his voice to a confidential murmur, held Jacob by the lapel of his coat as he added, “ Lant is too cheap for t’e way New York is growing. ’Tvill pay a goot interest on t’e investment in t’e next ten years. T’ink apout it.”

He drew from his generous fob the great dialed Dutch watch, — which was a precious heritage from Grandfather Claes, — and looked at the time.

“ Two o’clock lacking ten minutes. T’ere’s some meetings at t’e Exchange. I must go. You vill see Luya? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And get her promise? ”

“ No, I don’t want any promise until I can be more worthy of it.”

"You make mistakes, Jacob. Girls ton't fint out t'eir own mints sometimes unless somepoty tells t'em."

"Luya knows her mind."

"Ja, I t'ink so. Put while you are getting reaty to pe vorty of her, pe careful t'at somepoty else ton't come along who von't pe so particular." The difficulty he had with the last word awakened Mr. Vanbergen's sense of the comical. He gave Jacob a good-natured thrust in the side with his chubby thumb as they entered the house together.

Had Jacob looked over his shoulder, he would have seen Wallace Waring, just parted from Miss Boylston and with his mind made up to a talk with Miss Vanbergen, crossing the Parade to the house. But that would hardly have made any difference in his opinion of Mr. Vanbergen's sage caution. He had no fear of losing Luya. His love for her was not a sentiment to admit of wavering, nor was it a passion to sway and toss his soul into disorder; it was as the motive and reason of his being, as indestructible, as unchangeable, and as even as the essential life within him; and it seemed to him that the delicate creature he revered in this complete spirit could not be other than his, being so much an element of himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH the merchant class was coming — indeed, had come — into a certain social dignity, owing to the authority of its numbers, and the increasing influence of its wealth, there was still a well-defined line of separation between it and the divinely ordered world which did not live by trade. It is necessary to confess, therefore, that Miss Luya Vanbergen had never been identified with the brilliant circle which held its grand receptions at the Fort, or gave its splendid balls at the Black Horse Tavern. But there was one circumstance in her favour that mitigated in an appreciated degree the natural inferiority of her social rank and secured her some of the advantages of the gay life about her. Her mother was an English woman of good family, a very poor family, to be sure, but which, once upon a time, had had a few fat acres and a bellicose crest. Mrs. Vanbergen's father had come to New York with his bride, to try, in a hazard with growing fortunes, to better his lot, and had put his talents to the service of the community by teaching the young ideas how to shoot at wisdom. What he might have done for

his daughter, had he chosen to live until she had come to the marriageable age, can only be a matter of vain imagining. The fact is that he died when she was comparatively young, and the widow, to keep the wolf from the door, turned the modest home into a boarding-house. Former friends continued to be as kind and indulgent as the conditions permitted them to be, but the most generous-minded person in the world must recognise how great a difference there is between the reduced gentility that lives by the charge of a school, and the ditto which subsists by the economies of a boarding-house. So it came about, in the rational sequence of events, that Evert Vanbergen, the sleek, good-natured young merchant, rather than one of the dashing blades of the gentry, should marry the widow's comely and domestic daughter. But the irrefutable fact that Miss Luya Vanbergen was the granddaughter of a scholarly gentleman, and the great-grandniece of a certain Sir Something-or-other, who had run his sword through a good many of his country's enemies, softened, in a measure, the reproach that necessarily attached to her as the daughter of a man in trade, and a Dutchman in trade, at that.

It was the irritating consciousness that her beauty, her accomplishments, her agreeable vivacity of spirit, and her respectable qualities of mind (for Miss Vanbergen had more than once made the inventory of

her possessions) could not entirely beat down a fantastic social prejudice that induced the young lady to decline more than one invitation she would otherwise have accepted most joyfully. Last January she had returned a negative answer to Mr. Allen Bradford's deferential note asking her company to the great ball given in honour of the prince's birthday, and had wept through the night in bitter repentance of her foolish pride. The chief determining cause of her self-sacrificing obstinacy was the humiliating memory of the smile with which Miss Sophie Boylston had said, "La, I think it is Miss Vanbergen!" when they met in the minuet at one of the fortnightly assemblies of the élite, at Mr. Todd's tavern. Miss Vanbergen would have been extremely rejoiced to call Miss Boylston out, if the code had permitted it, and she had not been at all satisfied merely to reply with an amiable commonplace about the days when they were intimate as schoolgirls. She carried her head as well, and could say a malicious thing as sweetly, as Miss Boylston herself; and, instructed by this first unexpected humiliation, she never doubted that she came from their occasional after-encounters with her full share of personal success, but her heart was always in rebellion against the polite condescension which seemed to her an insolence, the less endurable for the efforts the young gentlemen made to discountenance it. For this reason, Miss Vanbergen

was less in society than she might have been, for there were young gentlemen who thought her beauty and grace justified them in forgetting her father's hopeless immersion in trade, and the infrequency of her appearance in the fashionable gatherings was due to a feeling akin to that which kept Achilles in his tent, though there was nothing of sulkiness in her candid and sunny temper.

When, therefore, Wallace Waring invited her to go with him to the fish dinner, and had named Miss Boylston in connection with it, Miss Vanbergen proceeded to point out, with the prettiest possible air of despair, that, of all days in the coming week, Tuesday was the one most heavily freighted with cares which she only could discharge.

"I must say, Luya, I know of nothing so very pressing," Mrs. Vanbergen interposed, in gentle remonstrance. "I am sure Marta and I can do all that —"

"My dear mamma," Luya interrupted, making a gesture of repressive authority, "you really should not try to make it appear that my duties may easily be given over to some one else. I assure you, Mr. Waring, I am a much more important member of the household than mamma would like to have you imagine. But I was not thinking altogether of house cares, mamma. There are dozens of things I have to do, besides."

"Then take me into your service," Wallace proposed. "You will find me an energetic assistant, I dare engage; and I think between us we can make several of the dozens get out of the way in time to allow of our getting a morsel of fish before 'tis cold."

"Bless me, Mr. Waring, do you indeed flatter yourself that you have learned to be useful?"

"Put me to the experiment. I think the willingness to oblige will instruct me how."

"That does not by any means follow. For example, I might wish to have you carry parcels." She sent a roving glance from top to toe of his fastidiously fashionable dress, perhaps not omitting to observe that the figure so elegantly outlined had nothing feminine in its trim proportions. Miss Vanbergen seemed to be much amused by the idea of putting this young gentleman to such plebeian uses.

Mrs. Vanbergen, whose sense of humour did not extend to a trifling with social proprieties, hastened to say, quite seriously:

"But Luya could never think of anything so ridiculous, Mr. Waring."

"But I should not think anything ridiculous that Miss Vanbergen might propose," Wallace declared, with an apologetic bow to Mrs. Vanbergen, "and I will carry parcels for you, Miss Vanbergen, with as much satisfaction as I would hand you into a chaise, if it be your pleasure."

"La, Mr. Waring, I've half a mind to try you. 'Twould give your friends some ground to laugh at you."

"That would be at their peril, without detracting from my pleasure in the service."

"Nothing can make me believe you would do it."

"Try me."

"Don't tempt her, Mr. Waring," Mrs. Vanbergen said, rising and going toward the door; "she is wilful enough to impose upon your good nature. I think, Luya, you can do no better than accept Mr. Waring's invitation." She excused herself, on the ground that she heard Hendrik calling, and went out of the room.

Mr. Waring, who had risen to bow Mrs. Vanbergen out, turned promptly to Luya the moment they were alone, and addressed her with much earnestness.

"I have a reason for wanting you to go with me on Tuesday."

"And I have a reason — several reasons for declining to go," she replied, with a mocking imitation of his tone.

"Is it the same reason you have had for declining other of my invitations?"

"I don't understand you," she said, struck by an indefinable something in his manner. "Is it usual to demand reasons of a young lady why she does or does not do thus and so?"

"Yes, if the reason is supposed to be of a particular sort."

He looked rather impudently questioning, this young man who had suddenly become so mighty serious without any cause of which she was aware.

"Upon my word, Mr. Waring, if you glare at me in that tragic fashion, I shall not be able to keep my gravity! Is it a thing of such fatal importance that I have no appetite for fish?"

"I am not jesting, Miss Vanbergen. I want to know the real reason why you refuse me. Is it because some one else has a better right to your company?"

"La, Mr. Waring, whatever are you thinking of? Who would have thought a trifle of this kind could drive a gentleman out of his senses! In pity of yourself, Mr. Waring, go at once to seek a cure of some young lady who knows better than I how to value a favour."

"I will, if you will answer me a question."

"Then be quick with the question, for I see the peril grows."

"Mr. Wilbruch has just left you."

"Yes, yes; you saw him go, did you not?"

"But not until after he had talked alone with you."

"That was most extraordinary, indeed, Mr. Waring! I marvel myself that he could go after a talk alone with me."

"You are pleased to treat me lightly, Miss Van-bergen."

"On the contrary, I should be glad to take you seriously, if you would give me leave to understand you."

"Mr. Wilbruch is going away."

"La, Mr. Waring, you seem much occupied to tell me things I know quite well enough."

"Does Mr. Wilbruch take a promise with him?"

"Ah! now you have asked your question; but it seems to me that you have addressed it to the wrong person. You should put that question to Mr. Wilbruch himself."

"You can answer it as well."

"No, — I am not so gifted — I can't read minds — can you?"

"Do you mean — do you tell me —"

Wallace abandoned his dignity, and, by way of completing his sentence, impetuously advanced to seize upon Luya's hand, to the apparent alarm of that young lady, who sprang away from him with the cry:

"Good heaven! Mr. Waring, will you carry your resentment into violence?"

But Wallace pursued the retreat and succeeded in imprisoning her, notwithstanding some little incoherencies of protest.

"Don't pretend not to understand," he said. "I

love you! Don't deny that you have known it from the first day I met you. I love you. Tell me that I have the right to love you, — confess that you love me! Luya! Answer me. Be my wife. Give me your promise."

She held her face away from him, trying to release herself, begging to be let go, each feeble effort and each tremulous plea being an unconscious admission of the sentiment her lips disclaimed.

"Answer me, then. I shall not let you go until you have answered me."

"I have answered you," she said, her voice faltering over the words, as if to keep back a sob. "I have answered you, and you will not understand. It is ungenerous of you to hold me against my will."

"It is because I know your heart is not in your words, — it is because I know that you love me. Say it, — say it!"

"You are cruel," she said, the tears coming now, and her will no longer resisting.

He drew her head to his breast and kissed her lips, murmuring those impenitent self-reproaches with which lovers justify the tyrannies they delight in.

She checked her tears after a time, and he half released her, still caressing her with words and lingering touches, and wondering at the strangeness of her mood which was at once so yielding and so unresponsive.

"I never intended that this should happen," she said, still in the low tone but with some return of composure, even a faint smile playing at her lips. "Indeed, I hardly thought you cared to have it happen. I am sorry that you have told me. I should not have let you, if you had not taken me by surprise."

"You would have me think that you do not care for me?" he asked, playfully, and with the satisfied air of one who knows his advantage.

"Oh, yes, I care for you," she answered; "there is no need to deny that I love you, for I do love you —"

"Then why are you sorry that I have told you of my love?"

"Because I cannot be your wife."

He stepped back, regarding her to see if this were earnest or but a revival of her mischievous spirit. The moist blue eyes were sadly serious.

"Why can't you be my wife?"

"For the reason that your father would never consent to your marrying me."

Good-humoured assurance came back to Wallace with a rush of merry laughter.

"My father would not consent!" he cried, reaching out to take hold upon her two shoulders and square her round, as one does a child when it needs a little chaffing to clear away its pouts. "If you

have no better reason than that, Miss Vanbergen, for refusing to let me take tribute from your lips, then I make bold to claim my rights. My father's consent! If I were not the most reverent son in the world I should tell you that my will is my father's pleasure. Should I cry for the moon, he would equip an expedition to fetch it for me,—and I am not unreasonable in my demands only because he is so obliging in anticipating my wishes. Ah, Luya, Luya, your consent shall be my father's compulsion. Say the word, say yes, and I'll be impudent enough to mistake the dinner up the river for our betrothal feast, and every one at table shall drink bumpers to our union. My Luya! my wife that is to be! Come; we'll go to your mother as the first to receive our confidence." Wallace took her hand and made a movement toward the door.

But Luya's often debated misgivings returned upon her, more besettingly and more dismayingly than ever, now that she had dared to fling down the challenge to her fate. She held Wallace back.

"Not yet," she urged, with so much earnestness that he listened to her objections without so much as smiling at them. She had seen far into the character of Mr. Stephen Waring in the weekly visits he had made to her father's house during the years of the silent partnership. She knew the pride

and the prejudice by which his straightforward nature was turned askew. She had heard something of the ambitious plans he cherished in his son's behalf; and she knew, too, that Mr. Stephen Waring so detested "trade" — even though it was the means by which his future was building — that, in all the years of his association with her father, the public had never once been taken into the secret of the partnership. His prejudices were all the more stubborn for their unreasonableness, and Luya felt a certainty that Mr. Stephen Waring would never consent to a marriage between his son and the daughter of the "partner" he had so long socially condemned.

"But what if he should not consent!" Wallace exclaimed, at the end of her declaration of fears. "That would be no obstacle to our marriage."

"The greatest," replied Luya. "I would die an old maid rather than marry to the estrangement of a son and his father."

"Estrangement! My dear Luya, when you know my father better you will vow you never entertained your present opinion of him."

"Then my doubts may be easily dispelled. But, until you have gained your father's consent, no one, — you promise? — no one must know that you and I have — well, said anything to each other. You promise?"

“Yes, I promise.”

“And you will keep the promise faithfully — without any exception?”

“Faithfully, and without any exception, — but that will hardly be a test of my reticence, for I won’t have to keep silence long.”

That evening, instead of going for his usual play at the tavern, the various tavern parlours being the club-rooms, as well as the gaming centres of the time, Wallace remained at home for the double object of transmuting some teeming thoughts into a halting sort of verse, and of having a particular talk with his father. After the verses had been conducted resolutely to a finish, in spite of the reluctance of “winning” to rhyme with “shining,” Wallace went down into the library, where Mr. Waring sat absorbed in the news of the papers, only two months old, arrived in the afternoon from London.

Made cautious, perhaps, by Luya’s apprehensions, Wallace approached his subject warily, in a round-about talk on a multitude of things, and ended by stating an entirely supposititious case.

“Misalliances, my dear Wallace,” Mr. Waring began, oracularly, taking his spectacles from his eyes, and carefully polishing the crystals with his silk handkerchief, “are styled *mauvaises alliances* by our French instructors, and bad matches they are. In the case you put, the man must be either a fool or

a knave,—for no honest man in his right senses would ever contract a marriage for which his relatives would have to blush or make excuses. I might argue the matter at length if I thought you were in need of being convinced. I do you the credit to assume that your own opinions and mine are at one on the subject of what a gentleman owes to himself.”

“But suppose, merely for the sake of the argument,” Wallace ventured, settling himself a little more easily in his chair to prepare for the final assault, “suppose our minds were not wholly in accord? To put the matter in a nutshell, suppose I were myself in a similar situation to that I have suggested—and that I should come to you —”

“My dear Wallace, some things are too extravagant to be reasonably supposed. But, were you in that case, there would be no argument between us. I should answer, without argument, in the fewest words possible. I should say, ‘I will never give my consent to such an arrangement. If you marry in opposition to my wishes, I shall from that moment cease to have a son.’ But, my dear Wallace, I do not fear that the love I have for you will ever be put to so severe and unnatural a trial. We need not trouble ourselves with the follies of others. By the way, here is some interesting matter about young Pitt’s last

speech which you may care to read. I find this lot of papers uncommonly newsy."

Wallace added another half-dozen lines to his verses before he went to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS VANBERGEN had some flutterings of virginal pride, caused by the fear that she had much too readily let her heart fall into the possession of a man whose father was likely to set too light a value on it. She reproached herself with feebleness in having surrendered at the very first assault. If it were to do over again, she felt sure that she should say to Mr. Wallace Waring :

“I am very sorry, but this is a subject I cannot discuss with you until your father has asked my father to give you leave to sound my mind. I have thought the matter over most carefully, and I am resolved upon this point.”

Yet, in the very midst of her self-censuring, she breathed a sigh of thankfulness that the thing was not to do over again ; and when, in the course of the next day, a wide-grinning negro servant came with the heavily sealed verses which Wallace had erected to her worship, she had a half-hour of tumultuous folly, and thought nothing could content her soul but the singing of hosannas from the housetop. But, coming after numerous readings to a less ecstatic

appreciation of the final lines, she began to have doubts if the assured tone of the initial verses was warranted by facts. The more critically she read them, the more provokingly certain she became that the paternal Waring was in no sense a party to this rhymed declaration of eternal devotion. Therefore, in replying to the author in one of those blissfully inconsequent billets which are the delicate arabesques of love, she was at pains to add an intelligible post-script excusing herself from the engagement to go to the day-after-to-morrow fish dinner.

Wallace, made uneasily inquisitive by this post-script, came promptly to demand an oral explanation of it, but was unable to secure the necessary two minutes of privacy with Miss Vanbergen. Faring no better in two subsequent visits, and suspecting that the coquettish malice of the young lady, more than the intrusive stupidity of the family, was responsible for his discomfiture, Wallace had recourse to the pen as the speediest means to a settlement of the question.

"I allow," he wrote, after a preface enough complimentary to meet the exactions of the most ardent affection, — "I allow that a gentleman is bound to submit to the vexatious conduct of a lady without betraying chagrin, and I should take a buffet from any other of your sex with the easiest good humour in the world. But I protest that lovers do not fall

under that law ; for, if a lover were to hold by all the rules laid down for the guidance of a gentleman, he could never come to the state of matrimony, etiquette being the very antidote of love. I take it, then, to be quite within my rights to warn you that I am not of a temper to submit with patience to the impositions of your caprice. To be held away from you after this fashion irritates me to the degree that I shall presently hate the household that I already find obtrusive. Now, lest you may think I jest, I promise you that I shall come in the morning to take you in my chaise, and if you refuse to give me the joy of having your company to a drive, I swear, by my sword, I shall make your refusal the ground to a quarrel with either Mr. Wilbruch or your father, or both, as the circumstances may dictate. I imagine you will think it proper to laugh at this purpose and prepare yourself with some pretty defiance to complete my exasperation. But if there be any lover's oath, the breaking of which may take rank as perjury, I lay the peril of that oath upon my soul, if I do not, in some determined way, avenge myself of your wilfulness.

“If, however, my threat to do violence to those who shall offend me cannot penetrate your heart with the grace of a saving fear, may I assume that you have compassion enough to wish to prevent my ruin? If you have so much good-will for me, and

would know in what way it can avert something worse than a fatality, consent to drive with me in the morning, — and I will tell you what are my plans for our future happiness. Though I turn thus easily from threatening to pleading, 'tis but to give you an alternative, for I prefer the violent course. Consider the matter. If, to-morrow morning, you play the imp with me, as you have in these last two days, I shall kiss you in the family presence to my heart's content, and then draw upon any one that shall offer to molest me as I bear you by force of arms to my chaise."

Whether it was the minatory letter, or some words murmured into her ear as she stood watching Hendrik fasten the pigeons into the new cote, that decided Miss Vanbergen, certain it is that she went without compulsion to take her place in the chaise, and showed a beaming countenance to the world as they drove smartly up the Broadway.

"So you haven't spoken to your father?" Miss Vanbergen asked, rather abruptly, after a time.

"Not yet," Wallace answered, giving a touch to the off horse.

"Why?"

"I've sounded him, though."

"And what did he say?"

"Egad! Not much to the purpose."

The glimmer of hope went out of her eyes, and a tinge of scarlet came into her cheeks.

“He — he gave you to understand — ”

“That I might go to the devil, if I marry without his consent.”

“Well, Wallace, that means — ”

“It means, sweetheart, that we are going to enter on a jolly campaign to bring my father’s common sense to a recognition of the duty he owes to me. Egad! Luya, we are going to have him as much in love with you as I am myself.”

“He has other plans for you?”

“Something of the sort.”

“Who is she?”

“Don’t you know?”

“Miss Boylston?”

“I thought you could hit the mark first fire.”

“Well, doubtless your father knows what is best for you. Miss Boylston is a most proper choice.”

“Shall I take her, then?”

“If you want her. I dare say she would not object.”

“And you?”

“I think I could manage to do without you.”

“That is the deuce of it; I’m afraid you could. But I could not do without you. And do you know what I’ve resolved to do? Compromise you at the dinner to-day in a way to make it impossible you shall pretend to any independence of me.”

“How?”

"I haven't thought that out."

"Then don't think it out, for I should repudiate you on the spot."

"By George! I believe you would. Seriously, though, do you think a man is bound to regulate his life by the whims of his father?"

"I think his father's whims are entitled to some consideration."

"Consideration, yes; but if the judgment be against them?"

"I suppose a man should follow his judgment."

"Exactly. Therefore, we'll get married as soon as may be."

"Not in opposition to your father's will."

"What! Why, you said but now —"

"Yes, a man should have the right to regulate his own life; but that does not mean that he shall have the right to regulate a woman's mind as well. You can do without your father's consent; I cannot."

"You cannot? Why?"

"Have you forgotten what I told you the other day?"

"No, I haven't forgotten, but I want you to forget it."

"There is but one way to bring that about," she smiled; "bring your father to your way of thinking."

"I will. He has only to know that I'm in love

with you. I'll tell him. He'll riot a little at first, and set his notions on parade, but — ”

“Don't tell him yet,” she said, moving a little nearer to him, and slipping her arm through his in a propitiatory way that delighted him. “Don't tell him yet. I think there is something very fascinating in being secretly in love. Don't you? I think that is really the romance of love.”

Wallace took the reins into one hand to answer her.

At Miss Boylston's suggestion the dinner was served under the trees in the garden, hardly a stone's throw from the river's edge. And it was her fancy, too, to have roses, quantities of them, as she said, scattered over the table, flung on with no attempt at arrangement. “Flowers are never so lovely as when they are in disorder, lying as they chance to fall,” she explained, throwing a handful of roses half the length of the table as she spoke. When the dishes were brought on, they were set down in utter disregard of crushed buds and bruised petals, which led Allen Bradford to complain to Miss Norris, who sat at his right, that the party should henceforth be known as Herodians.

“Why Herodians?” Miss Norris asked.

“Doesn't this brutal treatment of these roses remind you of the slaughter of the Innocents?”

“Oh, Mr. Bradford,” cried Miss Lynn, from across the table, “your jests are always brought from such a distance.”

“Most good things are, Miss Lynn,—ladies always excepted. I prefer them home-made.”

“Why, Mr. Bradford,” exclaimed Miss Lynn, meaning to be roguish, as she glanced from Bradford to the lady beside him, “have you forgotten that Miss Norris is come from Boston?”

“’Tis understood that exceptions prove the rule,” Bradford replied, with a sweep of his glance to take in the several comely young ladies. “Miss Norris has all the charms and graces of a native New Yorker.”

This remark arrested the attention of Lieutenant Willett at the other end of the table, and he interposed some trifle of light humour that started the most lavish compliments circulating about the table, until amiability unfolded into full flower. The scene was gala, and the spirits of the company were in accord with it. Mynheer Voort, the jovial host, declared to his wife, in one of his excursions to the kitchen, that it would be an easy matter to add some extra shillings to the charge, the party was so well content. Sangaree and mead was plentifully served to cheer the ladies, and the gentlemen drank Madeira with a freedom that speedily brought their wit to their tongue’s end, and some of their impudence along with it.

Wine inspired Wallace Waring with a reckless gaiety which flirted its plumes in the face of caution without ever crossing the bounds of propriety. Allen Bradford, who had come to be the closest of Wallace's friends, declared on one occasion, at the tavern, that it required a bottle or two to bring out Waring's most estimable qualities of heart and breeding. But now Wallace was not so much enlivened by the wine he drank as by the enjoyment of his first appearance in public as the accepted lover of Miss Luya Vanbergen, and he had a mischievous inclination to take the table into his confidence.

He wanted the bond given in the chaise-ride ratified by the acclaim of this merry group, and kept Luya in a fever of apprehension by the frequently whispered threat to "tell 'em."

His attentions to Luya were much too marked to escape the notice of Miss Boylston, and by degrees the condescending indifference with which she had come to regard her one-time school friend gave place to a more positive feeling, which was not, however, of an amiable character. And when, at last, Wallace, challenged to the toast by Mr. Ashton, concluded a gallant eulogy of the "Ladies" with a "God bless them all — especially Miss Vanbergen," Miss Boylston smiled and applauded in harmony with the laughter and jests of the others, but shot a glance at

Miss Vanbergen which would have incensed that young lady, had she seen it.

As the preparations were making for the return to town before the darkness should settle on the road, Miss Boylston found the chance to say, in a politely satirical tone, to Miss Vanbergen :

“I suppose, of course, that you and Mr. Waring intend to go by way of the Kissing Bridge?”

“Is that the road you will take with Lieutenant Willett?”

“Lieutenant Willett and I are not on such easy terms.”

“Perhaps you mean, then, to propose that we change escorts? Would you think the Kissing Bridge the nearest way home if you were in the chaise with Mr. Waring?”

“You are insolent, Miss Vanbergen!”

“Ah! then you do recognise insolence in another. I believe this was really your party. Let me thank you, then, for one of the very pleasantest days I have ever known.”

Miss Vanbergen smiled sweetly, made a half-curtsey and turned away to rejoin the others.

“Hussy!” was the unspoken word that trembled on Miss Boylston’s lips.

CHAPTER X.

THOUGH Mr. Vanbergen had yielded in many ways to the modern ideas of his daughter, notably in modification of his Dutch dress, upon one point he held stubbornly by the habit of his ancestors. The great raftered and tiled-floor kitchen continued, in spite of new additions to the house, to be the family gathering or sitting room. There was a long, low room in the front of the house, which Mrs. Vanbergen and Luya styled the drawing-room, and which Mr. Vanbergen referred to as "t'e pig room," meaning to say the big room; but this came into use so rarely and then in such a solemnly formal way, that it could hardly be said to be a part of the house.

Luya had tried in vain to make this the family assembly-room, and, to please her, Vanbergen, for several evenings in succession, sat by the small fireplace, with his pipe, chatting with enforced cheerfulness to the members of his household or to the chance visitors. But he would seize the first opportunity to escape and take his favourite seat in the vast chimney-corner of the kitchen, "t'e only place t'at seems like home," and where he could be en-

tirely happy, even with no other companion than his pipe and tobacco-box.

So the spinet, the family portraits, and various other glories of the discredited drawing-room were returned to their ancient places in the living-room, which was, after all, the most attractive and comfort-giving quarter of the house, kitchen though it was. Substantial plenty and free-hearted prosperity were indicated in every feature and disposition of the room, from the black pot hanging from its crane in the fireplace to the opposite end of the room, where the tall dresser proudly sustained its wealth of polished pewter. The antlers of a deer fixed over the doorway opening on the garden walk, and bearing on its prongs a heavy flint-lock rifle were dumbly eloquent of the fact that there had been a Vanbergen who knew something of sport and the prowess of arms. Be it said, to the honour of the long "iron," that it had smoked and snorted in defence of New Amsterdam in more than one perilous engagement, and might, if need came, do helpful service still in behalf of New Amsterdam's successor. But the model of a rakish-looking, three-mast craft perched over the hood of the chimney had more interest for Evert Vanbergen than the trophy and the gun left over from Claes Vanbergen's time. The model was that of a privateer which Evert had set out to sea when the exigencies of trade seemed too great for method-

ical competition, and it was almost an open secret that the finest quality of Holland rum and the choicest grades of teas and spices came into Evert Vanbergen's workrooms with a wink and a nod from the customs. He had a curious fashion of waving salutations to the model with his pipe-stem when he sat alone before the fireplace, and saying, with a mellow chuckle like the gurgle of rum poured from a wide-lipped jug :

“ You haf tun pretty vell py myself, t'at's so.”

Other hallowed treasures of the room were the two portraits on the east wall, Evert's father and grandfather, painted in the good stiff fashion of the prim Dutch school ; and, deferentially apart from them, was one of Evert himself, less majestic in style but more artistic in finish, the work of a vagabond Frenchman who thus paid for his passage back to France.

A potted vine half embowered one of the windows, through which the sunlight filtered to compose a mosaic of ivory and gold upon the floor, the green leaves showing like a rich embroidery against the white stuff curtains looped back at the sides. There were the fragrance and colour of newly gathered flowers to add to the homely charm of the room in which Mrs. Vanbergen and the mulatto girl, Marta, were busy with preparations for the noonday meal, the most important function of the day. Altogether,

the master of the house was not without reason for his predilections for the kitchen.

This was the day of the month on which Mr. Stephen Waring came, with punctilious regularity, to examine the statement of accounts, and take a cheque for his share of the profits from the business conducted by Mr. Vanbergen. Once a week, too, they met in this domestic way for a general discussion of their affairs, but that was a most perfunctory proceeding on Mr. Waring's part, for he knew almost as little of the practical workings of trade and commerce as he did the day he became a dormant partner. He was not of that opinion, however, and fostered the belief that his acquiescence in Mr. Vanbergen's plans had all the force of sound advice. But Evert Vanbergen was not in need of any man's advice in the matter of turning trade shillings into commercial pounds, and Mr. Waring would have confessed as much to any one else than himself.

Because of it being settlement day, Mr. Vanbergen came to the house half an hour earlier than usual, sturdily ignoring, in his walk from Dock Street, the shadowy and noisy evidence that the town-folk and military were escorting the Governor through the streets in one of those quasi-state parades which were given whenever an occasion would present an excuse for them. He seated himself at the black oak desk at the left of the fireplace,

to make ready the page of the credit book for Mr. Waring's signature of receipt in full, and was engrossed in his task when Mrs. Vanbergen took advantage of Marta's absence from the room to claim his attention.

"I want to talk to you, Evert."

"Ton't you see I vas pusy?"

"It's about Luya."

"Vell, t'en, vat is it apout Luya?"

"She has not been herself for the last week or two."

"Who haf she peen, t'en? I ton't see t'at she is somepoty else. You talk foolishness, vife."

"I mean that she seems to be in a state of mind. It is my belief that Luya is in love."

"Ja, I t'ink so, also! I haf hat t'at pelief long time ago. Titn't I tell you vat Jacob sait?"

"But it isn't with Jacob."

"Vat is not vit Jacob? Goot gracious, vife, haf you lost sometings from your he't? I haf tolt Jacob t'at he can haf her. I ton't t'ink of notings else."

"Then Jacob had better make haste to take her, for it is my opinion she has other fancies in her head."

Mr. Vanbergen rose from his chair and approached his wife, in smiling indulgence. He stopped before her, and stood with his hands in the ample pockets of his long waistcoat, and looked at her benevolently,

but with a certain mocking drollery in the tilt of his large round head.

"Mr. Vallace Varing, he?"

"It looks very much like it, Evert."

"Oh, my tear, a vooman always sees t'ings t'e vay she wants to haf 'em. You'd t'ink it pretty vell now if it vas t'at vay, he? Vell, I tell you, my fine voomans, Jacob feels sure of Luya, and ven Jacob feels sure, t'ere's no use hafing some ot'er opinion."

"That is all very well, Evert; but Jacob felt sure of Black Dan's winning in the race last month."

"Vell, it took a pullet to peat him, titn't it? T'at proofed t'at Jacob vas right. Accitents t'at haf no pusiness to happen—"

"But accidents happen in love races, too, Evert," Mrs. Vanbergen interrupted, the thought of the dinner weighing on her mind. "And I just had a mind to tell you that if Jacob wants Luya he'd better be quick about letting her know it; and I'd advise you to say as much to him. He is coming to dinner to-day. You'd better not let him go away without saying something."

Mrs. Vanbergen finished her remarks at the door, and was just going out as Mr. Vanbergen asked:

"Vere is Luya?"

"Watching the procession with Mr. Waring," Mrs. Vanbergen answered, in that tone of repressed triumph with which even the gentlest of women will

deliver the *coup-de-grâce* of an argument when chance befriends them.

Mr. Vanbergen stood some moments as his wife left him, his lips pursed in sign of reflection, his eyes, of a faded blue, blinking off the stages of his thoughts, his hands moving experimentally up and down in his waistcoat pockets. Seeming to have made up his mind to something, he went to his desk, took a box of chessmen from one of the drawers, dragged a small table from a corner, and began arranging the pieces of the squares of the chessboard.

"I can reason petter vit Jacob ven he's playing chess," Mr. Vanbergen thought.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. VANBERGEN surprised himself by getting the advantage in the game, and Jacob's intent application to the problem of his salvation had not been favourable to conversation. Moreover, the pleasure of an unusual success made Mr. Vanbergen forget, for a time, the real purpose he had in arraying the chessmen in order. He lolled contentedly back in his great armchair, betraying in a permanent smile his enjoyment of Jacob's perplexity. Marta came and went, alternating with Mrs. Vanbergen in the culinary offices without disturbing the preoccupation of the one or the blissful tranquillity of the other.

"T'ere's no hope for you, Jacob," Mr. Vanbergen said, noting with satisfaction the stolid countenance of his opponent. "You joost as vell gif up."

"Wait," said Jacob, without changing his attitude.

"Ja; take your time, Jacob. I like to see a man take plenty time. Donder! I make my mint up slowly, too. T'en I ton't haf to make it over some more. 'Tis a goot vay."

Jacob, who sat supporting his right elbow with his left hand, thus making a prop for his chin, presently

reached forth his right hand as if to move a piece, hesitated, and resumed his original position of patient calculation.

Mr. Vanbergen rose, chuckling, and went toward the chimney.

“Ha! T’at’s right, Jacob. I like to see you not in haste.”

He took his pipe from the chimney shelf, reached for his tobacco jar, and, holding it under his arm, proceeded in a methodical, unhurried way to fill his pipe with the leaf he crumbled in his palm. This operation completed to his liking, he picked up a splinter of wood from the hearth, lighted it in the flame of the fire, and, with long, slow inhalations, set the tobacco in the bowl aglow. The properties of the pipe acted so gratefully upon his mind that his thoughts were restored to their normal balance, and he remembered that defeating Jacob at chess was not his primary object.

“Ja; ’tis true I like to see a man not in haste most of t’e time, Jacob. But not all t’e times. T’ere’s one t’ing vould suit me petter if you vas more quick. He?”

“What is that?” Jacob asked, without looking up.

“T’e same t’ing it has been t’ese two years, Jacob, — more t’an two years. T’e same t’ing ve talket apout one tay just now, — Luya. I t’ink you petter speak to her.”

"Sometime, Mr. Vanbergen. No hurry. But I've been thinking —" Jacob interrupted himself to make a second motion toward moving a piece, but again drew back his hand, uncertain.

"Ja, Jacob, yes? You have been t'inking?" Mr. Vanbergen prompted.

"I've been thinking that some one ought to tell her. You, I think."

"I, Jacob!" Mr. Vanbergen took the pipe from his mouth to give freer expression to his surprise.

"I think so," Jacob said, in a matter-of-fact way, as he finally made the long debated move.

Mr. Vanbergen puffed a cloud of smoke and looked into it contemplatively, as if in its writhing and coiling he should find an answer suited to the extraordinary proposition.

"I ton't know apout t'at, Jacob. It has peen so long since I haf tone my courting, t'at maype I ton't know how some more."

"I don't want you to do the courting," Jacob said, "I only want you to get her ready to expect what I'm going to tell her sometime. It is your move."

"Haf you mofed?" asked Mr. Vanbergen, coming to inspect the board. "Humph! T'at's somet'ing to t'ink apout."

After a silence, during which it was evident that his mind was no longer concerned with the fate of

the chessmen, Mr. Vanbergen swept the pieces into red and black confusion with a sudden stroke of his chubby hand, and sat down, confidentially insistent, in front of Jacob.

"Look here, now, Jacob. Luya is only half her fat'er's girl. Ton't forget t'at Mrs. Vanbergen vas English girls ven I marriet her, and Luya haf got some of her moeder in her veins."

"Well, I am only half a Dutchman," Jacob replied, not entirely clear in his mind what Luya's origin had to do with the matter.

"Goot! very goot!" Mr. Vanbergen rejoined, good-humouredly, seeming to find a joke in Jacob's reply. "'Tis true, Jacob. Put in some t'ings you are as Dutch as me—more Dutch t'an me, Jacob, for you ton't see vat is going on even ven somepoty tell you. T'ese are English tays and English vays, Jacob, and you try to make 'em fit t'e old Dutch vays of your grandfat'er. T'at won't to, Jacob; t'at von't to! You must be more vide avake, and take t'e times as t'ey come to you. 'Tis a time of quickness. You must pe at once."

"I don't see how I am different from anybody else."

"You t'ink so? Vere is Luya now?"

"Gone to see the procession, I suppose."

"And vit Mr. Varing! You neffer take her out ven people show t'emselves—put young girls like gay t'ings, Jacob. 'Tis a pleasant foolishness."

"I haven't time for foolishness, Mr. Vanbergen. When I'm not at business I study, — except when I come here. I'm doing that for Luya."

"Oh, 'tis vell enough to be sensible insite, Jacob ; put not vit voomans. 'Tis fashionaple to pe foolish, and fashion is t'e trap to set ven you vant to catch a voomans. A handsome coat and a fine pair of legs in silk stockings and a swort hanging by t'e site are vort all t'e sense in t'e world, Jacob. Vat you say, vife, he?" turning to Mrs. Vanbergen and acquainting her with the situation.

"All I can say is this, Jacob," Mrs. Vanbergen said, as she put a beef bone into the great pot of boiling liquid that hung over the fire. "If I had waited for Evert until he had made a scholar of himself, I might have been waiting yet. When a girl loves a man, she takes him for better or worse ; and she is willing to allow that there are much worse things than not being a college professor. Heart counts for more than brain in marriage, Jacob, — but, for that matter, I think you are as sensible as most young men."

"Donder ! you hear t'at, Jacob?" cried Mr. Vanbergen, with an explosion of conjugal pride. "'Tis t'e pest atvice in t'e worlt. Ton't pe fools, Jacob — and etucation is only a fool's ammunition — wise men ton't neet it. Vait and sent your children to school, if you vant to make fine gentlemens of t'em, — put

use your time for somet'ing petter now. Go in for business, Jacob. You can't affort to spent your time at t'e college. Vy, look you how t'e town and trate is growing. Effery ship prings in some more people — t'ese English are not like our Dutch — t'ey grow, t'ey multiply, and trate grows vit t'em. T'ey haf tone more in forty years vit New York t'an t'e Dutch tit vit New Amstertam in near two huntert. Ve are growing so fast t'at lant is getting to pe vort some-t'ing, and I'm putting effery stiver t'at I ton't neet into any lant t'at is for sale in half a mile of t'e Town Hall. Ve'll haf fifty t'ousant people here some tay."

Mr. Vanbergen made this last extravagant statement with a judicious lowering of the voice; and, imagining that there was much question of his prophetic authority in Jacob's unmoved countenance, he added, by way of caution :

"But t'e size ton't make some tifference, — 'tis t'e trate t'at prings t'e money." From Mr. Vanbergen's standpoint trade had to do with the passing to and fro of ships, and he had other markets for his cargoes than the sunny little town of his birth.

"Are you willing that I should have Luya as I am?" Jacob asked, going to Mrs. Vanbergen and taking her by the arm in the half-caressing way he had used with her when he was a boy and under her charge.

“Well, Jacob,” she answered, a little hesitatingly, “I hadn’t thought of you in this way till Evert told me something the other night ; and I don’t believe it has come into Luya’s head at all. But one never knows, — and if Luya loves you, why, I shall love you, too, for you have been like a son to us, after all, Jacob. And as for taking you as you are, — nothing the colleges can give you would make you any worthier of a good girl’s love, — and I couldn’t ask a better husband for Luya.”

“Tamn it, vife, I’ll haf a kiss for t’at !” cried Mr. Vanbergen, coming to her side and giving hearty effect to his words. “Vell, vat you say, Jacob ?”

“I’ll tell Luya to-day.”

“Spoken like a mans, Jacob ! And if she is as sensiple as her moeder’s chilt ought to pe, I’ll att anot’er five per cent. to t’at settlement I mate vit you.”

Mr. Vanbergen pinched his wife’s cheek as he whispered in her ear :

“I’m going to name t’e first grantchilt.”

CHAPTER XII.

"I HAVE brought Mr. Waring home with me," Luya announced, coming in through the side door with a flutter of white drapery and emptying her arms of numerous little parcels. "We've been visiting the shops together."

"Has he come to dinner?" Mrs. Vanbergen asked.

"No; I haven't asked him. I dare say you can persuade him, though. He isn't difficult. I've bought you a Sunday cap, mamma, that will be vastly becoming to you. 'Tis the latest thing from London, and in the highest vogue. I am determined you shall wear it. La, Jacob, how-de-do! You are so hidden in smoke I hadn't seen you! Why were you not out to see the procession? But I forgot. You don't approve of those things,—you are so much a partisan of Mr. Zenger that you hate a royal holiday. Take care, Jacob! You will get to be known as a rabid anti-royalist, and then I should have to hide when I see you coming. Papa, there is a neckcloth for you, a thing you detest, but which, nevertheless, you shall pretend to like, and pay me

handsomely for it into the bargain, for I have emptied my purse of the last farthing."

"Ja," Mr. Vanbergen nodded, thinking that the earth had nothing quite so joy-giving as the impudent tyranny of this young woman; "I always haf to pay goot price for your fafours, Luya. Apout fifteen pounts a kiss, I think."

"Well, here is one I'll throw in with the neck-cloth, to prove that I'm not a Jew," putting her arms about his neck, and kissing him with unmistakable affection.

There was something at once comical and pathetic in the proudly grateful way in which Mr. Vanbergen always received his daughter's caresses. He never got over wondering how it came about that he should have been the begetter of this pink and white perfection, with the astonishingly lively spirit inside of it.

"What have you done with Mr. Waring?" asked Mrs. Vanbergen, taking a table-cloth from the dresser.

"Oh, he stopped in front with his father to talk with Mr. Boylston. You'd better get one of your special bottles from the cellar, papa. You know Mr. Stephen Waring's taste."

"Ja, t'at's so. I'll get him. Oh, py t'e vay, Jacob has somet'ings to talk apout vit you, Luya. Vife, you come and holt a cantles vile I get t'e vine."

"Can't Marta do that?" Luya asked, in surprise.

"Not t'is time," said Mr. Vanbergen, closing his eye at Mrs. Vanbergen, in his fashion of winking.

"Don't let the kettle boil over, Luya," Mrs. Vanbergen said, in admonition, as she followed her husband out of the room, at the same time intercepting Hendrik, who wished to consult Luya about an ailing pigeon.

"Well, Jacob, what is it you have to say to me? Something more interesting than usual, I hope, for I declare, Jacob, you are not generally more lively than the chair beside you. What has happened? You look as full of matter as an egg of meat, and solemn enough to mourn at a funeral. Sure, some marvel has come to pass since I saw you yester morn. Have you beaten Governor Cosby at bowls? Has the proud Miss Boylston or the simpering Miss Lynn thrown you a kiss from her chair? Did the meteor we saw last night dig a hole in your Long Island farm, and uncover the treasure of Captain Kidd? Speak, Jacob, for I much fear I'm in the way to laugh, and I'd not do that before I have felt your wit. And yet you must allow, 'tis droll to see you standing there, eyeing me as if you were of a mind to throw your head at me. Come," flirting her handkerchief into his face, as she passed him going to the spinet, "tell me. But, mark you, Jacob, if you wish to take me on a new adventure to discover some wonder of the island,

you much mistook my temper on the last occasion. I have no wish to flounder, a second time, half lost in a swamp with so poor a guide, to the ruin of my gown and the first really pretty pair of shoes I ever had. Well, well," beginning to play, "are you waiting for my mother to come back with the wine, to loosen your tongue?"

"No," said Jacob, in his solemnly measured way, "I was waiting for a chance to speak. I want to marry you."

Luya turned quickly about in her chair to look at him. He had not moved from his position, but stood gravely regarding her, his hands in his coat pockets. She rose, laughingly, and came toward him.

"Why, Jacob, what put that idea into your head? What made you think of anything like that? Why, I have known you all my life,—we have played together since we were no higher than this table,—and this is the first time I ever thought you had a bit of humour." She took his chin between her thumb and finger, and gave his head a shake. "So you thought you'd laugh at me?"

"No," he answered, simply, his hands still deep in his pockets, "I'm not laughing at you. I love you."

"And when did you find it out?" she asked, teasingly, with another pull at his chin.

"I have always known it."

"And you never thought to tell me?"

"I waited to get through my studies. You were smarter than I. I wanted to educate myself. I wanted to be worthy of you."

There was too much earnestness in the frank, honest face, and too much self-depreciation in the worshipful attitude of the man into whose heart she had never thought to look, to permit of further lightness on her part. She was touched by his manner, and guiltily realised that she had been surprised into a cruelly ungenerous treatment of him.

"And you really love me?"

"It seems to me there is nothing else in the world but you."

She moved away from him a few steps, troubled in heart and mind what to say most gently to make him understand. She felt a sudden great sympathy with him, thinking what it would mean to her to love without being loved in return, and in pitying him she was forgetting to answer him.

He came a little toward her, but hesitatingly.

"Well, Luya?"

She returned to him, putting her hand caressingly on his arm, and looking into his face with such kindness in her eyes that his heart quickened its beating, and he put up one hand to rest on hers.

"I would not willingly break the wing of a fly,

Jacob. It is far from my wish to wound the feelings of an old friend. We are old friends. We have been the best of friends, — very, very dear friends."

She paused a moment, but he waited in silence. He saw no need to answer her.

"Do you know," she continued, "they tell me that my mother was your father's first sweetheart, — that is to say, he loved her, — but — she only esteemed him, Jacob. We cannot do what we will with love. Love comes in its own way to us, and it comes without our bidding. Your father found happiness in another love, and — and — so may you. I am very fond of you, Jacob, — I shall always want you for my friend, but I do not love you in the way you would have me."

"Never mind, Luya," he said, taking her two hands in his; "I can wait."

"'Tis not that, either, Jacob. It is not as if — it is not as if there were no one else."

She felt his hands tighten on hers, and looked up in time to see the change in his face, a swift passing expression of pain that took the colour from his cheeks.

"You love some one else?"

"Yes, Jacob."

"Wallace Waring?"

There was neither jealousy nor bitterness in the

tone, and the question was less a question than a recognition of a fact.

"Yes," she answered, frankly.

"And he loves you?"

"Yes."

Jacob slowly released her hands, stood a moment silently looking into her face, and then went to take down his hat from the peg on which it hung, at the end of the fireplace.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked, following a little after him.

"Angry with you, Luya!" He was much hurt by the thought. He put out his hand to her. "If you are happy, that will make me happy, too."

"And we shall be the same good friends we have always been?"

"Always, Luya."

"And you won't think any less of —" she hesitated.

"I cannot think ill of any one whom you can love, Luya," divining what was in her mind.

They stood with hands clasped on this loyal compact as Mr. Vanbergen, accompanied by Mr. Waring, entered the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. VANBERGEN noted, with the liveliest satisfaction, the friendly attitude of the young people as he entered the room. He drew from it the most favourable inferences, troubling himself not a jot with any of the mysteries of facial expression. It was quite enough for him that Jacob had been standing in front of Luya, holding one of her hands smothered between both of his. In Mr. Vanbergen's book of revelations there was but one interpretation allowed to each group of human hieroglyphs ; clasped hands and eyes looking into eyes, when the figures were youths of the opposite sex, meant the fulfilment of paternal hopes, and nothing less. So Mr. Vanbergen had a good many winks and nods of a highly significant character to throw to whom would take them as he ushered Mr. Waring in, relieved him of his hat, and chatted in an animated but unintelligible way as he bustled about, nervous with eagerness to get a private word with Jacob.

Mr. Waring shook hands with Jacob, and asked if it were true, as he had heard, that he, Jacob, had

loaned Mr. Zenger money to further some of his printing schemes.

"But a small amount, for a little time, Mr. Waring."

"I advise you not to mix with him," said Mr. Waring, going to the fireplace and stretching out his hands over the flame, for the day was chilly in spite of the midsummer. "Zenger is a troublesome creature, and I marvel at the Governor's tolerance of his sedition. 'Twould be a sorry business if he should stir up the rebellion he seems to strike at."

Luya had quitted the room at the first opportunity, making the excuse of helping her mother with the beverages to escape her father's questioning. Jacob had moved toward the outer door while Mr. Waring was talking and had his hand on the latch, when Mr. Vanbergen grasped him by the arm, and eagerly demanded, in what he meant for a whisper :

"T'en you tolt her?"

"Yes, I told her," Jacob answered, placidly.

"Ant 'tis settlet?"

"Yes, it is settled."

"Goot, goot! T'at's vat I tolt you!" giving Jacob a lusty blow of joyous affection upon the shoulder. "Put you are not going away?"

"I'm going to get Hendrik's pigeons. I promised to give them a fly this afternoon."

“Ja, vell. Put I vant to talk vit you pefore you go.”

Jacob went out, and Mr. Vanbergen turned exultantly to Mr. Waring.

“Vat vould you t’ink of Jacob for a sons-in-law, Mr. Varing, he? A nice young fellows, he?”

“A likely young man, I should say, Vanbergen, and very suitable.”

“Ja, I t’ink so. Ant Luya t’ink so, too.”

“I congratulate you. Well, are the accounts ready for my inspection?”

“All reaty, Mr. Varing. Here t’ey are.” Mr. Vanbergen opened the book of entries lying on his desk.

Mrs. Vanbergen, on whose kindly face there was the shadow of a grief, came in, followed by Marta bearing a bottle and a stone jug, which she put down on the dresser.

“How do you do, Mr. Waring?”

“Well enough, I thank you, Mrs. Vanbergen. I need not ask concerning your health. I’m sure Hygeia herself was not so rosy at your years.”

“Then Hygeia had nothing to do with housework,” Mrs. Vanbergen said, turning from Mr. Waring to the dresser. “But I shall give an extra spice to your mulled Madeira for the compliment.”

“Let me put you to less trouble. If you will give me some rum in a thimble of hot water, I shall be

more obliged to you. These unheard-of changes of weather get into my bones, and rum, though I detest it, is the best corrective I know of."

"Ja," Mr. Vanbergen volunteered, from the writing-desk, "if you vould trink rum all t'e time, Mr. Waring, you vould neffer haf some trouple in your pones. I haf trunk rum until I hafn't got any pones to trouple." Mr. Vanbergen shook like a jelly in chuckling enjoyment of his jest at the expense of his girth, and reached out his balance-sheet to Mr. Waring.

"Did I hear Mr. Waring asking for rum?" Luya said, as she entered from the adjoining room. "If you will let me serve you, I know a way to make a delicious hot drink with rum."

"If you know a way to make rum delicious, Miss Vanbergen, I shall be glad to buy the secret of you at your own price."

"I am not sure you would keep your part of the bargain if I should name you my terms, so I'll keep my secret."

Luya, relieving her mother, and dismissing Marta to other cares, took the jug to fill it from the iron kettle droning its pleasantly monotonous song from a bracket over the fire.

"Will you take luck with us at table to-day, Mr. Waring?" Mrs. Vanbergen asked, taking the tablecloth from a drawer of the dresser.

"Thank you, Mrs. Vanbergen, but I only have

time for my usual business quarrel with your husband. Besides, you know I have the habit of later dining."

"Your son has broken over that rule with us," Mrs. Vanbergen suggested, with a touch of grimness in her smile, for she was not entirely ignorant of Mr. Waring's peculiar prejudices.

"But my son is an irresponsible young gentleman, Mrs. Vanbergen, who conforms to very few rules, even those of his own making." He began running his eye up and down the sheet.

Luya, having filled the jug, obeyed a signal from her father, and came to him on her way to the dresser.

"And how is Mistress Jacob Wilbruch?" he asked, in a low tone, playfully pinching her cheek as she bent toward him.

"You are mistaken, father; I have said no to Jacob," she whispered, and hurried away.

"Vat!" exclaimed Mr. Vanbergen, betrayed into a violent loudness by the shock of emotion. "Is t'at t'e vay it vas settlet?"

"What's the matter, Vanbergen?" cried Mr. Waring, startled by the sudden outburst.

"Not'ings," replied Mr. Vanbergen, gloomily sinking into himself. Then, feeling a necessity to make some explanation of his want of self-control, and yet unwilling to admit that his hopes were utterly dashed

to earth, he laughed in a sobbing sort of way, rubbing the back of his hand, and added, "I t'ink Luya spilt some hot waters on me. Voomans, Mr. Varing, is t'e most careless peoples t'at t'e goot Got haf mate. T'ey pring all our trouples."

"And some of our blessings, Vanbergen."

"Oh, t'ey haf t'eir uses, Mr. Varing."

"And, while I am about it, papa, shall I fill a cup for you?"

"Oh, ja — yes," said Mr. Vanbergen, turning about in his chair, and giving a thump of his fist to the desk. "Rum is your only 'kill tevil.' I'll trink some vit Mr. Varing."

"And permit me a like privilege, I hope, Mr. Vanbergen," Wallace cheerily called in through the open window. "The town knows the virtue of your rum, — and I believe it has not so much as the stain of a king's tax on it."

"Ton't say t'at, Mr. Vallace. I gif t'e king a little someting — quietly. But come in, — you shall haf some."

Wallace disappeared from the window and entered at the door as Mr. Waring received his cup of steaming spiced rum from Luya. A better student of physiognomy than Mr. Vanbergen, Mr. Waring knew very well how to read the signs "writ by the sentiments on nature's vellum." He had several mental memoranda relating to his son and Miss Vanbergen;

and when he learned that Wallace had gone so far as to take the young lady to the dinner at the East River House, thus flinging her, as it were, into the very face of Miss Boylston, he was strongly tempted to moralise with the profligate young gentleman. He had been restrained by the consideration that paternal remonstrances are often like a fan to smouldering embers. He had not forgotten how greatly his own rebellious energies had been stimulated by the oppositions of an incautious father. Indeed, if Mr. Waring had any rule to govern his relations with his son, it was based on the sagacious reflection of Eliphaz the Temanite: "Should a wise man utter windy knowledge? Should he reason with unprofitable talk?" He managed Wallace by indirection, and had much faith in the system. So, when he saw the exchange of eloquent pantomime between Luya and Wallace, as the young gentleman came into the room with engaging assurance, Mr. Waring felt a mischievous inclination to give this gallant impudence a check.

Therefore, holding the cup well above his head in the most courtly fashion, and smiling amiably in Luya's direction, he said, banteringly :

"Miss Vanbergen's health, and my congratulations on the happiness that has come to her! And I hope, Vanbergen, the young man will prove to be an excellent son-in-law. I believe he is a very worthy fellow."

He sipped his rum, glancing over the rim of his cup in keen enjoyment of the effect his words had produced on Wallace, who stood as if struck into a consternation. Luya was hardly less astonished, and both Mr. and Mrs. Vanbergen were hopelessly confused.

But Wallace did not take long to find his tongue.

"Son-in-law! Who the devil is your son-in-law, Mr. Vanbergen?—for I swear you had no such creature half an hour ago. I fear, sir," turning to his father, "you have somewhat anticipated —"

Luya, fearing that Wallace might be hurried into much too liberal speech by his ardour, pulled him by the sleeve, as she said, with a laugh :

"La, Mr. Waring, if your father has been obliging enough to choose me out a husband, I hope you are not uncharitable enough to rob me of him?"

"No, by my faith, I'd rather help you to one!" Wallace exclaimed, catching her meaning and recovering his emotional balance. "But I hope to be as soon in the family confidence as my father."

"Make my son easy, Vanbergen, — for I'm much to blame in having betrayed your secret; though I did not think 'twas a confidence you gave me."

"Donder and duivels, Mr. Varing, I was a fool! I spoke too quick. I haf no sons-in-law! I'm very sorry — put I can't help it. Jacob is such a tam pat

talker t'at I titn't unterstant him. T'at 'is all. T'ere is t'e cheque for seven huntret pounts, your share of t'e pusiness. Vill you pe goot enough to sign t'e receipt ? ”

CHAPTER XIV.

“So, madam,” said Wallace, as he walked with Luya to the dresser to take a sip of her brew, “you have taken advantage of my absence to have a scene with Mr. Wilbruch, if I may draw conclusions from what I hear?”

“Yes — poor fellow!”

“You pity him? That is a dangerous symptom. I think it well that I inquire into the particulars. What were they? I’m curious to know.”

Luya looked up at him, half seriously.

“Do you think I would tell you?”

“Why not?”

“Why not! Because.”

“But — you refused him in terms he couldn’t misunderstand?”

“Why, I believe you are jealous, Wallace!”

“I am. And if Jacob has found his tongue, it does not become me to keep silence. Does Jacob know that it is I who — ”

“Yes,” she interrupted quickly, as if the question could in some way wound anew the heart she thought was full enough of pain from her refusal.

"If Jacob knows, the others should know, too. I won't deal with my love as if I were ashamed of it. I'll not have Jacob or any man think that I'm not proud of your love. Gad's life! now that the subject is up in their minds, I'll tell our fathers while I have them so conveniently together."

"No," she pleaded, "not now — not while I am by!"

"Not while you are by!"

"No; I'm afraid of your father."

"You mean, you think he will have the bad taste to be unpleasant? Gad, Luya, if I had any real doubt of my father's common sense, I could make no better argument to correct him than to set your face before him, — for I know no man who has a greater weakness in the presence of delicate beauty."

"Then let it be some other time. It would seem to me to be ungenerous if it should come so soon after —"

"Oh!" Wallace said, impatiently, cutting in upon her thought. "You are much too scrupulous. You have a mighty fear that Mr. Wilbruch may think you have no lingering fancy for him. I didn't mean that, either," he hastily added, seeing the surprise in her eyes, "but I have a devil of a temper that will lay my tongue by the heels in spite of my good nature. Yet I swear I see no virtue in our waiting."

"Vell, are you satisfiet?" Mr. Vanbergen de-

manded, as Mr. Waring rose from the desk and buttoned the cheque into his pocket.

"Quite. You are most exemplary, Vanbergen, and most discreet. Our affairs go on very well, and I do full justice to your business judgment — except that I think you are making a mistake in putting so much of your money into the dirt of New York. I am told that you have even bought a patch of ground toward the Palisades."

"Ja ; 'twas cheap."

Mr. Waring shook his head sagely.

"Buying land west of the Broadway is much the same as throwing money away."

"That is what I tell Evert," Mrs. Vanbergen said, ruefully, taking a spoonful of broth from the boiling pot to test its merits. "He drives very good trades, but he plays strange pranks with his profits."

"Mr. Vanbergen has more faith in the English than the English have in themselves," Wallace interposed. "He may be wiser than the rest of us, Mrs. Vanbergen."

"The colonists are losing loyalty, or such blatant fellows as the printer Zenger would not be endured. They are beginning to awaken the distrust of our people at home, — and that is bad for land investments, Vanbergen. English funds are safer."

"T'at may pe so. But t'ere vill pe no trouples, and I t'ink New York vill grow. I'll leave my

daughter's children grout enough to built t'eir houses on, and maype somet'ing to built t'e houses vit, besites."

"I hope so, Vanbergen. Shall we go, Wallace, or do you dine at home to-day?"

"Well, no, father, I'm not to dine at home," Wallace answered, hesitatingly, glancing toward Luya, in the hope to find an encouraging response from her eyes, but encountering a forbidding frown and shake of the head. "The fact is, sir —"

"'Tis no matter," Mr. Waring said, affably. "I dare say you have some occasion at the tavern. But you have taken to reckless play of late, I fear. I do not wish to keep you from the fashion, and to play freely is a gentleman's necessity; but if you lose too freely, I might as well squander my money as Vanbergen does his in the purchase of worthless land. Have a care," he gave good-humoured warning, as he went toward the door, "or you will have to marry a fortune^a without much bait to it."

"I hope you count happiness a fortune, sir?"

"But I have little faith in happiness without fortune."

"I am not of your opinion, sir."

"I am not of your opinion, also, Mr. Varing; he, wife? T'e pest happiness t'at some peoples has, Mr. Varing, is ven t'ey vork togetter vit lofe to

make t'eir fortune. T'en, if t'ey miss t'e fortune, t'ey haf already had t'e happiness."

"A very pretty thing in books, Vanbergen ; but it does not work out in practice."

"I have a mind to make the experiment, father," Wallace declared, going toward Luya, who would have been glad to escape him.

"You are hardly in the position," Mr. Waring smiled. "I have anticipated you. You begin your quest of happiness with a fortune made ready to your hand."

"Then, sir, you cannot deny that I am the most favoured of men, for I have found my happiness also ready to my hand, since 'tis entirely in the possession of this young lady," taking the reluctant and really trembling Luya by the hand, "whom I protest to you I love more devotedly than I value life. If you approve, sir, — indeed, I will not do you the wrong to doubt that you have approved already, and so, Mr. Vanbergen, I have the honour to demand your daughter's hand in marriage."

Wallace spoke with such earnestness and decision, suiting his action so abruptly to the word, that the others were struck into astonishment. Mr. Waring stood with his hand on the door-latch, and seemed transfixed in that position of arrested movement. Mrs. Vanbergen looked as if she were expecting the climax of a tragedy, and Luya herself had clung to

the arm of Wallace, vainly attempting to arrest by negative tugs and murmurs what she perceived to be an ineffectual avowal. Mr. Vanbergen alone seemed wholly undisturbed, the only visible difference being that he smoked his pipe with quick, short puffs, instead of by the slow drawing process that proclaims the mind at ease.

"You lofe him, Luya?" Mr. Vanbergen asked, in response to Wallace's demand.

"Yes," Luya answered, going toward the spinet, her courage coming back with the answer.

"Vell, Mr. Waring?" he asked, invitingly, looking toward the door where Mr. Waring stood.

There was a satirical smile on Mr. Waring's lips, and something of a sneer in his voice, as he remarked, in a general sort of apostrophe:

"When was this comedy rehearsed? 'Tis acted to the nature."

"I hope, sir, you find no amusement in what concerns me vitally," Wallace began, with respectful firmness. "'Tis a matter not only of my happiness, but of that which is more to be thought of —"

"Much more to be thought of," Mr. Waring quietly interrupted, returning into the room, and putting his hat under his arm, that he might take one hand in the other, as his habit was in oratorical moments, — "much more to be thought of, since 'tis a matter of common sense, your position in the world and your

prospects for the future. I am not one of the play-acting sort of fathers, my dear Wallace. I don't storm and bluster in the first scene, to end with a benevolent pardon in the last. I hope I take a practical view of these affairs, as I do of others, and I quite believe that a man of your years should be allowed a considerable freedom in the management of his life. I should only undertake to advise you; I should not think of applying compulsory measures, even to the extent of exercising an allowed parental authority. You are free to follow your own inclinations, — to marry whom you please. Miss Vanbergen," and Mr. Waring made a polite bow in her direction, "is, no doubt, as estimable as she is attractive. I do not in the least blame you for finding charms in her. I should question your taste if you did not. But admiration should not be permitted to override judgment."

Into Mrs. Vanbergen's mild countenance came an expression of offended pride, and, with her head raised with more than common dignity, she went to where Luya stood, pale but motionless, intending to lead her daughter from the room. But Luya was of another mind. Mr. Vanbergen was panting out furious puffs of smoke, the more incensed for not clearly understanding the half Mr. Waring was saying in that politely cynical monotone.

Though nothing had been said that called for his

resentment, Wallace felt a rising indignation against the intimations of his father's diplomatic speech, and he thought to put an end to the situation by the heroic anticipation of the judgment to be rendered.

"I beg of you, sir," he began, impetuously.

"I beg of you, my dear Wallace," Mr. Waring said, with a rebuking gesture. "We need not mince the matter. 'Tis wisest to look things fairly in the face. In plain terms, then, you belong to a particular world; you are a gentleman. Mr. Vanbergen is — a tradesman, — a very worthy one, I admit, but — "

"He is a merchant, Mr. Waring," Mrs. Vanbergen interjected, with an earnestness amounting to asperity, "a rich merchant, and among the foremost citizens of New York."

"And one with whom you are yourself associated in business," Wallace added, with unnecessary heat.

"Not associated," Mr. Waring replied, with a corrective emphasis on the word. "Mr. Vanbergen uses my money as my gardener uses my garden implements, — but I am not a gardener because I own the tools."

"For shame, sir!" cried Wallace.

"I am making your fortune for you," Mr. Vanbergen said, bluntly, as if that were a finality.

Mr. Waring assented gracefully.

"It is true, Vanbergen, that the money I place in

your hands brings me handsome returns. I bow to your excellent commercial ability, to the exercise of which my capital has, you must confess, greatly contributed. I hope our pleasant and mutually profitable relations may long continue undisturbed. But the same considerations which have made it impossible for me to be openly identified with your enterprises make it impossible for me to consent to a family union. I am much grieved to be at the necessity of speaking so frankly, especially," with a deferential bow, "in Miss Vanbergen's presence. It is better, however, that there should be no misunderstanding."

"I think, sir, we are already at a perfect understanding," Wallace declared.

Mr. Waring continued addressing Mr. Vanbergen, without heeding the interruption.

"If my son chooses to marry your daughter, Vanbergen, it must be without my sanction. If he marries without my sanction — well, my dear Wallace, I think you have already had my mind on the consequences of such a step. While you do not go in opposition to my wishes, all I have is freely at your command. You cannot complain that I have not been an indulgent father. But if you think proper to go contrary to my wishes, you must look to yourself."

Mr. Waring bowed and turned toward the door.

"So be it, sir!" Wallace cried. "If you can be unjust, thank God I can be independent! I choose," taking Luya's hand as he spoke.

"You are your own master, Wallace," Mr. Waring assented, calmly. "I dare say you can get on without my help. But if you go on in this fashion of sacrificing intelligence to sentiment, you will find the world a mischievous adversary. By the way, Vanbergen, that ship is expected in to-morrow, I believe you said?"

"Ja, to-morrow," Mr. Vanbergen answered, gruffly enough.

"It should bring a pretty penny." Mr. Waring opened the door.

Luya stepped forward.

"Mr. Waring!" she said, with quiet dignity, arresting the outgoing of that gentleman. She waited until he had come into the room and closed the door again, the simple authority of her manner seeming to compel the civility.

"Yes, Miss Vanbergen?"

"It is true my father is a tradesman, as you call him, and so were his father and his grandfather before him," pointing to the solemn Dutch portraits on the wall. "Honourable tradesmen — prosperous tradesmen, as proud in their way as you in yours, Mr. Waring, — not less proud because they made their own fortunes and earned their own respectability.

And I am proud to be the daughter of those tradesmen, — merchant tradesmen, — and if I am happy enough to be the wife of your son, it shall only be after you have come to my father to ask him for my hand.”

“Ja, py donder, it shall pe t’at vay !” exclaimed Mr. Vanbergen, flinging his pipe against the hearthstone with savage satisfaction. “Vife, it’s time for t’e tinner.”

CHAPTER XV.

WALLACE remained behind Mr. Waring with the purpose to exorcise the bad effects of his father's impiety, — for he thought it nothing less than impious that the exalted object of his devoted affection should have been treated with so much cynical disesteem. He would have begun by taking Luya into the desolation of the drawing-room, that they might forge in the fires of their indignation a fine resolution not to be made the marionettes of a caprice that he regarded as being the very absurdity of tyranny. But, though Luya's heart would have been very glad to take consolation in this wise, her pride was determined on the sacrifice of all other emotions to the righteous demands of outraged dignity; and the unmerited punishment of Wallace necessarily entered into the scheme of moral readjustment. In short, Miss Vanbergen's spirit was up in arms, and she believed that nothing would ever again render it docile but the proper humiliation of Mr. Stephen Waring.

She began, therefore, by telling Wallace that, within the circumstances, any intimacy between

them was no longer possible, and that she could not hereafter receive him at the house, save upon the most formal footing, and she would feel the more obliged to him if his visits were discontinued altogether.

"Good heaven, Luya! I 'hope you are not of a mind to turn me away!" he exclaimed, aghast, and with an appealing look from her to her parents.

"It cannot be to my credit to keep you near me," she replied, her Spartan quality not being entirely proof against a feeling that succeeded in giving a certain degree of unsteadiness to her voice.

"Not to your credit!" he repeated. "Hang me if I can see in what way your credit shall be put in peril by my devotion to your honour!"

"Luya is certainly in the right," Mrs. Vanbergen interposed, somewhat to the young lady's regret. "Though I feel that we have much reason to be offended by what your father took it on himself to say, 'tis not to be denied that you owe your father obedience, or, if you do not, we owe it to ourselves not to be the means of bringing about a scandal."

"Ja," Mr. Vanbergen assented, impressively, "t'e voomans is right, Mr. Varing, and, since you cannot marry Luya, 'tis petter t'at you —"

"But I mean to marry her, if you will give her to me," Wallace avowed, with ardour. "I'm not a boy to be stood in a corner, Mr. Vanbergen. Gad's life!

I'm willing to have my father's approbation, but I'm not so little the man but I can do without it if he be unreasonable! I choose a wife to please myself. If he be not pleased, the pity is with his want of judgment."

"You were to blame, Wallace, in taking your father so much unaware," Luya argued, "for I would have had you wait till he should like me better. But 'tis now too late. I warned you that I could not do without your father's consent —"

"Plague take his consent, Luya! We shall do as well without it till he come to the recovery of his reason."

"He must come to that recovery first," she said, smiling at the turn of the phrase, but none the less fixed of purpose for that. "I cannot marry one whose father is ashamed to receive me as his daughter."

"But he shall receive you and be proud of the privilege! He shall come to beg you —"

"Don't count on that," she said. "But, until he does come —"

"Don't make any conditions! You can't turn me away. I won't be turned away. After all, Mr. Van-bergen, if I displease my father, 'tis through no fault of my own; and if I merit your daughter in myself, I hope you do not think me to be less deserving of her because my father shuts his purse on me?"

Mr. Vanbergen was not the man to say that the weight of a purse has no part in the desirable make-up of a son-in-law, neither was he the father to balance his daughter's happiness against a money-bag.

"Vell, Mr. Varing, as long as Luya haf enough moneys for two peoples ve von't haf to t'ink vat you haf in your purse. It makes no tifference to Luya vedder you haf some moneys or not some, ven you come to her, put, as Luya haf sait, I t'ink your fat'er hat petter sait yes pefore ve can feel glat to haf you come here some more."

After further conversation, in which it became painfully clear to him that Luya was strongly fixed in the purpose not to compromise her dignity by any form of surrender, Wallace left the house not sure whether he was more angry with his father than provoked against Luya. He thought it most unreasonable that a girl should hold so stubbornly by a scruple of conduct that seemed to him even more arbitrary than his father's worldly perversity. He was half minded to try the virtue of piquing Luya into compliance with his wish by manœuvring in the sunlight of Miss Boylston's favours.

But when he had gone Luya sat down to the spinet and began strumming in a way so utterly disconsolate and dejected that Mr. and Mrs. Vanbergen exchanged several gloomy head-shakings, the mother

even going so far as to shed a secret tear or two into the corner of her voluminous apron.

Hendrik, who never in vain appealed to the sympathies or interest of Luya, had come into the room noisily at the promptings of appetite, and, oppressed by the solemnity that he saw in the face of his parents, betook himself to his sister's side.

"What's the matter, Luya? What's the matter with everybody?"

"There is nothing the matter with anybody, Hendrik. Do go away. I don't want to be annoyed."

Hendrik's eyes opened wide in amazement. He moved back a step, the better to contemplate this strange young person in the image of his sister, — for his real sister had never spoken to him after that manner. But Luya repented her of an impatience that had struck at an idol in the child's mind, and, before he had got over the first stage of his hurt bewilderment, her arms were about him, and her lips were making her peace with him.

"Luya was very wicked to speak so unkindly," she said, "but she wasn't really speaking to Hendrik, was she, dear? For she was thinking of some one else who isn't so little, nor so handsome and fine, either, Hendrik."

"But too fine, for all t'at," Mr. Vanbergen said, thinking it was opportune to state the conclusions of

his silent reflections. "I tell you vat I ton't t'ink, Luya; I ton't t'ink it is goot for a girls to marry apove her he't."

"What do you mean, papa?"

"Just what I should like to know, Evert," Mrs. Vanbergen exclaimed, arresting her employment, the better to enlarge her opinion. "What do you mean by her marrying above her head? I'd have you remember, Evert, that Luya has as good blood in her veins as any that flows in Mr. Waring's body. And as for money, for all you make so little show of it, I dare say you have quite as much as Mr. Waring."

"T'at may pe — t'at may pe, but I am in trate, and Mr. Varing is not in trate, — t'at make t'e tifference."

"So much the more shame to him!" Luya said, spiritedly, "since he is willing to make money by a means he pretends to despise, — as if the law were any more respectable than merchantry, or, indeed, were half as respectable! But mother is right," starting up with energy and pushing Hendrik brusquely out of her way, "and I intend to show Mr. Waring, stiff-necked and proud as he is, that the Vanbergens are not to be pished at!"

"Ja, t'at right!" Mr. Vanbergen nodded in approval, a hopeful smile creeping over his lips. "You mean t'at you vill marry Jacob?"

“No,” Luya replied, standing in front of her father, and addressing him in a dictatorial style that admitted of no contradiction. “I mean that we are going to turn over a new leaf.” She began assisting with the table preparations. “We are going to live as befits our fortune. You are to take the position to which you are entitled as one of the richest citizens, whose ancestors used to *rule* in New Amsterdam,—and in New York, too! You shall set about getting one of the offices you have always refused. You shall be mayor, or chamberlain, or sheriff, or, at least, alderman. You are to have position with authority. And you are going to enlarge your business; but you are to do it with your own money and not with any other body’s. The first thing you shall do to-morrow is to tell Mr. Waring that you can have no further business relations with him, and close up accounts. Then, afterward, you are to oppose and work against him in every way you can. If he goes into business with any one else, you will do all you can to cripple him. If you can ruin him, so much the better. Evert Vanbergen is said to be the shrewdest trader in New York. We’ll let Mr. Waring find that out in a new way. We’ll see, then, what he will have to say about ‘practical interests’ and ‘family considerations.’”

During this vigorous tirade, the delivery of which

was emphasised by the force with which articles were put down, or chairs were set in place, Mr. Van-bergen's countenance underwent most of the changes of expression to which it was adapted. Bewilderment, consternation, stupefaction, were the degrees of his mental excitation, and when Luya had finished he was only equal to murmuring, from the chair into which he had sunk on the talk of ousting Waring from the business :

“T'e girl is mat !”

“Not in the least mad, papa, but come at last to my senses. I find it ridiculous that we should go on in the fashion of my Dutch grandfathers, when the rest of the world is not so minded, and I mean that we shall do as our rich neighbours are doing. There are to be more servants in the house. My mother shall set up her drawing-room, where she may do needlework at her leisure, with no more care of the house than to govern the domestics. I mean to have my chair as well as Miss Boylston has hers, with not an inch of gilding the less ; and you shall fetch, in your next ship from England, as handsome a carriage for my mother as that of the French drawing I have in my room. And I'll have my gowns from London, too, though I dare say they will be no more to look at than the ones mamma and I have made from the plates ; but 'twill sound the better in the telling. In brief, papa, I choose to

remember that my mother is a gentlewoman, and I shall have the air of a gentlewoman's daughter, which I shall wear the easier for my father's wealth. I mean to show the town that peacocks are not the only birds with handsome feathers. But let us begin by eating our dinner. Come, Hendrik, dear, I know you are starved. And we'll drink this bottle of old Madeira that was brought up for Mr. Waring's benefit, but waste no drop of it in drinking his health."

Mr. Vanbergen took his place at the table with a sigh, holding up his hand in the way of a suppliant who knows that he supplicates in vain.

"It is not olt Varing she is going to ruin, vife; it's me."

The evolution began next day; for Mr. Vanbergen was as little inclined to oppose a serious wish of Luya's as he was to defy a law of nature. He accepted the doctrine of St. Paul, that "the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children," and he drew from it the logical inference that whatever the parents have laid up must be unreservedly at the disposition of the children. In ordering his affairs according to her pleasure, Luya was but working her will with her own; so Mr. Vanbergen called upon Mr. Waring at his house in prompt obedience to her decree. He wasted no words in preliminaries.

"I haf come to say t'at we must settle up our pusiness at once, Mr. Varing, ant pring the partnership to an ent."

Mr. Waring looked at him blankly, not certain that Mr. Vanbergen realised what he was saying.

"Why do you say that, Vanbergen?" he demanded.

"Pecause," Mr. Vanbergen replied, innocently, "my taughter haf tolt me to."

Mr. Waring's laughter did not usually rise above a decorously modulated gurgle, though sometimes his alert sense of the grotesque in the ideas of others betrayed his reserve. He went beyond the rule in the present instance, his merriment being the more immoderate because of the bewilderment with which Mr. Vanbergen regarded him.

"Forgive me, Vanbergen, but I'm damned if I've heard anything so laughably ridiculous! 'Tis to please Miss Luya, then, that you come to cut in half your business this fine morning? Come, then, let us laugh it over."

But Mr. Waring ceased to find the idea laughable, and at last was even forced into losing his temper by the calm insistence of Mr. Vanbergen that his daughter's wish must serve as an answer to any and every argument. Finally, in his exasperation, he kicked a hassock across the room, exclaiming, impatiently:

"You are a fool, Vanbergen!"

“Vell, Mr. Varing, I ton’t always tell people vat I t’ink of t’em, ant I ton’t keep account of vat t’ey t’ink of me. Two men haf two vays. My vay is to mint my own pusiness petter as somepoty else can mint it for me. Goot tay, Mr.Varing. I vill trouple you to step into t’e counting-room to-morrow ant sign some receipts.”

He bowed, starting to take his leave, but turned back, with a broad, deep-humoured smile.

“I’ll gif you a leetle atvices. If you vant to keep your hant in pusiness, t’ere is Nick Harmsen as vould like to haf more money to trate vit.”

When Mr. Vanbergen had bowed himself out, the smile on his lips expanded until it joined with the curved lines of his double chin and furrowed into them.

“If he vould go in vit Harmsen, I coult leat him into tight places, pecause Nick Harmsen always toes vat he t’inks I’m going to to! Vell, vell,—t’at vould pe a kluchtspel!”

CHAPTER XVI.

It is an axiom of gentlemen who have had the experience that nothing will so soon correct a bad temper or spoil a good one as the contrarieties of the card-table. As the most ill-natured person cannot resist the blandishments of luck, — which he invariably attributes to his own excellence of skill at play, — so the best-humoured man in the world will lose some of his mirth if the cards hold spiteful to the hurt of his fortunes.

When Wallace Waring strode away in fine dudgeon from his futile efforts to persuade Luya to his way of thinking, he was in the very mood to flout at every instrument of fate but the bottle and the card-table. The world is never more like a ragged football than when a perverse young lady has set one's mental optics askew, and the disposition to kick out viciously is sometimes indulged so blindly that the kicker is well beyond the confines of life before he is aware of his folly. The resort to the card-table and the cheerful spirit of the vine, instead of to the river or a willow branch, must argue a certain force of character worthy to be commended ;

and the directness with which Wallace made for the Black Horse Inn proved that his was not a vacillating soul, at least.

He ordered Mr. Todd, the tavern-keeper, to serve him a private dinner in the back parlour, and furnish him writing-materials with which to kill the tedium of waiting. He eased his mind in some pages of fantastically polite cynicism, which was calculated at once to wring the heart and humble the pride of the recipient, and sent it post-haste to Miss Vanbergen. His dinner being served, he ate with the sharper appetite for the savage pleasure he felt in the mental picture of Luya in tears over his masterpiece of upbraiding. But, hunger appeased, and the civilised man having some chance to be heard against the natural man, some pricks of conscience urged him to write a penitent retraction; but, recognising in this inclination a weakness that would give the young lady too great an advantage over him in future emergencies, he proceeded to the highly commendable office of drowning remorse in its favourite liquid. The wine becoming a counsellor after a half dozen preparatory glasses, Wallace summoned Mr. Todd, and desired to know of him if there were a comfortable and well-appointed room in the house that could be put to his permanent use, declaring that he had a mind to try for a time the merits of a tavern domicile.

"I hope, sir," ventured Mr. Todd, whose great respect for the elder Waring made him solicitous, "there is no reason why you should quit your home."

"And what if there were, Todd? Would the price of your room be any the less welcome? Gad, man, learn not to be inquisitive, — or do you fear that I shall lack the means to pay you?"

"Lord bless you, Mr. Waring, I think you know me better. 'Twas my love of your father, and no fear of his son, that bade me ask the question."

"Then let some little of your love be my servant, Todd, and pick me out such a room as I may care to sleep in when I find time for sleeping. And, Todd, if the villain you sent with the letter I writ but now come with an answer to it, I hope you know what is proper should be done with it."

"You shall have it directly, sir. Will you wait here, or are you of a mind to join the gentlemen up-stairs?"

"Are they met already, Todd?"

"You have spent a good time at dinner, sir. 'Tis past four o'clock."

Wallace chose to join the gentlemen up-stairs, the party at the tables including, as usual, Lieutenant Willett, Philip Ashton, and Allen Bradford, who welcomed him to a place in their corner. The passion for gambling was the more sedulously cultivated for the reason that other exciting means to the em-

ployment of high spirits were few and of much inferior interest. It was so much the occupation of the select society which scorned to be connected with trade, that the ladies of the fashionable circles were but less inveterate players than the gentlemen, and to have lost prodigiously was so much a virtue in the drawing-room code of gallantries that a young gentleman who squandered his estate at a sitting was the hero of the ladies and the envy of the gentlemen for near a twelvemonth after. This being the familiar spirit of play, Wallace was not like to lay his stakes any the more guardedly than common because of his mind's rebellion against the malice of man in general and woman in particular. The more steadily luck went against him, the more he became convinced that it was necessary to show himself defiant of the whips and scorns of conspiring fatalities; and when, at midnight, the session was adjourned, under Mr. Todd's regulations, he had a sort of grim satisfaction in the hazy consciousness that he owed Lieutenant Willett something better than a thousand pounds, which his father would have to pay. This was a pinch of revenge to sweeten his heavy dreams.

At a reasonably early hour the next forenoon Wallace went to have an interview with his father, arriving while that gentleman was still ruffled from his unpleasant scene with Mr. Vanbergen. Wallace came into the library, where his father was soothing

himself with one of Brantôme's quaint French discourses on feminine gallantry, a favourite means with him of restoring his temper to a complacent poise.

Mr. Waring looked up from his book and nodded, smiling a little dryly.

"I had not thought to have the honour of seeing you so soon. Have you fallen into difficulties?"

"You bring me sharply to the point, sir."

"What is the amount?"

"A thousand pounds one way or the other, sir."

"And to whom do you owe it?"

"Lieutenant Willett."

"Umph! Your rival."

"My rival, sir? In what fashion, pray?"

"In paying his addresses to Miss Boylston."

"Then, sir, I bid him Godspeed with all my heart, and have a cordial wish to keep him on his journey."

"Are you worth a thousand pounds?"

"If not put to a forced sale, the niggers and horses I have might fetch as much. But I hope not to be to the inconvenience of parting with them."

"Then I do not see by what means you are to pay Lieutenant Willett."

Wallace started in astonishment.

"Do I understand, sir, that you will not meet this obligation?"

"Why should I? 'Tis none of mine."

"But 'tis mine, sir, which comes to the same thing, as you have taught me to believe."

"Under the right conditions," Mr. Waring assented, turning his book down on his knees and leaning back in his chair, the tips of his fingers brought together philosophically. "In all relations there must be equivalent values. My purse is always open to my son; but my son is not so many feet of flesh and blood, merely. What is termed the natural bond of union has very little force with me, my dear Wallace; in fact, I doubt that I give it an important place in my theory of human alliances. That seems to shock you. That is because you have not meditated the subject. I can set you on the right track in a word. You will admit that a man may be a father without knowing it. If, after some years, he should encounter the child, still being in ignorance of the fact that he had a child, do you imagine the natural bond would be strong enough to inform him of his paternity?"

"I think your illustration is very foreign to the matter, sir, since you cannot profess to be in ignorance of your responsibility in my case."

"The illustration is not so irrelevant as you seem to imagine; but I perceive that you are impatient. I shall put the point differently. The real bond of union between individuals is moral, — that is to say,

it has to do with conditions of the mind and heart. Parents love their children and children their parents, not because of the begetting, but because of the affection developed by association and by the thousand considerations of attachment by dependence. Interrupt these relations by protracted separations, and the so-called natural bond will cease to be operative. The alliance is then a moral one entirely. Break the moral tie, and the nearest kindred are no more to each other than any of the other unrelated factors of the body social. Two men who are brought together by common interests and agreed sentiments may be much more closely united in affection than a father and son whose interests are widely different. Do you follow me ? ”

“ I understand your argument, but I am not so fortunate as to see its application.”

“ This is the application. As you are a handsome fellow, with the appearance becoming a gentleman, I have a reasonable pride in the knowledge that I am your father. But the interest, — I need not hesitate to use a stronger word, — the love I have for you as my son is of a twofold character : first, you have been the dependent object of my care for more than twenty-five years, and that in itself would create a strong feeling of attachment to you ; second, you have been the subject of my ambitious dreams since a broken health made it impossible for me to con-

tinue in the way of ambition I had marked out for myself. If you cease to be dependent on me, you impair one of the bonds of attachment; if you refuse to meet my expectations with regard to your future, you weaken the second of those bonds. The result would be that I should cease to regard you as a son and be very apt to forget even that you are my offspring."

"Well, sir?" Wallace asked, after some moments of silence.

"I suppose you have definitely settled with Miss Vanbergen as to your marriage with her?"

"I am sorry to be obliged to admit that the young lady will not have me without your consent."

"Ah!" said Mr. Waring, brightening, and changing his position into one of less severity of angle. "Then matters have not gone as far as I feared. Come, Wallace, things are not so bad. So! So! She is not for marrying a beggar, after all! I thought it was out of nature that the young minx should take you without a penny. 'Twas not like her father's breed."

"Father!" roared Wallace, springing to his feet.

"Good God!" said Mr. Waring, nervously, not a little startled by the outburst. "Be not so vehement, my dear Wallace! What brings you to your feet so suddenly?"

“Sir, I’ll not hear Miss Vanbergen ill-spoken of, even though it be by you !”

“Nor shall you, for I’ve no thought to speak of her at all. Sit down.”

“But I desire that you do speak of her, though in the manner I would have you speak of the lady I hope to have for my wife. I was much in the wrong to offend you as I fear I did on yesterday ; but, sir, I dare say you can make allowance for a heat into which I was surprised by an opposition you cannot have meant to push to an extremity, had I been better guarded. I most sincerely crave your pardon. I hope, sir, you have never found me ungrateful nor unmindful of the duties that a loyal son owes to an indulgent father, and I hope more worthily to command your approbation. Help me to the occasion by giving your consent to a marriage that I shall make the means to the gratification of your hopes in me. Let me have the woman that I love, and you shall command me to any after course that your judgment shall dictate. She will do you as much honour as your daughter as the lady you prefer to her ; and if you object that her father is not in all respects what you would have him, the objection is not so weighty that it need keep me from a wife fit to adorn any society into which I’m likely to have the right to introduce her. Give me your consent, without which I cannot have her, for she has as stubborn a pride as

your own, and you may shut your purse against me from that moment. I dare believe I have the wit to keep a wife that fortune puts into my care. Make what terms with me you please, if you but give your consent. Well, father? What do you answer?"

"I am more than twice your age, Wallace. I don't speak from impulse. My judgments are carefully made up, after a thorough consideration of the questions. I know the world better than you do. I see clearer than you what are a young man's best opportunities. I have planned a way for you to thrive in. Boylston is a trusted financial agent of the Crown, and has a certain influence in court circles. That is my answer."

"You will not consent to my marriage with Miss Vanbergen?"

"No."

Wallace took up his hat, his face pale, his lips compressed tightly, as if to keep back an unseemly violence, and went toward the door with very creditable dignity. Then he turned about, and looked steadily at his father for some seconds, the eyes of the two men having much the same expression in them,—a mingling of defiance and regret not at all easy to describe.

"You have brought me up," Wallace said, at length, "to have my own way, only that you might

put me under the screw in the most serious interest of my life. You have been preparing me all these years to play as a hazard in your schemes of ambition, and you would dice with my heart now to flatter your vanity. Well, sir, I may tell you for your instruction that I will marry a bawd who pleases me rather than take the perfected model of her sex on compulsion. Since the condition of my remaining your son is my submission to your will in the choice of my wife, I have the honour, sir, to bid you good day and farewell."

Wallace bowed very profoundly, and, without waiting to be answered, quitted the room.

Mr. Waring took up his Brantôme and went on reading.

CHAPTER XVII.

OWING to the fact that the band from the Fort was to give one of its infrequent concerts from the extemporised platform near the bowling-green, the Parade was more than ordinarily democratic, and, for the reason, more pictorial this afternoon. Fashion came for its indolent promenade and lively gossip, but the humbler sort of folk, especially the rustics from the upper village, were gathered in numbers from sheer delight in the military music. The crowd found additional entertainment, too, in a variety of sports in the immediate neighbourhood of the Fort, there being lusty youths and burly young men, representatives of agriculture and commerce, as well as stalwart fellows from the ships, who vied with one another in lifting or pulling weights, in jumping and wrestling, in running and vaulting, to the admiration of the buxom young women who were not above bestowing a kiss upon the swain who proved the greater prowess. Nor did the quiet game of bowls want for champions, it being esteemed by some excellent defenders the

prettiest pastime for a tranquil spirit that the ingenuity of man has contrived for his recreation. The promenade was now generally confined to the upper end of the Parade, in the mall overarched with trees ; but the beaus and ladies found a pleasure on these rare occasions in extending their walk to overlook the sports, because, in that wise, they could have the agreeable excitement of laying wagers upon contending sides, the ladies being more eager than the gentlemen to risk their guineas, and not in the least disposed to suffer the indignity of polite concessions to their sex in the matter of chances. They backed their judgments with enthusiasm, and asked no favour of any one, parting with their money with as light a hand and as cheery a countenance as they might have thrown table crumbs to the robins. It was the practice of the light world to be gay, and as a gentleman of the mode could not afford to be seen abroad without his sword, or a lady of fashion without her snuff-box, so it was impossible the two should meet where the occasion allowed without laying a wager, not, truly, of a magnitude to cripple the losing purse, but large enough to make an afternoon's idling hour some degrees more pleasurable.

The reverend gentlemen who thundered anathemas from the pulpit against the growing vice of tea-drinking, and predicted for its devotees every sort of physical ill in addition to the moral decay, were much

milder in their rebuke of the prevalent taste for gambling, so that piety itself did not scruple to set a trifling money value on its opinions which of two bowlers would have the larger score.

Wallace Waring came late upon the scene, because of the delay to which he had been put in the quest of a purchaser of the negroes and horses he wished to convert into cash. There was not a pressing demand for negroes at the time, for the reason that the worthy citizens were not yet entirely free from the fears and apprehensions aroused four years ago, when half a hundred negroes were burned, hanged, and otherwise put out of existence before it was discovered that there really had been no organised conspiracy to massacre the whites, as was generally believed. Wallace came from the Exchange with his human chattels unsold, troubled by a certain anxiety that the sun might go down on his debt to Lieutenant Willett undischarged. It was an awkward position for a sensitive gentleman, since to have gambled in excess of his ability to pay constituted an offence against society more heinous than the fracture of any half-dozen articles of the decalogue. It was not his nature, however, to confess judgment by fall of countenance, and he moved through the groups of people, bowing and chatting right and left, as he passed or encountered friends of either sex, with as assured an air as if his cheque

were exchangeable for the total deposits in the Boylston bank.

He found it more difficult, however, to dissemble the emotions produced by the vision of Miss Vanbergen, more radiant in satin and laces than he had ever seen her, and as abandoned to levity as if love's disasters were the very source and origin of life's contentment. He tormented himself by avoiding her, imagining that he was thus rebuking her disregard of the letter he had sent her from the hotel. The better to make it appear that he was in no haste to condone her misconduct, he devoted himself with a great show of satisfaction to the entertainment of Miss Boylston, spending more time by her side than proper civility to other ladies would have allowed him. When at last he came upon Miss Vanbergen, he gave the meeting the appearance of an accident. Nevertheless, he managed to disengage her from the others very soon, and, forgetting under the irritation of her smiles and vivacity that he was to play the rôle of indifference, fell promptly to upbraiding her heartlessness.

"My letter did not touch you, then, it seems, madam?"

"Your letter! Why, I thought it an accusation drawn against some confirmed misdemeanant and sent to me in error! I read but the first half-dozen lines and clapped it into the fire, — or, if I read it

through and after forgot to burn it the consequence was the same, for my mind has not so much as a trace of it. What did you say?"

"I said that you are the most cruelly unjust of women that ever pretended to love; and that your excuse not to have me because my father mistakes his authority is but the admission that you had no serious thought of me at all."

"Yes," Miss Vanbergen answered, meditatively, seeming to be making a mental effort to reconstruct the letter, "I think I remember something to that effect, but more feelingly put. And was there not, also, a clause to release the guilty woman from further responsibility to her accuser? It seems to me I have a recollection of the words, 'You are free, madam, to go your way after him who may be better worth your having, since I should scorn to hold you to a promise given with so little courage to its keeping'!"

"There was no such thing in the letter, Luya!"

"I'll send it to you for your reading. There may be other items in it you would wish to memorise. You may have occasion to make use of them to some other ladies of your acquaintance."

"Luya, don't treat the matter lightly! Why should you punish me for my father's fault?"

"Why should your father punish me for my father's virtues?" she began, laughingly, but her

manner abruptly changed, and she took his arm. "Wallace, I'll answer what you said in your letter, brutal though it was, and resolved as I was never to answer it. I do love you, — enough to sacrifice everything for you, — but I love you too well to let you sacrifice yourself. I know you well enough. You are too proud to let me help you. If you should marry me without your father's consent, it would mean a life of struggle for you, for you would not let it be said that her father's money was your wife's support and yours. I shouldn't mind the struggle for myself, — I should love to be your helpmeet in whatever way we might begin, — but I could not bear to have it said that I had dragged you down, that your love for me had robbed you of the advantages your father's wealth and influence would have accorded you."

"Good heaven, Luya! you talk as if I were without any sort of ability to make my way in the world."

"What could you do?"

"Anything I have the will to undertake."

"Make the beginning. We are young. There is no haste. I will wait for you. And then, if you should change your mind —"

"I'll never do that. I shall love you to the end of my days."

"And trust me?"

"How can you ask the question?"

"Because I have a letter of yours in the house that —"

"Burn it, sweetheart; 'twas writ by a madman."

Allen Bradford approached them, saluting Miss Vanbergen with the air of a privileged friend, for Bradford was in the secret of her tender relations with Wallace, though not yet aware of the unfavourable turn in the course of love. As they strolled on together, exchanging those trifles of artful commonplace which fall from the conversation of the friendliest trio when two of them are lovers, Wallace saw Lieutenant Willett in the act of taking leave of Miss Boylston.

"I have need to speak with Lieutenant Willett," he said, excusing himself, and hastening to join the lieutenant, whom he overtook at the green, where Jacob was bowling with three or four of his farmer friends.

"May I have a word with you, lieutenant?"

"A dozen of them, Waring; though I swear you don't look as if they were to be merry ones."

"They are not, lieutenant, and I'm damnably embarrassed how to choose them."

They paused by an isolated bench, in view of the players but out of their hearing; though, for the matter of that, Wallace cared little enough who might hear what he believed to be a frank and manly

avowal of difficulties he had no reason to think discreditable to his honour. In a day or two, at most, the town at large would know that he had fallen upon his own resources.

"'Tis about the thousand pounds I lost to you."

"Well, what of them?" the lieutenant asked, with a smile that betrayed a suspicion of the facts.

"I must confess that I haven't the present means of paying them, unless you will take in their place a parcel of niggers and some riding stock that make up my fortune."

The lieutenant put one foot on the bench and leaned his elbow on his knee.

"I'm not in trade, you know, Waring."

The lieutenant, who imagined Wallace a formidable rival to the hand of Miss Boylston, which he was of a purpose to have for himself, was rather pleased to have his thousand pounds so advantageously invested.

"I offer them," said Wallace, "to your acceptance as a sort of surety, and shall be most willing to constitute myself your agent to turn them into cash."

"It were simpler," said the lieutenant, with that excess of politeness which is akin to insolence, "to ask me to give you time in which to pay your debt. I doubt if your cattle will fetch the amount. I think I may as profitably take your word as your niggers."

"I hope you lay no question on my word, Lieutenant Willett?"

"None, none in the least. Still, 'tis a new experience with me to play with a gentleman who pushes his credit so much beyond —"

"Lieutenant Willett!"

"Am I not keeping well within my privilege, Mr. Waring? You have lost a thousand pounds to me, which you confess you cannot pay. You would force upon me some heads of live stock which I do not choose to accept. In both of these respects you are irregular. If you have a second proposition, I shall be glad to hear it."

"I have no second proposition."

"Then I am to understand —"

"What you please, Lieutenant Willett."

The lieutenant took down his foot from the bench, and, on the point of going, said, negligently setting his ruffles aright:

"I think I remember, Mr. Waring, that you thought it improper that Mr. Vinton Spencer should wear a sword after his irregular way of trying to save his money —"

Wallace struck his glove so smartly into the lieutenant's face that the imprint of the leather was left on his cheek.

Jacob happened to be looking in the direction and saw the blow, which no one else had noticed, and he

moved forward a little to see the result of it. The lieutenant made no movement that Jacob could detect. As far as appearances went, he received the indignity with undisturbed composure, or, rather, as if he were wholly insensible to it. But Jacob was not in a position to see the lieutenant's eyes. There was action enough in them.

"Your situation, Mr. Waring," the lieutenant said, after a moment's hesitation, "makes it impossible to decide whether I can regard this as an insult or must treat it as an assault. If you have not redeemed your word before ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall look upon you as a blackguard, and horsewhip you at the first occasion."

He turned without bowing, and walked away, leaving Wallace in that raging, chagrined, and baffled state of mind which lends itself willingly to any thought of desperate revenge. The only important purpose of life with him now was to get, by any means that offered, a thousand pounds to fling into Willett's teeth, and therewith purchase the prerogative of boring a hole through his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JACOB had come near enough to hear the words "horsewhip you at the first occasion," and to note the pallor of Waring's face as the effect of them. The words stung him like a lash of scorpions. His heart bounded under them. He would have liked to take the throat that uttered them in his strong grip and throttle it ; not out of sympathy with Wallace, — he was not thinking of him, — but for Luya's sake. He looked about him fearful that she, too, might have been near enough to hear. It seemed to him a monstrous thing that here, in this public place, where all the world might see and hear, the man whom Luya loved should be so infamously threatened, and should stand there impotent under the disgrace.

He watched Wallace go away, avoiding the crowd, and read in his face the writhing of the humiliated spirit. It seemed to him that the speed at which Wallace hurried along was due to his efforts to escape the whip already cutting about his shoulders, with Luya looking on, shame staining her cheeks, horror in her eyes. Unconsciously, he started to follow in the direction taken by Lieutenant Willett, a

disordered purpose in his mind, to warn that officer how perilous it would be to him to put infamy on Waring. But, as he walked, his ideas became more coherent. He reasoned by degrees to the understanding that the thing to do was not to restrain Willett, but to protect Waring. Wallace had been addressed as if he had forfeited the right to be treated as a gentleman. What had he done? He suddenly remembered some talk he had heard of the uncommonly reckless play at the tavern the night before, in which Wallace had lost an extravagant sum. What if it had to do with that? Nothing was more probable. He would find out.

He made inquiries after Wallace, and learned that he had gone toward the inn, where he followed, arriving but a few minutes later. Wallace had gone to his room, and sent down word, in answer to Jacob's request to see him that he was not at leisure. Jacob went up the stairs on his own account, and rapped at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Wilbruch."

"I sent word that I could not see you."

"So they told me, but I must see you."

"Come in the evening, then."

"I wish to see you now."

"You have an unmannerly persistence, Mr. Wilbruch," Wallace said, opening the door and admit-

ting his determined visitor. "I hope the occasion of your coming may excuse you."

"It will, if your honour is important to you."

"What the devil do you mean, Wilbruch? Have a care of what words you use if we are to talk on friendly terms."

"Are you in Lieutenant Willett's debt?"

"What concern is that of yours? Gad, Mr. Wilbruch, if you have come to a quarrel with me, you will find me in the easiest humour to oblige you."

"I have not come to a quarrel with you. But Lieutenant Willett has threatened you in a way that one gentleman does not threaten another unless there is a — fault somewhere."

"And you think?"

"I think you have lost money to the lieutenant that you are unable to pay."

Wallace folded his arms and, with a narrowing of the eyes that indicated anything but a pacific spirit, demanded between his teeth:

"And suppose it were so, Mr. Wilbruch?"

"You must pay him."

Wallace laughed. It seemed to him fantastic that this great simpleton should be enjoining him in this solemn fashion to do that which his brain was riotous to have done.

"Teach me the art of turning water into wine, Mr. Wilbruch, and I'll drink ten fiddlers drunk with

you! Devil take it, man! Do you think I need to be enlightened by you or any man in what concerns my honour? I'm willing to allow you came to comfort and not to vex me, and I beg your pardon if I've been too rude; but I have reason to wish the room to myself, and I hope you will not take it unkindly that I offer to show you out." Wallace went to open the door as he spoke.

Jacob crossed the room to a table on which were writing-materials, and sat down. Wallace regarded him with an angry astonishment.

"What is the amount of your debt to Lieutenant Willett?" Jacob asked, taking up the pen and dipping it into the ink.

Wallace suddenly conceived something of Jacob's purpose. His anger vanished in the instant, and a sense of embarrassment came in the place of it. He felt guilty of having blustered. He hated the feeling of contrition that his present realisation of the situation was forcing on him. He came forward, hesitatingly, reluctant to confess his weakness.

"Why the deuce do you ask?"

"I want the figures."

"A thousand and fifty pounds, — fifty-nine, to be exact."

Jacob took a piece of paper to his liking, wrote and signed a cheque for the amount named, took a stamp from his pocket-book and applied it to a

corner of the paper, and handed the now legally current slip to Wallace.

"I can't take that," said Wallace.

"You must take it, — and use it."

Wallace was more affected than he was willing to have seen, and lounged toward the window that overlooked the grounds, speaking with as much lightness as he could command.

"It is devilish good of you, Wilbruch, to make the offer, but if I were in the position to accept of it, I should not be in the straits to need it. The circumstances that prevent my paying Willett make it impossible for me to borrow from my friends; for I must tell you that I have quarrelled with my father on such terms as put me from the service of his purse. You would be throwing your money to a beggar."

"That does not concern me," Jacob said. "I give you the money without conditions."

"It is true," Wallace went on, "I have some property that, under favourable sale, should fetch within a little of the sum, — and if you will take that in security of the loan —"

"I ask for no security. I am not making a bargain with you."

"No," cried Wallace, turning about. "You are a generous, noble fellow, heaping on me so great a benefit that I am a rogue to try to hide my gratitude.

I am grateful, Wilbruch, profoundly grateful, for you have saved me from something worse than I dare say. There is not one man in ten thousand would have done as much for a dearer friend, — and I shall hope to deserve a friendship I have not known to appreciate.”

He held out his hand, which Jacob took slowly.

“Yes, we are friends, Waring; but I haven’t done this for you. I wasn’t thinking of doing a friend a service. I was only thinking of saving from disgrace the man whom Luya loves.”

Jacob’s grave face had something in it that a woman’s eyes would have glistened to see there for her sake, and when he had left the room Wallace half wished that he owed his deliverance to another man.

And, after Jacob had gone, Wallace drew from the drawer of the table a folded paper, that he had thrust there before letting Jacob in, and spread it open. The name of Stephen Waring was many times repeated on it, with such changes in the formation of the letters as indicated an attempt to arrive at a particular accuracy. Wallace seemed to pale in regarding these curious repetitions, and his head went down on his folded arms, and there was a great sigh like a stifled sob. Presently he struck a light to a candle, and held the paper in the flame, watching it blacken and shrivel into ash.

“Thank God!” he said.

He blew out the candle, and returned to the desk. He indorsed the cheque carefully, and wrote a note to Lieutenant Willett :

“I have the honour to enclose a cheque for the amount of my debt to you. If my messenger make proper haste, it will arrive into your hands before the mark of my glove can have faded from your cheek. I shall not quit the inn until I have allowed time for your acknowledgments to reach me.”

This note, with the cheque enclosed, was despatched to Lieutenant Willett by hand, and three hours later Mr. Philip Ashton came with the lieutenant’s acknowledgments.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BRISK canter in the early morning, over the riverside road that led to Greenwich village and beyond, was as pretty a bit of experience as any conscious horseman could have wished. The broad-bosomed Hudson sweeping majestically down its island reaches in the embrace of shore-lines hardly yet molested in their virgin dignity, the near and far beauties of shadow-dappled country just coming to life under the rose and purple light, the smell of earth sweetened by the dews of night, the matins of birds yet drowsy from the nest, and the widespread stillness over the human world, — these, and the thousand nameless charms that live and die with the dawn, might have disposed the souls of Christian gentlemen to peace and amity.

But the half-dozen gentlemen in parties of three who rode the way this July morning had as little countenance for the gaudery of nature as had the cattle just rousing up to browse in the wayside pastures. Their concern with the morning was to have done with the business in hand before the sun rose

high enough to trouble the eye glancing along the barrel of a pistol.

It had given rise to some curious comment in the course of the ride that two gentlemen so well skilled in the use of the sword, undeniably the most genteel weapon with which to decide a gentlemanly difference, should elect to hold their argument with pointblank pistols.

"Deuce take it!" said Ashton, complainingly, to Willett, "the most ruffianly, coarse-fibred rascal of a fellow may hold a pistol as true to the mark as the nicest gallant, and send a bullet as far into his adversary; but to play a sword with dexterity, and surprise a guard in the very instant that will let your point penetrate the spot picked out for the coup! May the devil's dam fly away with me," he interrupted himself to exclaim, "if I can make out Waring's reason for the choice!"

"I suppose it makes little difference, Ashton, whether 'tis a sword point or a pistol bullet that gives a man his finish."

"The widest possible difference, Willett, — to the spectators. To see a gentleman fall, knocked over by an ounce of lead from ten or twenty paces, is no great matter, and reflects but little credit on the other's skill; and 'tis over while you are thinking whether it is yet to begin. But my chief proof to the vulgarity of the pistol and its unfitness to an

affair between gentlemen is in the awkward, slovenly way in which a man tumbles to the ground under a vital shot ; sprawling face downwards in the most graceless posture conceivable, so that it were an even guess whether he were dead or drunk. If there is one time more than another when a gentleman owes it to himself and to the world to present an irreproachable appearance, it is when he falls in support of his honour."

"Gad, then I hope, Ashton, if I fall this morning, I'll have the presence of mind to pose to your liking."

"Then I shall implore you to keep to your feet, for you cannot fall in any way to my liking."

While this conversation was holding, Wallace, Bradford, and the surgeon were riding in silence a mile in advance, and presently reached the wooded solitude designated for the meeting.

"Well, old fellow, is everything said?" Bradford asked, after they had dismounted, putting a hand on Wallace's shoulder.

"I think of nothing further."

"But you have said nothing of — Miss Vanbergen."

"Because there is a packet in my pocket for her if the worst happen."

"How do you feel?"

"Never in better spirit."

"And your nerves?"

"I'll show you."

Wallace took one of the empty pistols from the case, cocked it, balanced a sixpence on the end of the barrel, held the pistol horizontally at full arm's length, and, after a moment, pulled the trigger. The sixpence kept its place.

"I think you ought to be able to wing your man," the surgeon said, with a broad smile.

"If your aim is as straight as your arm is steady," Bradford concurred.

"When I was in France I kept my credit with the peppery Parisians by spoiling louis thrown into the air. But I'm out of practice since."

"Then I understand why you chose pistols instead of swords," Bradford said, in a low tone, not to be overheard by the surgeon, and, in spite of himself, a tinge of reproach got into his tone.

Wallace took Bradford's arm and led him a little aside.

"Your conclusion is wrong, Allen, but I'll set you right. You will call me a sentimental fool, and try to dissuade me. I did not choose pistols to have an advantage over Willett; I did it to give him an equal chance with myself."

"He is as good a swordsman as you are."

"Exactly, and would have given me so much trouble to master him that my good resolutions would have gone to pot in my excitement, and I should have made my best to kill him, I'm much

afraid, whereas my purpose is to do him no harm in the least."

"What the deuce brings you here with such a purpose as that?"

"Love, Allen, love!"

"Has love made you lunatic enough to set yourself up as a mere target to a man who will hardly appreciate your fine sentiments enough to aim above your head?"

"I had a lesson yesterday, Allen, that I'll repeat to you one day, if I live to break a bottle of wine at a private confessional; but the moral of it was this: 'If there must be blood on the hand you hold out to the woman you love, let it be blood shed entirely to your honour.'"

"What confounded riddle is this, Wallace?"

"No riddle; but I see myself so little in the right that I have not malice enough against Willett to wish to do him an injury. If I had been left to work out my own salvation yesterday, I should have been in the mood this morning to think his killing a proper act of vengeance, but I should have been as rank a scoundrel as any locked in the dark holes of the City Hall. If a blow in an officer's face were an offence to be wiped away with an apology, I should have saved the lieutenant the trouble of rising so early. But here are our men."

Bradford was inquisitively mystified, but this

arrival of the others left him no opportunity to ask for clearer information. The preparations for action were immediately begun.

"Do you see what appears to be a stain in the puff of Willett's shirt, at the side there?" Wallace asked of Bradford, as the pistols were loading.

"Yes."

"I'll put a bullet hole through that."

"How are you as a shot?" Ashton had asked of Willett.

"I can hit a man," the lieutenant replied, grimly.

And both gentlemen were as good as their words; for, whereas Mr. Waring sent his bullet neatly through the puff of the lieutenant's shirt, the lieutenant managed so well with his hitting that Mr. Waring rode home with a perforation of the left shoulder that retired him from the public for something more than a fortnight.

CHAPTER XX.

THOUGH Miss Vanbergen withdrew the demand for a carriage of the French pattern, and continued to be content with a hired chair when she felt the need of other conveyance than her own sprightly legs, she very seriously applied herself to the agreeable task of setting the Vanbergen establishment before society with its best foot forward. The promptitude with which the dismemberment of the "firm" was set in motion was but the prelude to other decisive measures which made for the honour of the family and the ease of its women, an important item being the purchase of a comely young negress to serve in the new office of maid-in-waiting to Luya and incidentally to the household in general. The restoration of the drawing-room to its original dignity, with increased beauty of curtains at the window, began the day following the rupture, visibly to the discontent of Mr. Vanbergen, who was so well satisfied with knowing himself to be rich that he cared not a stiver for the ignorance of the world on that point. As for the matter of taking his proper place in society by getting out of trade simplicity into mer-

chant pride, his instincts were all for the tranquil seclusion of the domestic sphere; and he had so little the spirit of pomposity which was supposed to be the characteristic of the opulent of his race, that he rather enjoyed the condescending affability of the English merchants in their meetings at the Exchange. Their assumption of superiority made him all the more pleased to get the better of them in their rival transactions, which he not infrequently did, having so much more of the heredity and tradition of trade in his mental make-up. He could see no profit or advantage to be gained from a surrender at his time of life to the pomps and vanities of circumstance, but it was not for him to contend when Luya proposed. Mrs. Vanbergen, too, had fallen without resistance into the swirl of the revolutionary movement; and, though she refused to withhold her hand from the housewife cares of the kitchen region, declaring she would die of an indigestion if the cooking were left to Marta, she yielded so freely in other directions that she became, not only a staunch ally, but, in certain emergencies, a willing pioneer.

Luya was resolved on giving a party as a challenge to Miss Boylston and whatever other ladies who might be of a mind to think twice before accepting her invitation. Her preparatory step to this rather serious adventure was to require of her father to bid his fellow merchants to a sumptuous dinner, which

should be served at one of the taverns. Fortune came to her aid in this particular. Four privateers, one of which was owned by Mr. Vanbergen, sailed into the bay, having in custody six French prizes, and straightway the owners fell to those differences over the distribution which were inevitable when captures were made by concerted action. The disputes in such cases were settled by mutually chosen arbiters, and justice was dealt out so even-handedly that each party to the difference imagined the decision to be just a flattering shade in his favour. But in this instance Mr. Vanbergen had very much the best of the settlement, for it turned out that one of the richest of the prizes was really in the very act of striking her colours to his guns when, attracted by the firing, the ship that made the counter-claim came into range and sent an entirely superfluous shot over the Frenchman's bows. Though this "prize" addition to the accounts prolonged his settlement with Mr. Waring, Mr. Vanbergen did not the less regard the dinner to the merchants as a most successful celebration of his return to undivided sovereignty. He felt that this dinner was a thing of which to be proud through a long life, and was quite assured that by means of it he had proved himself the compeer of any man whose legs were ever sprawled under mahogany. It was pleasant to him to remember, too, that the Lieutenant-Governor, who, as one of the arbitrators of the dis-

pute, had honoured the feast by his presence, had derived so much understanding from the punch that twice he leaned over from his plate to clap the host over the shoulder, and declare him to be "one of the corner-stones of the community, and a most amiable and proper person by way of addition."

Luya, occupying her fingers with a trifle of needle-work, was reviewing her father's report of his success and finding in it the preface to her own, when Hendrik came panting in from school, his eyes eloquent of his self-importance.

"I know why Mr. Wallace Waring hasn't been here for the last five days!"

"And I know, too, Hendrik," she replied, with a nod of the head and a mischievous smile to abase his triumph. "Mr. Waring is ill."

"Yes; but you don't know what he is ill of!"

"Oh, yes, I do. He is troubled with a fever, — but it is not so mighty a matter, sir, but that he can send me a daily bulletin in his own hand. You are not the only wise person in the town, Master Hendrik."

Hendrik thrust his hands into the pockets of his nankeen shorts, and squared himself to an attitude of manly consequence.

"I know better than that, though! He's been shot, — that's what happened to him!"

"Shot!" gasped Luya, falling back in her chair;

but, quickly rallying her forces, she lurched forward, grasping at Hendrik, and, in a way that frightened him, demanded :

“Who shot him?”

“I didn’t!” he was startled into protesting, and, retreating some steps, added in the breath, “His father, I suppose.”

Little was gained by the feverish questioning of Hendrik, for the precise reason that Hendrik had little to impart. He had heard a man talking to the teacher, and had caught something about a quarrel and a shooting, but nothing definite. The man had seemed to be in ignorance of any particulars, for he had said “I don’t know” to many of the teacher’s questions. Nor was Hendrik’s chance informant the only honest citizen who was sorely troubled with a burning to know what manner of accident it was that had brought Wallace to bed, and for what reason he was lodged at the inn rather than housed at home.

The mind of man was created to investigate phenomena, and pride of office impels him to substitute possibilities for probabilities, and probabilities for evidence, when demonstrative proof is wanting. Notwithstanding the fact that no one, save Jacob in a partial way, had been taken into the confidence of either of the Warings with regard to the scene in the library; and despite the discretion of all the parties to the duel to keep the knowledge of it confined to

the limits of a very gradually widening circle, certain busy gossips of the coffee-house had reasoned out a theory that did much credit to their intelligence. The error in the general conclusion was a belief that Lieutenant Willett had been invited out by Mr. Wallace Waring to explain his pretensions to so much of Miss Boylston's society, and had established his right to precedence by the most convincing method. The gossips rested content with this logical deduction, and began to speculate upon the magnificence of the wedding that should have military splendour to supplement the display which Banker Boylston would feel it incumbent upon him to make in honour of his only daughter.

Luya, who had fewer details than the gossips out of which to construct a theory, went to her room after her futile questioning of Hendrik, and, with her face buried in her pillow, took counsel of her intuitions and wept herself into a certainty that a young gentleman of Wallace Waring's prepossessing qualities and gallant disposition could have but one object in having deceived her as to the nature of his illness. If he had been wounded without disloyalty to her he would have been at no pains to conceal from her the truth of his physical state. The one inference was that his wound had come of a quarrel on some lady's account. The lady she was at no loss to pick from among her acquaintances. Though Miss Boylston

was very liberal with her smiles, and was not popularly known to have singled out for especial favours any particular one of the six or eight young gentlemen who were familiar visitors at her father's house, Luya could imagine no one so likely to have made a claim to her preference as Lieutenant Willett. So, guided only by her intuitions, Luya reached most expeditiously the same sound conclusion to which the gossips had come by the systematic and laboured reasoning of many days.

Having the main verity clearly set up, it was an easy matter to range the corollary beside it, and this Luya did without hesitancy, rising from her moral and physical prostration with her heart very flintily set against a wretch who had been base enough to trifle with her.

By the time she had bathed her face and rearranged her disordered hair, she was sufficiently restored to judicial poise to remember that it is as well to have some slight corroborative evidence, however circumstantial, before passing sentence on one whose guilt may have some extenuating aspects. Jacob might be in a position to throw an illuminating spark on the question. No harm could come of deferring final judgment until Jacob had been cross-examined. In this equitable spirit of justice, Luya took a chair to the window and sat down to watch for Jacob's coming.

When she saw him coming along the Parade she went down to the door to meet him.

"Why did you not tell me?" she demanded, as he came up the steps.

"Tell you what, Luya?"

"About Mr. Waring."

"You knew he was ill."

"But I did not know how it happened. Did you?"

Jacob was deficient in the polite art of ready evasion. He fumbled about in his mind as a man gropes in the dark, whenever he wanted the respectable substitute for a direct answer. His hesitancy was always the most unmistakable of responses.

"You knew all about it, then!" Luya exclaimed, sharply.

"No, you are not to think that. I've not talked with any one about it. I've not seen Mr. Waring since. But I heard them say at the tavern — that is, I believe there was a misunderstanding — some disagreement, a difference of opinion —"

He was trying to get in order the harmless fiction he had devised the first day to tell to Luya in the event of her questioning him. But the days of apparent security had tricked him into forgetting his fable, and his beating about was fatal to his good intention.

"Don't try to tell a lie, Jacob. You can't. Was it Lieutenant Willett?"

"Yes, it was Lieutenant Willett," he replied, reluctantly.

The eager light of the half hope went out of her eyes, giving place to a gleam that went very well with the clenching of the white slender fingers. Jacob, seeing the change, wondered how it would fare with Lieutenant Willett if only women could work their will on men.

"Is Mr. Waring in any danger?" she asked.

"No, he is past that a long way. He is faring famously," Jacob answered, heartily, glad of the chance to say something which taxed no scruple.

"Thank you, Jacob. I doubt but you will be willing to leave a note at the inn on your way this evening?"

"Of course, Luya." And, as she was turning to enter the house, he added, by way of cheer, "One good thing come of it is the making up of the quarrel between Wallace and his father."

There was not much sweetness in Luya's smile. She knew of but one quarrel, that in which she had taken some part, the afternoon when the elder gentleman had so stung her pride, but less than the memory of her avowal to the son was stinging it now. The making up of that quarrel could have but one significance.

"Yes, that is a good thing, Jacob, — good for all of us." She left him, abruptly going to the room in haste, as if a moment's delay in the doing of a certain mighty thing were a kind of treason to herself. She wrote the note which Jacob should deliver for her, giving much care to the wording of it, though it was brief enough.

"I am fully acquainted with the circumstances and the occasion of your 'fever.' I congratulate you that at so little danger you were able to relieve yourself of embarrassments that must have marred your future. But that you have such unusual ideas of what is permitted to a gentleman I should not have felt at the necessity to tell you what another would understand, namely, that acquaintance between us is at an end."

Were it not for the mischievous zephyrs of folly blowing the gossamers of love into a tangle, what pretty tragedies would be lost from the comedy of life! Wallace was put into such a passion by this note as threatened his healing wound. He imagined that he owed its writing to Jacob, and it was upon Jacob's head he broke the vials of his wrath. He could conceive of nothing but that Jacob had recounted the history of the gambling debt and the rescue, forgetting utterly that it was to keep him from being discredited in Luya's eyes that Jacob had insisted on befriending him. He began to see a good deal of subtlety and artifice in the apparently straightforward Jacob. His generous and high mindedness was not

above setting traps in which to catch the man who had come between him and the object of his love. It was ridiculous to suppose a man giving a thousand pounds to protect a rival's credit in his sweetheart's eyes. These were not the days of Greek disinterestedness. When men do acts of extraordinary virtue, it is just as well to look for the motive. Altruism is a very charming philosophy, no doubt, but when it gets out of books and into practice it is time for the wise to be on their guard. Mr. Jacob Wilbruch's aim was to play the hero in Luya's eyes at the expense of a rather too careless and confiding rival. And he had succeeded in making Luya believe that he, Wallace, was a very contemptible fellow in the balance of merits! Very well, very well, let it be so ; but let Mr. Jacob Wilbruch look to himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE reconciliation between Wallace and his father, of which Jacob had spoken so cheerily, was not exactly a restoration of the old relations. Under the shock of learning what had befallen his son, Mr. Waring had an attack of remorse and contrition by which he was brought to a willingness to comply with any demand Wallace might put upon him. But in that favourable moment Wallace was not inclined to solicit favours, feeling an unreasonable resentment against his father as the cause of the moral and physical danger he had run. He received his father's overtures with dignity and thankfulness, but declared that it was his hope henceforth to follow a course of greater personal honour than one of idle dependence upon his father's bounty.

"I intend, sir," he said, looking capable enough, notwithstanding his being flat on his back, under the surgeon's orders, "when I have got out of this, to essay something for myself. 'Tis an advantage, in a way, to be a rich man's son ; but I begin to see it is a peril, too, since it may dwarf the best part of manhood."

“My dear Wallace, it is with this as ’tis with whatever else engages to serve the individual, a question of personal character.”

“There, sir, I take it, the mistake lies, it being assumed that character is a substantial something to determine us to one direction or another, and which we have much in the same way that we have a conscience, through no contriving of our own. I think, sir, character is a thing of our own putting together, and each incident of our lives is a part of the structure. It is what we do that makes character, — it is not character that decides what we shall do.”

“I hope, Wallace, that you have not come to bed to invent a philosophy. I much fear there is none left to invent. Your best wisdom is to get well as speedily as you may. I am much of the opinion that you will still find ready money a convenience.”

“Indeed, sir, I shall, but to a different use than before. I shall, doubtless, wish to borrow from you to my establishment, but my hope is to prove the investment a good one.”

“And what is your plan?”

“I’ve not yet come to that; though, sir, I do not think to take to privateering.” Wallace looked at his father with a droll smile.

“I dare say,” Mr. Waring replied, declining the personal challenge, “that privateering is no worse

than many another means to fortune. The ships of an enemy are legitimate prey."

"But I've heard it whispered that the French vessels are not the only objects on which some of our New York privateers have turned their guns."

"If we give accommodation to every whisper that knocks at our ears, Wallace, we shall have much ado to respect our neighbours, since we will not have room to entertain a good opinion of the best of mankind. There is but one rule for a sensible man, 'Hear only that which it is to your advantage to hear.'" He paused a moment, and then added, "Except that one must take heed of the slander that points his way. Umph! I should like to send Lieutenant Willett a cheque for the amount —"

"Lieutenant Willett is paid," Wallace said, a little sharply.

Mr. Waring looked surprised, started to ask a question, but changed the subject, and did not again refer to the matter in their subsequent conversations.

But the morning after he received Luya's note, Wallace barely waited to welcome the visit of his father before saying:

"Sir, I need at once a thousand and fifty-nine pounds, which is the half of the sum I had thought to borrow of you for my enterprise. Can you oblige me with a cheque for the amount this morning?"

“You seem in excitement, Wallace! That is bad for your wound. You have some fever.” Mr. Waring showed no little anxiety. “You must not allow your mind to run on enterprises that set your blood in motion. Where is your bolus?”

“The cheque I ask for will go further than a medicine to correct the disorder. Will you give it me? ’Tis in the nature of a loan.”

“That will be an after consideration. To whom shall I make it payable?”

“To myself.”

Mr. Waring raised his eyebrows. He did not entirely like being shouldered out of his son’s confidence. He thought it was pride that made the objection. He had not yet come to realise that down among the crannies of his heart was a pale flower of hungering affection which had been kept alive these twenty odd years by the careless frankness of the fellow lying there on the bed. Mr. Waring wrote the cheque without further comment; and, later in the morning, Wallace sent it, indorsed, to Jacob, with the line of thanks:

“To the extent that you have served me I return my thanks. For the rest, I wait the time when I may have a conversation with you.”

Jacob saw nothing ambiguous in the words. The note, to his mind, was a simple and sufficient acknowl-

edgment of the service he had rendered. He only regretted that the repayment had been made so soon. This prompt proof of Wallace's independence of him made it seem that he had really done nothing whatever to befriend Luya. He would have been happier had the money never come back.

Luya waited hopefully through that day and the next for some word from Wallace. She made no doubt he would write, and she had promised herself the exquisite torture of returning the packet with the seal unbroken. But as the hours went by, and nothing came to be returned, the silence weighed on her like a confession. At first she would have scorned any attempt at self-exculpation he might have had the impudence to make; but by degrees, as the likelihood of his making a plea decreased with the slowly passing hours, she came to a great longing for the chance to forgive the most heinous offence of which he could have been guilty against her. If he would but write to say, "Yes, I am a rascal. I have trifled with you. I deserve the worst you can think of me," she believed she would have to end a volume of reproaches and upbraidings with the declaration, "But I love you and I forgive you everything."

But Wallace, miserably and savagely convinced that Luya and the town at large held an opinion of him which no letters from an invalid chamber

could dispel, resolved to abide his getting out to a personal justification of himself. He had faith in the power of his eloquence in a tête-à-tête with Luya to overcome her aversion ; and he was willing to see how far his sword would be needed to correct any general misconceptions. So he kept his peace and fretted his wound until the surgeon began to fear that all his battle was to do over again under exaggerated conditions.

In the evening of the second day of unrequited longing, when she sat in the midst of the family, unconsciously shedding around upon it the gloom of her own sombre discontent, Jacob came in unexpectedly to announce his intention of going to Albany.

“Ant vat make you in Alpany, Jacob?”

“It is not so much that I have anything to do in Albany as that I have nothing to do here just now,” Jacob answered.

But he went on to explain that news had just come to the effect that, encouraged by their success in reducing Louisburg, General Shirley and Admiral Warren had concerted a project for the conquest of the whole of Canada, and that a sort of congress was to be held at Albany to ascertain what support the colonies would give the measure.

“If the colonies will agree to the levy of troops enough, it is certain that England will send a navy

to support them, for the Duke of Newcastle has undertaken to say as much."

"I ton't t'ink t'at vill happen, Jacob. You see, it is my opinion t'at Englant von't sent over some ships to help t'e colonies in anyt'ings; pecause, Jacob, t'ere is too much intepentence of t'e colonists alreaty, ant if t'ey got some more prite in t'emselves, — vell, the king vould not haf much to say after t'at, Jacob. T'ere is no use your going to Albany, Jacob."

"But Jacob isn't going there to conduct a war, papa."

"No, I'm going because I have never been there, and because it is a good time to go, and then, too, some of our friends are going."

"Ja, t'at is very goot reasons, Jacob. Albany is a pig, fine city, much pigger as New York, ant vell vort seeing. I haf peen t'ere once. I haf a sister t'ere. Her huspant peliefs t'at Albany is petter as New York; put ton't let t'em make you t'ink so, too, Jacob. Vell, if you go to Albany, you must go to see Josina, — t'at's my sister. Her huspant is pretty goot pusiness mans, — in t'e flour trate."

"When are you going, Jacob?" Luya asked, with suddenly enkindled interest.

"We are going day after to-morrow, by the sloop."

"Up the Hudson! Delightful! It is a journey I have dreamed to take, — and you know, papa,

my Aunt Josina has twenty times invited me to Albany."

"Ja, she has invited you," Mr. Vanbergen assented.

"I'm going!" Luya declared, with energy.

"Heaven bless the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Vanbergen. "How can you go, Luya, if we were never so willing to have you?"

"Why, with Jacob. I cannot imagine being in better hands."

"But you can't go now," Mrs. Vanbergen objected, aghast. "You have been telling everybody you are to give a party, and we have turned the house inside out to make ready —"

"The party can wait!" said Luya, with a toss of the head, as if she were defying the community to advance an objection. "I am of a mind to get away from New York for a change. You have seen these two days how much I am out of health, and I know nothing so like to cure me as a journey to Albany to see my aunt. If you oppose me, papa, 'twill be to send me to bed with a fever, and, like enough, to my grave, for I am resolved to make no choice but between going to Albany and taking to my bed; and I vow I'm so much inclined to the latter that if you delay you will have difficulty in persuading me to the former."

Mrs. Vanbergen prattled disapproval in a hurried,

embarrassed way, not altogether sure of what she was saying, but very certain that it was having little influence upon Luya, who met each faltering objection so sweepingly that the good lady could do nothing at last but fall behind the orthodoxy that it would scandalise everybody to the land's end should a young lady make the long journey in the company of a young gentleman.

"Then my father may commit me to the captain's care and appoint Jacob the custodian of the captain, if he will, — or, for that, you might go with me yourself, mother, — for, arrange it as you may, the idea has so got possession of me that go I must, if I have to make the journey as a runaway."

"Vife!" exclaimed Mr. Vanbergen, rising from his chair as if lifted by an inspiration, "I vant to talk vit you."

He beckoned her to follow him, and said to Luya, with one of his laboured winks, "Vait till ve come pack," as he ushered Mrs. Vanbergen out of the room.

Mr. Vanbergen took Mrs. Vanbergen comfortably by the arm, and, using the stem of his pipe to point off and clarify sentences, explained very fully his belief that the trip to Albany was a deliberately planned scheme on the part of Providence with which they would be culpable to interfere. He saw in it a purpose to correct Luya's mind of a partiality for

another and restore it to a sympathy with Jacob. As for the propriety of letting her go, what could be urged against it? There would be a party of them by boat, and Luya might as creditably travel in a party as Miss Norris had come from Boston in like way. Above it all was the fact that Jacob had grown up in the relation of brother to Luya, as all the town knew.

“T’e trouple is, vife, t’at you haf too many English notions. Put as I am a Dutchman I vould rat’er sent Luya vit Jacob t’an let her go vit some olt voomans, ant t’at’s so.”

“Well, Evert, she is as much your child as mine; so if you want to let her go —”

“Now, vife, t’at is t’e times I kiss you.” Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Vanbergen led his wife back into the room, where Jacob was just promising Hendrik to take one of the pigeons with him to Albany to test its trustworthiness as a “homer.”

Mr. Vanbergen stopped by the fireplace, laid his pipe on the chimney-ledge, and, turning about to face Luya, silently held open his arms, his lips smiling an invitation.

That was one of the long disused intimacies of the days when she was a child, and which he had only employed when she had been rebellious and he wished to assure her of his love and indulgence. In those young days she had gone to him in a mental mix

of stubbornness and penitence, receiving his kiss shamefacedly, and it revived her good-humour now to see him resorting to this half-forgotten way of telling her that, though she had been naughty, he could not help but forgive her.

"Yes, I am only a child, still," she said, as his arms closed about her, "as foolish and as wilful as ever; and you are just the same dear old foolish papa who spares the rod and spoils the child."

"Ton't say t'ose t'ings ven your moeder hears you," he said, striking his chubby finger on her lips. "She takes advantages of t'em."

"You can't say that I spoiled her, Evert," Mrs. Vanbergen objected. "Do you think he can, Jacob?"

Jacob smiled, shaking his head. He could not have said for the life of him which of her two parents Luya had more completely under her pretty thumb; but he knew it to be impossible that either of them, or both of them, or all the world beside, could spoil this blameless creature, who was so much the better for having her own way.

There was no need to put into words the assent Mr. Vanbergen had expressed in his embrace, and for the little time after, during which Jacob remained, the preparatory details and prospects of the momentous undertaking were discussed with greater or less enthusiasm. Then there was an overlooking and

selecting from Luya's wardrobe, Mrs. Vanbergen being betrayed by the excitement of it into bringing forth and offering to Luya some sacred things folded away and cherished from her own youth, — bits of finery that she had worn as a bride and of which she told the story blushing and laughingly ; a scrap or two of lace from even an earlier day ; and, finally, a quaint old brooch that was the one piece of jewelry Mrs. Vanbergen had from her mother as a keepsake, for she had revered it too much to wear it idly as an ornament. The two women busied themselves far into the night, for much was to be done against the sailing of the boat, and there were none too many hours for the doing. Great were the demands of a visit to be made at a distance and planned to continue "as long as Aunt Josina will keep me." But it was such a spirited getting ready that the good-byes had been said, and the sloop was making brisk speed away to the fluttering of handkerchiefs and the roar of many voices, before Mrs. Vanbergen fully realised that she had made a sacrifice ; and she went home with less spring in her step than there had ever been before.

And in the evening, after Hendrik had gone, red-eyed and murmuring, to his bed in the room beyond Luya's, and had called down-stairs to know if he might not sleep in Luya's bed for that night, the mother sat in the low armchair by the window, look-

ing out on the bay, watching through a mist of tears the lights gleaming here and there like low-hung and wavering stars, feeling, she knew not why, heavy-limbed and aweary. Mr. Vanbergen was smoking dejectedly in the chimney-corner, the glow from his pipe making now and then a nimbus in the dark. But the pipe was not a comforter to-night. It had lost its magic savour. He put it down at last, half-smoked, and drew his chair to the window close beside that of his wife. His hand reached out to take hers and clasp it in an intertwining of fingers. He felt the need of this drawing near to her, this silent holding of her hand in the darkness. And he, too, looked out at the lights on the bay, seeing them through a mist.

CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING acquired a taste for commercial interests without being aware of it, Mr. Waring was made restless and disturbed by the fact that his capital had become suddenly unproductive. After the closing out of his relations with Mr. Vanbergen, he came to haunt the Exchange in a new curiosity to see the progress of trade and catch something of the excitement of the large and stirring operations of the big merchants who had come so much into authority in all local affairs during the last ten years. He recognised the change that was coming over the relations of men and society, and perceived that many of the former prejudices against trade were being removed by the steadily increasing importance of mercantile affairs. Though there were still well-defined lines between the two classes of the community, the social life was rather more in the hands of the merchant than in those of the professional and "gentry" order, and there was a mingling of the two on occasions in a way to prove that commerce was like to have the better of it anon. If the better fashion gave brilliant receptions at the Fort and in the rooms

of the Black Horse Inn, the merchants gave equally imposing and only less elegant gala-day gatherings and evening balls of their own, having quite as much money as their neighbours to spend in hogsheads of wine and other prodigalities of good cheer demanded by the passion of immoderate eating and drinking. Political divisions, too, were making new distinctions and new affinities and bringing extremes together, so that a royalist merchant was more precious to the élite than a gentleman of ancestral worth who had the bad taste to shape his opinions to the spirit of the opposition.

Mr. Waring had given so little attention to the transformation going on about him that it surprised him to find to what an extent the influence of the Exchange was beginning to dominate the minds of men. He was more than surprised to see that easy-going Evert Vanbergen, his long-time partner, enjoyed a degree of respect among his fellow merchants that, in some instances, was enlarged to deference. But, more than by anything else, he was moved by the knowledge that fortunes were increasing at an amazing rate about him, and that each day of idleness on the part of his guineas was a day of serious loss to him. He saw, more distinctly than ever, that the golden calf was the deity of salvation to which all the other great and little deities were ranged subordinate. To be a rich man was the same as being

a great man, and these dealers in merchandise had as much observance from the multitude as did the representatives of the Crown themselves. Revolving these considerations in his mind, Mr. Waring came to the determination to venture his capital anew, intending, however, to have more to do in the next instance with directing the enterprise. He imagined that he had gained experience in his dormant association with Mr. Vanbergen, and flattered himself that his superior quality of mind would be vastly to the advantage of the merchant he should choose to advise. Seeking for a new alliance, he remembered Vanbergen's suggestion of Pieter Harmsen as a proper and trusty person with whom to make terms in business, and, after some days of reflection, made his overtures to that end. Mr. Harmsen, nothing loath, came very readily to an agreement, and, in a short time, Mr. Waring began, though still keeping in the background, to feel the proud satisfaction of personally turning at the wheel of fortune. Mr. Vanbergen, noting the guarded intimacy between the two and understanding it, chuckled, as if the arrangement were quite of his own making. If Mr. Waring chose to experiment with the most timid and apprehensive member of the Exchange, it was not for the advantage-loving Mr. Vanbergen to complain.

The first enterprise of the new firm was to outfit a privateer, which seemed the readiest means to

extend trade, now that hostilities with France were so well under way, and the whole merchant service of the French could in that way be brought under contribution. The decision was made the very day on which Wallace took the air for the first time since his being brought to bed of Lieutenant Willett's telling marksmanship. He had called a chair and gone for a talk with Jacob, and had taken it much amiss that that individual should have chosen the time to be out of town. Concluding it better, after all, to come first to an understanding with Luya, he ordered the chair-men to bear him to Mr. Vanbergen's house, and on the way had the fortune to meet Miss Boylston, in the escort of Allen Bradford. Miss Boylston had so many congratulatory speeches to offer, and showed so sincere a spirit in their lively utterance, that Wallace readily made up his mind to the comforting belief that she at least had heard no uncomplimentary things about him. He gathered, indeed, from one or two veiled remarks, that Miss Boylston was of the flattering opinion that she herself had been the subject of the quarrel between him and the lieutenant, and that she thought none the less of him for having so nearly been puffed out of existence on her account. This piqued his curiosity, for he could hardly divine that the lieutenant, hoping to profit in the young lady's esteem by the amiable fiction, had led Miss Boylston

to think that the uncertainty as to whom she favoured most among the young gentlemen of her suite was the basis of the duel. He had been shrewd enough to avoid the error of saying anything to the discredit of Waring, and Miss Boylston imagined that the two young men, having disposed of the question of honour between them, were upon as good terms of polite rivalry as they were before. But this explanation of the duel had done much more than flatter an empty vanity, inasmuch as she had argued from it that Wallace could have no very serious interest in Miss Vanbergen, since he was willing to risk his life out of devotion to another lady, and that lady herself.

“Now that you are come to health again I hope you will give your friends no further occasion to such anxiety in your behalf. And I should advise you, before coming to a question of pistols in another instance, to inquire the lady’s sentiments of herself.” Miss Boylston glanced archly from Wallace to Bradford, to inform them in turn how much acquainted she was with the matter.

“You are informed, then, that there was a lady concerned?” Wallace asked.

“La, Mr. Waring, there is never a certainty what sets young gentlemen to such an adventure; but I hope you are not for denying a rumour that does so much credit to your gallantry?”

“I am so far from the wish to lose anything from

my credit that I will even take the reputation rumour gives me. Why have I not seen you this week past, Allen?"

"I told you the last morning I saw you that I was off with the party to Albany. But you were in so ill a humour I doubt if you took account of it. I have but now returned."

"I remember something was said of Albany. You made but a short stop there."

"The shorter, I think," Miss Boylston volunteered, meaning to tease him, "because at the last moment Miss Norris changed her mind about going."

"I am used to being the victim of a lady's caprice, Miss Boylston, and do not much disturb myself under them. Besides, I was on commission, so that a lady the less in the party —"

"Fie, Mr. Bradford! you shall not pretend to slight my friend. All the world knows how much you affect Miss Norris, — though I dare say you are not more loyal than you should be when other pretty women are about. Confess, now," Miss Boylston hazarded a shot, looking sidewise at Wallace as she spoke, "confess that you philandered with Miss Vanbergen the better part of the journey."

"Was Miss Vanbergen of the party?" Wallace demanded, eagerly, feeling a sudden dizziness, and taking hold of the window-frame. "And — and perhaps Mr. Wilbruch, too?"

"Why, yes," Bradford said, surprised by Wallace's vehemence, "I supposed you had known."

"Does it concern you so much, Mr. Waring?" Miss Boylston asked, her smile giving a satirical curve to the corners of her mouth.

"It does not concern me at all," Wallace answered, more curtly than he would have approved in another. "I was thinking — The truth is," he interrupted himself with a laugh, "I have lived so much a hermit these fifteen days that I am astonished to find how the world goes on without me. I came forth to-day in search of Mr. Wilbruch, and I'm vexed to find that he is not at my disposition. Happily 'tis a business can wait. Are you minded, Miss Boylston, to spend an hour at the tea-gardens? If you and Mr. Bradford will do me the honour to drink a dish with me, I should think my first day at liberty well celebrated. I'll be bound we'll find there some friends to help us to entertainment."

Miss Boylston consenting to drink some tea, Wallace was for dismissing his chair, declaring he had no purpose to coddle himself another hour. The lady, however, would not hear of such an imprudence, vowing that she would permit him to walk only with the chair following, she reserving the right to order him back into it whenever it should please her.

They made a merry affair of it at the Gardens, Wallace addressing himself to Miss Boylston with so

much admiration and gaiety that Bradford began to have some doubt if Luya's absence was to weigh very heavily upon this hearty and light-spirited convalescent. There was nothing in the lively flow of good-nature nor in the lavish compliments that made Miss Boylston colour with pleasure, to suggest the disconsolate lover.

"I am sure, Mr. Waring, you have been at books of wit and humour in your seclusion, and taken the best things into your memory. I have never known you half so entertaining."

"Then the credit is yours, madam. I take my inspiration from your looks; and if I am in better vein than common 'tis because your eyes provoke me."

"What, Mr. Waring! Do they provoke you?"

"Faith, they do, and most agreeably. Each glance of them is equal to a bottle of canary, with the difference that I should set no limit to my indulgence."

"Come, Mr. Bradford, I appeal to you if it be gallant to lay one's intoxication to the charge of a lady's eyes. Why, on my word, if Mr. Waring's logic be allowed, each time he has more than his share of canary he may excuse himself with the plea that I have stared him out of countenance."

"Fairly hit off, Wallace!" said Bradford, laughing.

"Egad, Miss Boylston, you would make of me the most intemperate man on the island with such an

excuse, for I'd be drunk from Sunday to Saturday, merely for the reputation of having been so much in your gaze."

"Then you would so soon lose every other reputation that I could not bear to have you come into my sight. I perceive that you wish to drive me to take the veil."

"Then it should have a crown of orange buds above it."

Miss Boylston sent the most becoming of rosy tints to frolic in her cheeks. She suddenly discovered that the party was just too numerous by one, and wondered by what adroit means Mr. Bradford could be brought to appreciate the fact. But she replied promptly to Wallace:

"I know not where to find one I could trust to make me such a crown, Mr. Waring."

"Take counsel of me; I know the quality of every gentleman who is worth a crown between the Fort and Greenwich."

"Then, when I'm in the mind for ornament of the kind, I'll think on your offer. La, Mr. Bradford, are you going?" she asked, suggestively, as Bradford rose to change the position of his chair.

"If you are ready," he answered, not seeming to have noticed how much her question was a permission to his leave-taking.

"I suppose we owe it to Mr. Waring to send him

home," she said, rising, a little vexed by Bradford's obtuseness. "It is not proper he should be allowed too much dissipation in his first day out."

Wallace protested gracefully in further compliments upon her restorative influence, but they moved toward the spot where the chair was waiting. Before reaching it, however, Wallace had persuaded Miss Boylston to take his place in the chair, insisting that it would do him a world of good if he might walk to the inn on the support of Bradford's arm.

When they were alone, Bradford took Waring by the arm in a monitory fashion, and demanded, discontentedly :

"What the devil, Wallace, has come over you? If Miss Boylston does not imagine you are on the way to a proposal to her, she has less complacency than the rest of her sex."

"Well, and if I were, Allen?"

"Deuce take it, Wallace, you are not a fop to play at skittles with the hearts of all the women of your acquaintance! And if I am to give any value to your confidences, I think you owe to Miss Vanbergen —"

"Don't preach from a text of which you have only learned the part, Allen. Give no concern to my conduct on Miss Vanbergen's account. I have her blessing to go to the devil in what manner I please, and if I marry Miss Boylston or the speckled

wench who scrubs at the inn 'twill be one with her."

"You have quarrelled?"

"No, egad! I haven't had that pleasure. I've been thrown, Allen, without so much as a shy by way of warning. But I'm not for discussing the case. I have but one argument to make when the opportunity shall offer, and that without putting in peril the rules of grammar," cuffing at his sword-hilt as if he were boxing an ear. "Do you know how long the absence is to be?"

"She said it was indefinite whether she should stay three weeks or as many months."

"She! I said nothing of a 'she.' I asked how long Mr. Wilbruch would be from town."

"I think he means to push on to Boston, where he has some relatives. Jacob, you know, is thinking to go to college in the fall," Bradford added, with a smile.

"Then he'll not return to New York?"

"Oh, but he will, I think. He said he would see me again in six weeks."

"Six weeks. Well, 'tis not an interminable time."

Mr. Waring called in at the inn to see Wallace in the evening, and, in the general talk, spoke of his intention to send out a privateer as a stroke of commercial enterprise. Indifferent at first, Wallace came suddenly to an interest in the project, when his father

said that the privateers would, doubtless, be invited to coöperate with the regular navy sent over by England in the contemplated attack on Canada.

“When do you think to send out your privateer?”

“As soon as the vessel can be equipped, — in eight or ten days.”

“And who is to have command of it?”

“That I leave to Harmsen. I am not seen in these affairs.”

“Sir, I desire you to render me a service.”

As Wallace had recovered health, something of Mr. Waring’s determination to have his will on the marriage question returned to him; and he was inclined to keep the screws as tight as possible. Wallace should have the allowance Mr. Waring had proposed, but “services” beyond that were to be considered. Mr. Waring looked at Wallace without manifesting any haste to learn the nature of the service desired.

“I would have the command of your privateer,” Wallace explained.

Mr. Waring opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

“Of what are you thinking, Wallace! ’Tis the maddest freak I’ve known your fancy take. I should as soon consent to send you ballooning to the moon in a bread pannier! God bless me! do you imagine you can as easily take charge of a ship of war as you will handle a tandem in Hyde Park?”

“Quite, sir; for I am as good a sailor as horseman,

and know the ropes as well as I know the ribbons. You must know, sir, I've done some cruising, and, as I make it my profit to learn the working of whatever thing engages me, I dare claim to know enough of ships to make a respectable captain."

Wallace combated his father's objections so well, both on the point of his merit and that of the eminently honourable character of the position sought, that the discussion ended in Mr. Waring's grudging agreement to influence Mr. Harmsen's judgment in the selection and appointment of a commanding officer to the privateer. In due time, the ship's papers and commission were made out and delivered formally to Captain Wallace Waring,—to the great wonder of society, and particularly that part of society represented in the person of Miss Sophie Boylston, who contrived, however, to send a flag which she begged might be flown as the ensign of Captain Waring's ship.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It had been Jacob's intention to quit Albany as soon as the conference should end ; but a good many days had passed since then, the colonies having readily pledged themselves to the war, and he still found excuse for deferring his departure. Luya's Uncle Bolton had proved to be a man of much local importance, having been long identified with the official life of the city, and his daughter Millicent was a young lady of some fashion. This had plunged Luya at once into a round of pleasant dissipations, the eddies of which caught the unresisting Jacob in their swirl, and lulled him into a half-forgetfulness of the shadowy relatives in Boston, — or, to be exact, in Salem, for "Boston" was an indefinite York term for a large area of Massachusetts towns and settlements. He imagined that it was the unwonted excitements and interests of a new experience which detained him from his journey to the East ; but he cared little enough for such trivialities of the idle world, and would have taken coach from the best of them, had not Luya held him with the smiling complaint that he owed her some championship till

she should be better acquainted with the Albany beaux. And he lingered, more and more loath to go from her, even after the acquaintance with the gentlemen of the town had progressed to an intimacy which made Jacob's championship quite a superfluous affair. She came to be so much in favour that Jacob found his chief pleasure gradually narrowing to the contemplation of the happiness to which he could make but slight contribution. She seemed withdrawn from his sphere. She decked herself in worldliness with such lively abandon that the pursuit of gaiety appeared to have become a fashion with her. Frivolity and the toilet took possession of her, and very pretty work they made of her, Jacob thought, for there was no denying that the liveries of fashion were vastly becoming to Miss Vanbergen. She wore seductive new gowns ravishingly, and the days were as processions of new gowns, Jacob wondering whence they came, they were so much like the overnight work of some benevolent old woman with a wand. Her mind, too, took on a new dress, and bundled all serious thoughts as cast-off garments into the rag-bag of folly. She railed at Jacob's soberness, and recommended him to the society of a pattern young gentleman who had the nimbleness of a dancing-master and the noisy wit of a comedian, besides enjoying the credit of having pinked his man while practising a pirouette for the next Assembly.

"I vow, Jacob," she remonstrated on one occasion, "I cannot find that it has profited you so much to come abroad. For all you have picked up to your betterment you had as well stayed in New York."

And Jacob had smiled in replying :

"You have picked up enough for us both, Luya."

"I hope I have done very well," she admitted ; "but I'd not have it thought you could have been so long from home without showing some colour of other soils. If you will do no more than learn to carry a sword as Mr. Hepwell does his, or make such an angle of the elbow as that when Mr. Livingston lifts a lady's hand to kiss, I should be well enough pleased with your education."

But, having no faith in his ability to come at either of these masterful accomplishments, Jacob urged his way to the coaching-office on the last day of his third week and booked a box seat for the following Tuesday morning. Luya had agreed to lend herself to his entertainment the afternoon preceding his departure. He wished to guard against any intrusions upon his exclusive rights in her company on this farewell occasion. He could hit upon no better means to secure the grace of privacy than a row upon the river, idling among the cool, shadowed spots into which he could pull to rest from the fatigue of rowing. He proposed the plan hesitatingly, doubting that she would approve it ; but she consented so

readily that he could not thank her for the joy of it ; and when they were really at rest in one of the sheltered inlets of the farther shore, well up from the town, his contented heart had no language but a sigh. His silence seemed to be gratifying to Luya, since she sat for a long time without attempting to arouse him from it. Being alone with Jacob in this way set her thoughts running along lines they had studiously avoided for many days, and Jacob had her much less to himself than appearances deceived him into believing. It was not a pleasing reverie into which she had drifted with the still rocking of the boat. The smile on her lips was not more indicative of amiability than were the little puckers between her eyebrows, or the quick tapping of her fingers on the gunwale of the boat. When she remembered to glance consciously at Jacob, she encountered his rapt, devotional gaze, and exclaimed, almost supplicatingly :

“Don’t look at me in that wise, Jacob !”

Jacob flushed, disconcerted by her words and curiously struck by her tone.

“Why not, Luya ?”

“Because it makes me furious.”

He looked at her inquiringly a moment, then, lowering his eyes, said, hardly loud enough to be heard :

“I did not think to offend you, Luya.”

"And you have not offended me, Jacob. It is myself offends me. But I can't bear to have you look at me as if I were something to worship, when I feel like the most worthless creature in the universe." She spoke passionately, and he looked at her wonderingly.

"What would you say, Jacob," she went on, hurrying over her words, "of the woman who could turn from the man who would give his soul in love of her, and throw herself into the arms of a man who only thought to amuse himself with her as with any other toy of an hour?"

"I should pity her, Luya."

"And what would you say if she should go on loving the man after she learned how grossly he had betrayed her?"

"I should still pity her, Luya."

"And you would not despise her?"

"Why should she be despised?"

"And suppose she should marry a man she does not love, taking him only because her pride sought a shelter from its shame?"

"I should pity her more than ever, then."

"Would you marry such a woman, Jacob?"

"If I loved her. Why not?"

"Even if you knew she did not love you, — that is, did not love you as wife should love her husband?"

“If she were a good woman. One must love more than the other. The man can do with least love. If the man loves, the woman will come to have some love, too. Marriage is protection and being protected. That makes love.”

She stared at him, astonished. It was not like Jacob to talk in this manner. The ideas so simply, even candidly expressed, did not seem to belong to Jacob, or, if they did, Jacob was something other than she had ever imagined him to be. She recalled the scene of his proposing to her, and remembered that she had laughed when he spoke of love. The remembrance brought the colour to her cheeks, and she looked down into her lap, toying with a ribbon of her gown. After a silence, her eyes still down-cast, she asked :

“Suppose I were the woman, Jacob?”

He drew in his breath deeply, but made no answer ; and a smile came to his lips in mockery of the thought that this girl so greatly to be desired could ever love and not be loved in return. He could not so much as imagine that she had been thinking of herself in asking those strange questions. She waited some moments for his answer, then lifted her eyes to him :

“Jacob —”

“Yes, Luya.”

She leaned over to catch a floating leaf from the

river. She shook the water from the leaf, and, regarding it as she spoke, said, slowly :

"If you will have me, I will go to Boston with you to-morrow as your wife."

"Luya !"

He made a movement forward, with his arms outstretched to take her, the light of a great yearning in his face, and had she but lifted her eyes, he must have caught her to his breast. But when, after a pause, she looked up to question his silence, she saw his calm face only a little paler than usual, and his hands grasping the handles of the oars, as he had gripped them in the need to lay hold on some support. She understood that pallor and the grip of those strong hands.

"I am in earnest, Jacob," she said, firmly, but in low tone. "You love me ; you know what my feeling is for you. My parents already love you as their son. Take me, if you will have me."

"And Wallace Waring ?" he asked.

"I hate him !" she answered, vehemently.

He came nearer and took hold of one of the hands clenched in her lap. He pressed it open and held it half-hidden in his own great hand. He began to see into the trouble of her heart. He wished to comfort her.

"Why do you hate him ?"

"Why do you ask ? You know."

"No ; I don't know. Tell me."

"You know why he fought with Lieutenant Willett."

"Yes," releasing her hand, "I know why they fought. But there was no dishonour to Wallace. And if you have heard the story of the quarrel, you should know that he must have paid the debt before there could be a duel. The fault was not his that the debt was not paid in time to prevent the quarrel. That was because his father —"

"Of what are you talking, Jacob ?" Luya demanded, interrupting him with an eager hopefulness. "What are you saying of debts ? Was their quarrel about a debt ? Only about a debt, Jacob ?"

"What did you think it was, Luya ?" he asked, guiltily afraid that he had betrayed Waring's confidence.

"Answer me, Jacob ! Their quarrel was about a debt, — a debt of the gaming-table ?"

He was troubled what to say. He did not quite know how to interpret her eagerness, the trembling anxiety, this mixing of hope with fear in her expression, this apparent desire to have an affirmative answer.

"It was about a debt," he admitted, guardedly.

"And not about —" She suddenly arrested herself and changed the question, "There was no other cause ?"

He shook his head ; but she saw some embarrassment in his face, and it compelled her to ask the one question that she had need to have answered directly.

“ It is not true, then, that it had anything to do with Miss Boylston ? ”

Jacob's hesitancy was done with. He understood now.

“ No, no,” he said, earnestly ; “ there was nothing to do with Miss Boylston. If you have thought that, you have been unjust to Wallace.”

“ Oh, Jacob ! ” she cried, her heart rebuking her for the joy she could not but let him see in her face, “ I have been most cruel to you. I have added to your unhappiness — but I did not mean to give you pain — I did not mean to worry you — I would have done what I said if you had not told me — ”

“ Hush, Luya, I know,” he said, stroking her hand. “ You have not been unkind to me. You have not made me unhappy.”

“ And you forgive me ? You forgive the heartlessness, the selfishness ? for I was thinking only of myself, and not of the wrong to you.”

His smile answered her better than his words.

“ It is Wallace you must ask to forgive you. I have only to thank you for showing me that you would trust me at need. Shall we row back ? ”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THOUGH Mr. Vanbergen had certainly never had a serious intention of resorting to any sort of business artifice to trick the fortune of Mr. Waring, he was, nevertheless, not above the human frailty of chuckling over the embarrassments which Fate showed a disposition to put in the way of the new secret firm. Pieter Harmsen (or Nick Harmsen, as he was commonly called, for his parents had been at the extravagance of having him christened Pieter Nikolaas) knew how to thrive peacefully in modest ways; but the larger demands of wide-reaching enterprise taxed his wits beyond their cunning. He, therefore, yielded himself meekly to the dominance of Mr. Waring, who, deceived by his belief that he had gotten a deal of business knowledge from his purse relations with Mr. Vanbergen, advised many heroic ventures in addition to the sending out of the privateer, of which, by the way, nothing had been heard in the two months since it sailed away. These ventures were chiefly of an experimental character, it being Mr. Waring's theory that new roads offer the shortest cuts to success in commercial undertakings.

He had invested in the silk industry, which was making a vain struggle to come into competition with foreign productions, and now confessed that he had retired that much money from service for an indefinite time. A vessel heavily laden with tobacco, sugar, and other colonial virtues, destined for the home market, had been caught in the tempest of September 9th, and foundered under her bad treatment, scarcely allowing the crew time to put off in the long-boat. And Harmsen's one chartered ship used in the Indian trade was so long overdue that fears were entertained of her having fallen into the hands of the French corsairs or other equally rapacious pirates. As for Wallace and his privateer, Mr. Waring entertained the gloomiest forebodings as to the probable fate that had befallen them. Altogether, Mr. Waring was not far from the opinion that the hierarchy of devils had organised a particularly malicious campaign for his personal vexation. In the ratio of his injuries was the increase of his animosity toward Mr. Vanbergen and his household, though he did not waste any thought in the attempt to make a logical connection between the disasters and Mr. Vanbergen's unfailing urbanity. It was enough for him to know that he had not prospered since Vanbergen turned him out at Luya's instigation.

When Luya returned from Albany, only to learn that Wallace was on the high seas, doubtless cruising

away whatever remained of his kindly thoughts of her, Mr. Waring had not yet sipped enough from his cup of misfortune to feel any bitterness against the young lady who had, as he came to think, forced that cup to his lips. He greeted her with great affability on their first chance meeting in the Parade, and inquired with apparent interest if she were as loyal to New York as before, and if she had come back to fire the zeal of her townsmen for the Canadian conquest. Her outward show was as amiable as his own, and her sincerity much less to be questioned, for the reason that she felt a sort of vicarious drawing nigh to the son in smothering the resentments roused by the father's ungraciousness on a particular and, to her, memorable occasion. She was very willing, therefore, that Mr. Waring should so condescendingly ignore the fact that she might have some reason to feel indignant with him.

Their chance meetings in the Parade, on the Battery, in the Trinity churchyard, or at some gathering at the inn, continued for some time to be marked by a mildly formal courtesy on his part and by a responsive sunniness on hers. But, as the business mischances began to plague him, his friendliness toward Luya commenced to chill, and, after a time, his manner came so near to aggressive rudeness that whenever she passed him in the walk he would glance at her as if she were a mere vagrant of the

highways. Small wonder if the rebellion of her spirit rose to homicidal intensity at times, and made her fancy how very agreeable it would be to be able to look a man to death ; but Miss Vanbergen was not inept enough to let her weakness be seen, and she always returned Mr. Waring's glance with such a smile of ingenuous bewilderment as finally drove him to avoiding her altogether. It is very humiliating to have a pert-faced young lady so hopelessly unconscious of her effacement from one's recollection. But Mr. Waring was the more irritated against Luya, and came the more heartily to hate her, for the truly excellent reason that he could not justify to himself his determined opposition to her. He confessed with bitterness that she had as many virtues and qualities to recommend her to esteem as any young lady of his acquaintance ; and now that she had come to give herself fashionable airs, losing no opportunity to be seen in the gay assemblies of what Mr. Zenger styled the *élite*, Mr. Waring was extremely annoyed to observe that she had no idea of a proper subordination to Miss Boylston, and that the young gentlemen abetted her presumption. To aggravate his discontent with her, the Governor himself had taken it into his head to think Miss Vanbergen a devilishly pretty young lady, and showed her the marked politeness, one afternoon, of promenading with her under the elms during an uninterrupted

thirty minutes, much to the scandal of ladies who had never been given the opportunity of declining a favour so unusual. Moreover, Mr. Waring had heard an impudent coxcomb declaring his opinion that Miss Vanbergen would make a mighty fine corner-stone on which to pose some clever man's career. This was an impeachment of his own judgment for which he held Miss Vanbergen responsible, thinking it a sort of vice in her that she should come so much into notice after he had been at pains to define for her just the proper level of her aspirations. Surprising himself one evening with a regret that he had been so positive in his opposition to Wallace's purpose to marry the girl, Mr. Waring routed the sentiment so disloyal to principle by an emphatic "Damn the witch! I'd see him drowned before I'd consent to his having her!" And then he began to wonder if Wallace could have gone down into the deeps under the fury of that storm of September 9th. He went to the window, his face a little grayer than its wont, and looked out over the black patch of sea as if there to find an answer.

But Wallace had not gone down into the deeps, nor had he once thought of making so unprofitable an end of his adventure. It is true that, in the very act of making booty of a promising-looking brig that flaunted the French colours, he had been set upon by a Gallic man-of-war, and only escaped going to

the bottom by valiantly showing his heels to the meddler. But, nothing daunted, he had beaten about the sea, visiting favouring ports at need, resolved not to return to New York until he could drive a prize before him, and, though he was three months in the doing, and was quite despaired of by his father, he came in at last master of a veritable galleon, and cast anchor with the proud satisfaction of knowing that the capture would at least cover the expense of the enterprise.

At the end of a long interview with his father, in which he learned what small reason that gentleman had to be content with the world in its methods of dealing with him, Wallace suddenly demanded to know if Mr. Jacob Wilbruch were away at his college.

Mr. Waring smiled grimly. He was not flattered by Wallace's supposition that he was informed of Mr. Wilbruch's plans and conduct. But, as Jacob was part and parcel of the crown of thorns he was now wearing with a stoical kind of pleasure in the pain it gave him, he made the best of the prick by thrusting it deeper into his flesh.

"If Mr. Wilbruch had an intention of going to college, he seems to have abandoned it. At any rate, he has gone into business with Vanbergen, for his cursed name is over the door. I hear he is to marry the Vanbergen girl."

"The Vanbergen girl!" Wallace repeated, disapprovingly.

"Miss Vanbergen, if you prefer."

"I do very much prefer, sir."

"I hoped the sea would have blown the nonsense out of you."

"If the sea is a corrective, sir, I fear it was the wrong one of us that made the cruise."

"You have parted with none of your insolence."

"No, sir, since 'tis that which keeps us on an equal footing."

"You are a proof of the law of heredity," Mr. Waring said, throwing one leg over the other, and looking at Wallace with a half approving smile. "You have all the opinionated obstinacy and unreasonable arrogance of your grandfather."

"Is it necessary to go so far back for my pattern, sir?"

"Faith, no, Wallace, for I see some of my virtues in you; but you lack the chief one of common sense. If you could clear the romantic rubbish from your head and give reason more room to expand in —"

"You think, sir, I might arrive at the distinction of being the husband of my wife."

"I suppose you intend that for a cynicism, my dear Wallace; but you would not by any means be the first man to owe his distinction to the right choice of a wife, as you may find in the histories of

our most famous men, if you will take the trouble to examine them. But I see your impatience to be gone about some folly of the town — ”

“I hope, sir, you have never found me impatient to quit your company.”

“Faith, Wallace, I have not. I think we like each other with tolerable agreement; but you are yet at the age to ‘fillip the world aside and cock your hat at fate,’ and ’tis proper you have an eagerness to break a bottle at the inn with your fellows. Youth must not waste its time with old men.”

There was a strain of something in the tone very unlike Mr. Waring’s habitual mocking evenness of speech, which caught Wallace’s attention.

“I shall be quite as pleased to break a bottle here with you,” he began, smilingly.

“No, Wallace, no,” Mr. Waring interrupted, “I have cultivated a taste for my own company at this time of day. Come back in the evening, if you will. Humph, — will you sleep in your old room, or do you think to stop at the inn?”

“Perhaps, sir, I shall stop at the inn for to-night.”

There was an almost imperceptible movement at the corners of Mr. Waring’s mouth, and an equally slight quiver of the eyelids as the only signs of the disappointment this answer gave him.

“You will need some money, then, for the risks

of the play," he said, smiling, and reaching to take up a pen from the writing-table.

"Spare yourself the trouble," Wallace said, putting his hand restrainingly on his father's arm; "I am done with cards until I can afford to risk the money of my own getting."

Again the faint change passed over Mr. Waring's face, but he said, laconically :

"As you please. Excessive virtue is a vice. Beware of becoming a milksop. A gentleman owes something to his station. I do not encourage you to game. But I would choose to see you as liberal as your fellows."

"The last time I incurred a debt at the table you refused —"

"Tut, tut! That's past. You found me in a temper and played the swaggerer with me. Don't repeat the offence. I have no stomach for reproaches."

"I had no thought to reproach you, sir. I was about to say that because of your refusal I was driven to commit a crime, in order to have the right to defend my honour."

"A crime, Wallace!" Mr. Waring demanded, in consternation. "What crime?"

"The crime of setting your name to a cheque, sir."

"You did that!"

"No; I didn't get so far. But I had the will and

the intention to do it. It was the merest chance — I thought it was a godsend at the time — that prevented me.”

Mr. Waring had sunk back into his chair, pale and tremulous, clutching hold upon the arms, seemingly to keep himself from slipping to the floor. He stared up at his son as if looking through and beyond him, his face colourless and set.

“A forger!” he said, in almost inaudible tone.

“In purpose, not in fact,” Wallace responded, and came nearer, feeling some alarm on his father’s account.

But Mr. Waring repelled him with a quick motion of the hand, and straightened up in his chair. The pallor of fear had given place to the white gleam of anger in his face, and he shook his extended hand, as if driving home the words that came passionately from his lips, but not loudly, for he spoke as one having a fear to be heard.

“You have set yourself in opposition to my wishes, you have mocked at my ambitions, you have allied yourself with my enemies, and now you crown all by confessing yourself a criminal, — a criminal against me, against my honour, against my fortune, for I know not how many of your forged orders my bankers have paid — ”

“Father !”

It was a cry of anguish, the soul’s recoil under the

shock of a sudden and overwhelming injury ; and Wallace stood quivering like one who feels, for the first time, and unjustly, the gaoler's lash on his bare back. But Mr. Waring seemed not to have heard. He went on, his voice raised to a higher pitch by his increased excitement, his body thrust a little more forward, his outstretched finger still striking in emphasis of his words.

"You have brought me shame and reproach as the reward of my days, and ruin and dishonour may be waiting to beat me down, but you shall not stand by to mock at me ! Out of my presence ! Out of my sight ! Quit my home ! I would to God the sea had kept you from entering it again ! Go, go ! and give me leave to forget that I have ever had a son."

He rose to his feet, menacingly, his tall, slight figure making a pitiful contrast to the finely athletic proportions of his son. But Wallace, dumfounded, unable to comprehend this frenzied passion, and fearing what might be the effect upon his father, were the scene prolonged, bowed his head and went out of the room.

The click of the latch as the door closed seemed to bring Mr. Waring to a sudden realisation of what he had been saying. He called out :

"Wallace ! Wallace ! Come back ! I was wrong ! It is I who am to blame ! Wallace, my son !"

He had made blind haste to follow to the door as he spoke, and, in his eagerness, stumbled over a footstool in the way and fell heavily to the floor, his head striking against the wall with such violence that he lay silent and motionless, and was so lying when his black valet came into the room half an hour later.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAMBERT'S garden, near the upper end of the promenade, opposite the well in the roadway, was a pleasant and convenient place to break a tedious hour. A low wall of gray stone shut in the garden on three sides, giving it a comfortable air of seclusion, and scattered here and there under the trees at the back and to the left of the peaked-roof house were tables for the accommodation of couples or parties. On the other side of the house was a turfed alley, shaded by a long trellis overrun with vines, where the game of ninepins could be played by whomsoever came first to the bowls, the general understanding, however, being that folk of the meaner order must give place to the "quality." Mr. Lambert knew the art of extracting from the juice of cherries a drink at once refreshing and energising, which made no small addition to the attractiveness of his garden; and a bottle of his canary left to hang for an hour in the depth of the well had a masterful way of laying hold upon thirst. Then, to top all, Mrs. Lambert was famous for her tea and crumpets, served fresh every afternoon, and Claudine, the more than comely

daughter of twenty, had a discreet way of winking a black eye as ever won the confidence of a gentleman. What with the tea and crumpets for the ladies, and Claudine's intelligence with the gentlemen, Mr. Lambert found thrift in the fashionable world. It would not be to the purpose to inquire whether Claudine was the model of lively probity and cheerful virtue the ladies believed her to be, nor whether the smile she dropped into one gentleman's tea was more particular in its allowance than that with which she sweetened another's, were her relation to this history only that of a chance Hebe of the teapot, whose morals had nothing to do with the strength of her mother's brew. Perhaps a less conscientious chronicler would hardly think it worth his while to spend time in recounting a trifling circumstance that had no decisive outcome ; but it is sometimes as much a part of interest to know of the inconveniences a hero escapes, as to be informed what adventures befall him. It is with respect to that view only that a discovery which the vivacious Claudine made concerning herself is given an incidental place in the record of events.

Claudine, indolently posed in the corner of a high-backed bench, was watching with indifferent interest a quartette of honest fellows dividing their attentions between the tankards of beer and the knocking over of the ninepins. Suddenly, without any apparent

reason, she gave a convulsive start and sat stiffly erect, her rosy cheeks become ashen and her black eyes enlarged by fear. She sat for a time breathing pantingly through her open mouth, her hands pulling at the top of her bodice as if she felt its pressure suffocating ; then, with a moan of despair, she hurried away like one afraid to be seen, and, running to her room, flung herself on her bed in a paroxysm of weeping.

“W’at troubles Mistress Claudine?” asked one of the players of another.

“There’s no telling what’s the trouble with a woman. They’re skittish critters,” replied the man in a Dutch cap, and the four good men went sensibly on with the play that concerned them, merely nodding their acknowledgment of the fact that Lieutenant Willett, accompanied by Mr. Ashton and Mr. Bradford, had just strolled into the garden, having found the Parade as yet unattractive.

“Ah ! these are the fellows,” said Bradford, “who played a match for our amusement last week. How say you, lieutenant, do you feel inclined to lay a guinea or so on either side? I’ll lay against your choice.”

“You are generous,” laughed Ashton.

“Or is your offer a slight on my judgment?” the lieutenant asked, good-humouredly.

“I am the last man in the world to question the

judgment of Lieutenant Willett — or any other master of pistol and sword. I am but a hedge-sparrow in the matter of opinions. I avoid any choice of a quarrel where the advantages are against me."

"'Tis not your reputation."

"Reputation," said Bradford, "is a braggart. Here is Ashton, now, who passes for a wit, but I swear I never heard him pair two words of meaning."

Ashton clapped him on the shoulder expostulatingly.

"It requires some wit to understand a wit, my dear Allen. A pack of cards and a book of compliments being your only library, how the deuce should you know a wit, though you break your head against him?"

"Easily, my dear Ashton," Bradford laughed, giving his sword a clip, "by his resistance to a yard of good steel. But what do you say to a wager, lieutenant?"

"I'm more for something to drink. Where the devil is everybody?" beating a summons on a bench, and calling "Lambert, Lambert! You are missing trade, man!" he added, as Lambert appeared in the door, hastening forward to receive the orders. "Some bottles of wine."

"And have them cool, Lambert," Ashton cau-

tioned him. "And invite your daughter to come with it. She is its best flavourer."

"I shall charge her, gentlemen," Lambert promised, ending a series of obsequious bows to retire into the house.

"Well, Bradford, I'll chance a guinea on the side of the cap."

"Done. I should have chosen to be against the cap. I do not like the hang of it, and 'tis none of the cleanest. Besides, my grandfather wore a night-cap of that fashion, and I have yet the memory of a birching I got through making a fish-net of it."

"Does your chief regard to a Dutch cap grow out of that memory?" Ashton asked, with an insinuating smile.

"Is that a witticism, Ashton? For hang me if I understand it!"

"No, 'tis a commonplace, since I'm thinking of Miss Vanbergen and the cap you have set for her, which, I take it, is a Dutch cap."

"Gad, Ashton, there is malice in you."

"None in the least, unless your attentions to the lady are not honest."

Bradford's manner became grave.

"Let us have no jests on that subject, Ashton. My attentions to Miss Vanbergen have no other meaning than that I am Wallace Waring's friend, — which means that I am hers as well."

"What the deuce has Wallace Waring to do with the matter?" demanded Ashton. "Why do you couple their names? The town has it that Waring is matched against the lieutenant here which of them shall come surest into Miss Boylston's graces."

Willett had caught eagerly at Bradford's unconscious betrayal of a confidence which he had forgotten for the moment was not a general property.

"Have Miss Vanbergen and Waring come to so much of an understanding?" he asked. "Are you playing the squire in his behalf? I'd give something for that assurance."

"Wallace has returned," Bradford answered. "You'd better ask of him. I am not authorised to say he is not in your way to Miss Boylston."

"Ordinarily," said the lieutenant, lounging into a chair by a table, "I think the better of a man after I have had out a quarrel with him; but, for all he is your friend, Bradford, I must tell you I'm not in love with Waring, and 'twill not mend matters —"

"If he has a mind to Miss Boylston?" Bradford asked, smilingly, as the lieutenant hesitated.

"Exactly," said the lieutenant, with emphasis.

"That is a point you should argue with the lady, for she may have an opinion on the subject."

"Thank Heaven, gentlemen," cried Ashton, "here is wine come to give a healthier flow to your sen-

timents. I swear, I could never understand how it is that two good fellows, gentlemen of acknowledged sense and spirit, should let a difference over a petticoat mar their tempers. Women were set into the world for man's amusement, for his cheerful pastime, and to take them seriously is to clap a coxcomb on to the head of wisdom."

Lambert set two bottles of wine on the table, and presently Claudine, troubled of countenance and humid of eye, despite a certain enforced play of the lips, brought out a tray with the glasses.

The gentlemen said flattering things, and Claudine made agreeable replies, her French readiness being more than a balance to her heavy-heartedness. But she contrived, in leaning to put down the tray, to whisper in Lieutenant Willett's ear :

"I want to speak with you."

At the same time, the laughter and bantering among the players at ninepins announced the finish of the game, and Bradford called out :

"Which side has won, my man? For there is a guinea on the issue."

"Not your man, neither, Master Bradford," responded the man in the cap, "for 'tis our side has it."

"So much for your judgment, Willett. I hope it may prove as sound when 'tis more to your profit. Will you have the guinea, or shall I fling it to them

to drink your health?" Taking the permission for granted, he tossed the piece to the men, who received it with a shout of good-nature. "There, my fine fellows, get as drunk as a guinea will let you."

"But you must go into the kitchen for your drinking," said Lambert to the men, speaking with a slight French accent. "I see the gentlefolks walking this way, and some of them may wish to play."

"Then you must first give the bowls a bath, friend Lambert," Bradford advised. "They have the soil of labour on them."

"Yes," said the man in the cap, with an amiable leer, "and it's tax on labour that puts the fine coat on your back, Mr. Bradford. That's the soil of labour, too."

"Excellently said, my democratic friend," Bradford cried, heartily joining in the laugh of the men and taking out a coin to throw. "And there's another guinea for your wit. I'll pay you as well, Ashton, when you grow as apt."

"I should be sorry to ruin a friend," Ashton rejoined, "for I'm not sure that your purse will go further than my wit."

"Gad, Willett, that's one of his ill-tempered drives at my having borrowed half a thousand, in a pinch, and which he had the impudence to win before it was cold in my pocket. By George! has Willett given us the slip?"

"No; you may see him yonder, advising with Claudine upon the complexion best suited to a panegyric."

"I supposed she had had your counsel."

"Indeed, no, Allen. I never go beyond an ogle with a pert virgin. They are very well to hand about in a dance, or to lend variety to a promenade; but when I venture on a steeple-chase, I trust to something better seasoned than a filly."

At that moment, Lieutenant Willett, looking rather blankly at the fringes of Claudine's downcast eyes, was saying, but entirely without conviction:

"But it is quite impossible, Claudine. You have taken a scare at a shadow."

"But it is true."

"Well, and if it were, why do you come to me?"

"And why not to you?" She looked up with just the glint of a defiance in her eyes.

"Why not to another?" he asked, with meaning, and then, bending a little more toward her, he repeated, with a different inflection, "Why not to another, Claudine? I'll make it worth your while."

"What other?" She asked the question experimentally. She had a curiosity to find how observing the lieutenant might have been.

Willett hesitated, twisting at his chin as if to screw out of it a governing suggestion. With the

toe of his boot he traced the angles of two letters in the path.

"There," he said, directing her attention to the marks.

"What is that? 'W. W.?'"

"Yes."

"And they stand for —"

"Wallace Waring."

Claudine laughed, and quite merrily, notwithstanding she had been debating some very grave questions with herself in the last half-hour.

"Why, I hardly know him! He has not spoken to me a dozen times. It would be ridiculous."

"On the contrary, it would be very sensible, for you will be £200 the richer for a statement that will do him no very great harm and will do me a devilishly pretty service."

"How?"

"That I must beg leave to keep to myself."

"Why should I injure a gentleman who has done nothing to offend me?"

"Because you will rather point out some one for whom you care little than sacrifice a friend."

"I think not. If I am to suffer on a friend's account, 'tis the friend rather than another to whom I should look for protection."

"You shall not want protection, that I promise you. Deuce take it, Claudine, if you will be sensible,

you shall live as much the lady as your wish will have you. Look at the matter fairly, and find how much you may benefit by obliging me, and how small gain it will be to you if you provoke me. The charge would put me to so much inconvenience that, though I swear 'twould pain me to deny having had the favour of so charming a creature, I should have to treat it as a slander — ”

“ Oh, I know,” she interrupted, “ how preciously the law and society take care of a gentleman against such as me. You needn't think me fool enough to look to the law. I'll look to the river sooner. But I thought — I thought you would befriend me.”

“ Plague take it, Claudine, I ask but the privilege. 'Twas the thing I had to propose. You shall go from here when it pleases you and live where you may choose, with an allowance to content you, — if, on going, you will leave behind for your father some ten lines of my dictation.”

“ How do you know you could afford what I might demand? You are not so very rich, I think.” Claudine was coquette above all, and already her fears and the scruples raised by them were vanishing into very thin air.

“ When a man is a favourite of the cards, my dear Claudine,” he said, jestingly, giving her chin a fillip with his forefinger, “ fortune becomes his mistress. The purses of my friends are at my service. But if

you will act as I bid you, I may hope to secure as gentlemanly a fortune as my tastes demand. Come ; say it is agreed. Put your eyes into your tongue and make the 'yes' audible. Egad ! Claudine, I did not have so much difficulty at persuasion on an occasion less to your making ! Eh, Deenie ? ”

“ But why should I leave a letter for my father ? Do you think he would post it in the coffee-house ? ”

“ No ; but I can trust to your mother's whispering into every lady's ear enough to set a story moving around the town.”

“ I see not how you think to gain in the matter. A credit for gallantry is thought to improve a man in the women's eyes.”

“ But not in a sweetheart's eyes, Claudine. You women want every man inconstant but your own. Let the story get currency, and trust me to make good use of it. Faith, I'll not wait till it is current ; 'twere a pity if I might not be one of the first to debate a rumour of my own creating.”

“ Do you know that I begin to find you something of a knave ? ” She smiled as if knavery were something to a man's embellishment.

“ All men are so, my beauty, and you and I would find the world devilishly humdrum were they not. I can imagine nothing so depressing as a paradise of saints. I swear, Claudine, I believe that bit of throat

peeping through this fold of lace has just the circumference of my lips. Humph! I thought so."

"I'm being called."

"The world is beginning to arrive, no doubt."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MISS VANBERGEN had none of that candour which invites the world to look in upon its cabinet of woes and griefs and disappointments. She was rather of a nature to conceal the possession of such a treasury, and, like a miser with his gold, only visited it in secret. And as the miser bemoans his poverty in the proportion that his hoardings increase, so Miss Vanbergen, as her heart got heavier with anxiety over Wallace's absence at sea, became livelier of conduct and lighter of laughter in the public eye. No one danced so gaily at the parties, or came more regularly to air her finery in the Parade, or more readily lent herself to the frivolities of the quickened autumnal season. Allen Bradford, who most frequently was her escort and guide in these pleasant dissipations, began to wonder if the corsair were not as much out of her heart as out of her sight; and he fell to building vague, almost indefinable hopes on the fact that she so invariably gave the conversation a flippant turn into other channels whenever he spoke of Wallace. Not that Bradford had the least shadow of disloyalty to his absent friend to trouble his mind;

but he was not so quixotic that he thought it necessary to sacrifice actualities to illusions. And how was he to know that no one looked so often or so longingly toward the open horizon as did Miss Vanbergen, that no one listened so attentively to the news and rumours from the sea, that no one ran so eagerly to the docks when a vessel came into the bay? What should he or any one know of the hours passed at the chamber window that looked out toward the sea, and of the tearful yearnings of the girl sitting there, praying for the privilege to fling her arms about the neck of a valiant pirate and murmur a thousand pretty pleas for forgiveness in his ear? And how was any one to guess that Miss Vanbergen had thought seriously of urging her father to send out a vessel to search the sea and its worst places for this long-tarrying gentleman who might have been ill-starred enough to suffer wreck on the rocks of some island solitude? Half of her gaiety was, in point of fact, nervous disturbance, and her laughter was beginning to have in it something of extravagance when Hendrik greeted her return from a meditative ramble up the west shore with the announcement that Wallace's ship had come in, bringing a prize with it. She felt a sudden tightening of her body, as if it had been crushed in upon her by a mighty force, and the earth seemed to have stopped going around; but Hendrik was tugging at her arm, urging

her to come with him to the docks where all the town was gathered. Being a lusty chap and impatient with excitement, Hendrik gave her enough physical pain to keep her conscious of herself and prevent that going down in a heap which the loveliest of women have not yet learned to manage with entirely commendable grace.

Now that Wallace had come in proof of the folly of her fears and anxieties on his account, the eagerness to confess herself in his arms seemed to have gone with those fears. Moreover, with that perversity which is so peculiarly a feminine quality, she passed from self-upbraidings to a criticism of Wallace for having sailed away without so much as a note of farewell, and without ever having made the smallest effort to reestablish himself in her favour. Decidedly the fault lay with him, and she would wait with becoming dignity for his recognition of the fact, feeling sure that in their first meeting that triumph would come to her.

Mastering her emotions and inclinations by a vigorous exercise of will, she sent Hendrik away, pleading that she was too weary for a walk to the docks, and went to her room, resolved that if any one failed of loveliness and charm in the Parade that afternoon it should not be she.

But Wallace had come from the interview with his father too much stunned by the unexpected vio-

lence of the denunciations hurled at him to have any heart for a *tol-de-rol-lol* gathering for compliments and levities. He was much more in the mood for hitting out impartially, letting who would feel what the sea's ozone had done for his muscles in the past dozen weeks. He had been humiliated by one upon whom he could not avenge himself in any pride-appearing way. One must suffer much from one's father, even a certain amount of dishonouring outrage. But the shame he had felt under the unsparing words gave place to a bitter rebelliousness against the unjust excess of the invective. Though he had sufficiently realised the moral default of his yielding to a temptation to sign his father's name to a scrap of paper, he was, at the same time, conscious of his entire freedom from any worse motive than a desire to save himself from a disgrace that seemed much more hideous than the offer to counteract his father's unreasonableness. He believed that intention was everything, and had imagined that his father would feel rebuked by the knowledge that he had forced him to this desperate act of self-defence. When, therefore, he reflected upon the scene from which he had just come, anger got the better of every other emotion, and he found excellent reason to reproach his father for having turned upon him in this extraordinary manner, after having taught him all his life that the money in bank was the same as his own. At

the same time he felt as humiliated as if the words spoken with such vehemence in the library had slipped maliciously through the open window and gone hurrying about the town to beat in the ears of every mischievous gossip, and he had no present inclination to meet with any one who could question his temper.

And Luya, peeping through the curtains of her window, saw him pass the house without so much as a glance in its direction, and had an intuitive sense of a wasted hour at the toilet.

Wallace went directly to Mr. Harmsen's office and promptly tendered his resignation of the captaincy of the privateer.

"You fint t'e work too hart, he?" Mr. Harmsen asked, in surprise, and inclined to argue the matter.

"No, Mr. Harmsen, 'tis the pleasantest employment I could ask for myself, and if you know another berth of the kind that wants an occupant I should be glad of your recommendation."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Mr. Harmsen, wisely, taking the heavy-rimmed spectacles from his eyes, the better to look at Wallace. "You vant more pay! Goot cracious! Mr. Waring, you haf two times petter pay as any o'ter captain in New York!"

"Then I dare say you will have small difficulty in finding me an exchange."

"Ja, t'at may be. Your fat'er has said so?"

"My father is not concerned in the matter."

"Got in hemel! you say t'at! Your fat'er is not concern't! Haf so much gootness, t'en, to tell me whose fat'er is concern't? No, no, Mr. Varing, you can't make afdanking, t'at is resignations, unless your fat'er says so."

"As you please, Mr. Harmsen. But if you let the ship wait for my orders her guns will go into old iron and her hulk into firewood for want of other usage."

"But, Mr. Varing," Mr. Harmsen expostulated, "it is your fat'er's boat!"

"Precisely the reason why I can no longer command it. Good day," going out of the door as he spoke.

"'Tis tesertions, Mr. Varing!" Mr. Harmsen called after him, anxiously. "I vant to sent t'at poat out right away again."

"You have my leave, Mr. Harmsen, and good adventure attend her," Wallace called back, and turned the corner, going in the direction of the inn.

As he was nearing the inn, a child's voice cried out behind him:

"Wait, Mr. Wallace! Wait!"

He looked over his shoulder, and saw Hendrik running to overtake him.

"What is it, Hendrik?" he asked, as the boy came up.

"I want to shake hands with you and say how d'ye do."

"And how are you, my lad?" Wallace asked, cheerily, taking the boy's hand, and finding a pleasure in looking into the smiling face so much in the likeness of another.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, Mr. Wallace. You know they had begun to say we were not going to see you any more."

"Who said that, Hendrik?"

"Oh, everybody. You were away so long."

"Well, it would not have mattered so much if I hadn't come back, eh, Hendrik? No one would have missed me long, I dare say."

"I should have missed you, any way, Mr. Wallace."

"That would have been very good of you, Hendrik."

"And I'm sure we all would have missed you, too."

"And what makes you think that, Hendrik?"

"I don't know. I think everybody likes you."

"Have you heard any one say as much?"

"I haven't heard 'em say it. But don't you think they do?"

"No doubt of it, Hendrik, no doubt of it. And have you been hearty and happy since I saw you last?"

“Oh, I should think so! There is more fun at our house than there used to be. Luya has got to be a regular young lady now, and has people come to parties, and it’s ever so much more fun. We had a dance in the big parlour, with men to play the fiddles, and you should have seen it! There never could have been anything finer. They let me stay up that night as long as I wanted to, so I didn’t go to bed until the last person had gone away.”

“That was Mr. Wilbruch, I suppose?”

“I don’t remember now, but I suppose it was.”

“Mr. Wilburch is in business with your father now, I hear.”

“Yes; that was Luya’s doing. Jacob was going away to school. Don’t you think it funny for a big man like Jacob to want to go to school? Luya must have thought that; anyway, I heard her talking to Jacob about it one time, and she told him there were too many men who had just been spoiled for anything by going to school too much, and she thought he’d better stay at home, because nobody would think any the more of him for having eaten a lot of books,—that’s what Luya said, but of course Jacob wasn’t going to eat any books. You know Luya says foolish things just for fun.”

“And I hear that Mr. Wilbruch is to be a member of the family.”

“Oh, Jacob is a member of the family. He has

always been. Don't you know that my papa was Jacob's papa when Jacob was a little boy, before I was born?"

"Yes, I know that. So your sister is very happy in these days?"

"Ever so happy. But don't you think girls are queer? They cry when they are happy. I'm just the other way, aren't you? I cry when I am miserable. This morning when I told Luya that you had come back, and wanted her to go to the docks with me, she wouldn't, and told me to go without her. I went up-stairs to get my ball and bat so I could play with the boys, since Luya wouldn't come along. And while I was looking for them, Luya came into her room, and didn't notice that my door was open, I suppose; and pretty soon I heard —"

"But you mustn't tell me anything your sister might not care to have me know, Hendrik."

"Oh, Luya doesn't care who knows she's happy. I wouldn't tell you if she wasn't. Well, I heard Luya crying, that's what I heard. Not crying out loud like I cry, but you know the way girls cry. I thought she was sorry for something and that made me sorry, too, so I just tiptoed in, went to her to make her feel better, and put my arms around her neck and commenced to cry with her, asking her what the matter was. And then, do you know, she patted my cheek and laughed at me, and called me a silly boy, and

said she was only crying because she was so happy. And I asked her what made her so happy that she had to cry, and I bet you can't think what it was!"

"No, I can't think what it could have been, Hendrik; you'll have to tell me."

"She said it was because the sea gives back more than it keeps! Wasn't that a funny thing to cry about?"

"Very," Wallace assented, with a smile, but feeling a sudden bound of the pulse. "Was that all she said?"

"Yes; she made me go away because she wanted to dress."

"Do you ever," Wallace began, in a curiously embarrassed way, fearing to betray the extent of his interest, and yet counting on the ingenuousness of Hendrik, "do you ever hear your sister speak about — about her friends?"

"Of course. She is talking about somebody all the time."

"Of course. Mr. Wilbruch, for example."

"Oh, she doesn't have to talk about Jacob. She just talks to him. He's there so much, you know. And so is Mr. Bradford. He comes almost every day. He's very nice. I don't like Mr. Ashton, though. He called me an urchin."

"That was most ill-mannered of him. And what

does your sister say of the friends she does not see so often?"

"Oh, she says she would like to see them. But I don't believe Luya has got any friends like that except our folks in Albany. She would like to see them again."

"And you have never heard her speak of me?"

"Oh, yes, a lot."

"What were some of the things she said?"

"I don't exactly know," Hendrik said, having a strong wish to be obliging and polite, yet much disturbed by his memory's refusal to serve him with any reliable data; "but I can think them up. I remember things best when I'm in bed, don't you? I'll know heaps to tell you in the morning."

"Never mind, Hendrik; put yourself to no inconvenience of thinking, for I dare say I may think them out as well for myself. We have had a prime gossip, have we not? And I've walked with you so far beyond the inn that I shall have a day's journey back. But you have put me into a pleasant humour, Hendrik, and I'm obliged to you. My compliments to your family."

"Won't you walk on to see them? It is such a little way farther."

"You see, Hendrik, that I am not dressed for company. I shall wait till my appearance is better calculated to please."

“And if you will see Luya at her best,” cried Hendrik, lighting up in a sudden enthusiasm, “you’ll need to wait till the ball. I warrant there will be none to stand beside her. She had on the new gown yesterday for trial, and I saw her in it. You should have seen her! She was just like one of the fairies out of the coloured book Jacob brought me from Boston. I loved her more than ever.”

“So there is a ball preparing?”

“Haven’t you heard? It is to be a grand affair. I should have thought you would have heard at the inn, for ’tis to be there next Thursday night, — just a week from yesterday.”

“And your sister is going with — Mr. Wilbruch?”

“Oh, no! with Mr. Bradford.”

Wallace enjoyed a sense of relief, until, recollecting that Jacob was not a dancing man, he admitted that Bradford’s going to a dance with Luya was no evidence against the rumour that Wilbruch was “to marry the Vanbergen girl.” He shook hands with Hendrik, and turned to retrace his steps, Hendrik going on toward the Parade. But, in a minute or two, Hendrik came running after him.

“Oh, Mr. Wallace! I’d like to know if you are to go to the ball.”

“I don’t know, Hendrik. Why?”

“Because I want you to see Luya. And” — as if imparting a profound secret — “I’m going to try to peek in!”

“Well, Hendrik, I dare say I shall manage to ‘peek in’ too.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

SEVERAL days having passed without any sign of eagerness on the part of Wallace to renew their friendship, Luya began to have some uneasiness as to the wisdom of her policy, which she confessed was an ungenerous one. She wished that she had obeyed her impulses and made prompt overtures to a reconciliation, and blamed her vanity for having led her to believe that Wallace was so much in subjection to her that he could have no choice but to fling away pride and come to beg for pardon where it was his privilege to bestow forgiveness. He seemed to be so far from such a spirit of self-abnegation that, so little could she find to the contrary, he gave every evidence of a purpose to ignore her. Indeed, it was not so favourable as that, she argued, because, to ignore, one requires that there be a purpose which must have some thought of the person, and Luya could only think that Wallace had become indifferent to her.

Such reports of him as came to her ears, filtered through the conversations with Hendrik and Jacob and Mr. Vanbergen and Bradford, did not at all give

her the idea of a melancholy young gentleman pining to death with an affection of the heart. He was more than ever gay, it seemed, having added to his natural liveliness of spirit something of a sea-dog joviality that showed itself in a readiness to test any worthy competitor's endurance at the bottle. He was on terms of the best understanding with Miss Bolyston, as one could see with half an eye; and twice in the mall and once in the Sunday church throng when he was with that lady, Wallace had lifted his hat with a fine sweep in recognition of the stiff little bows which the ladies exchanged, but with no appearance of saluting Luya on his own account.

To aggravate her discontent, the frivolous Miss Lynn, whose ambition it was to be smartly malicious, but whose wit only allowed her to be tedious, came with her usual budget of scandalous small talk to assure Luya that she had it on the best authority that Mr. Waring, being in threatening straits, had arranged for a redemptive marriage between his son and Miss Boylston. Miss Lynn meant only to be amusingly spiteful at Wallace's expense, as she knew nothing of Luya's inward griefs; but the gossip was run off in Mrs. Vanbergen's presence, and the excellent woman saw how very deeply Luya received the chance thrust, notwithstanding her flippant reply to Miss Lynn.

The visitor having left them, Mrs. Vanbergen was

on the point of making some observations which she thought would prove timely, but hesitated how to begin, a hesitancy accompanied by a hemming to clear the throat which Luya had long ago learned to interpret.

"I see, mamma, that you are thinking to give me a prosing."

"Would you think it prosing if I offer to counsel you?"

"I know not what other name you may give it, for I protest I know of nothing more prosy than advice. But if it is a pleasure to you to imagine me again at your apron-strings, it is my pleasure to be there. Now, then, you sweetest of preachers, I am ready," laughingly kneeling in front of her mother, and leaning upon her lap; "begin — but I will not have you talk on any one of six subjects."

"And what subjects are they?"

"I shall name them as you trespass on them."

"I am afraid I should find myself quite silenced by that means," Mrs. Vanbergen smiled.

"Then let me be your vicar. I'll talk for you, and lay to heart in the pleasantest manner possible all the wise reflections I shall take from your mind. In the first place I shall heed your wish that I dance but moderately at the ball to-night; and I shall not quit the room after until I have wrapped the silk scarf twice about my throat —"

"Luya, my child," Mrs. Vanbergen interrupted, in a gently chiding way, stroking the ripples of light brown hair over the temples, "do you think you can deceive your mother? Do you think I cannot look deeper into your heart than where the smiles are?"

"And what do you see below the smiles?"

"Some of the tears that fall when you are alone."

"Indeed, mamma, you see but the tears that may be in your own eyes, for I am as free from a reason to weep —"

"As you are from the will to confide in me?"

"Nonsense, mamma!"

"Exactly what I say, Luya,— it is nonsense for you to go on in this stubborn way, beating your heart to pieces against the prejudices of a stupid old man."

"But my heart is not beating in pieces. It does its work in a very regular and methodical way, I give you my word, mamma. And if it were feeble enough to get out of repair, and fall to doing eccentric things, it shall never be over anybody's prejudices but my own."

"Do you imagine, Luya, that I do not see that your cheeks are thinner and paler?"

"And do you imagine, you blessed trembler, that a girl can play at fashion and keep all the colour and plumpness of a dairymaid? I have just the modish complexion."

"Then I could wish you were less modish and

more in your former contentment. Though, for my life, I cannot see why you need be miserable, for, if you may not have just the man you love the most, let me tell you, Luya, the best fortune for a girl is to get the man who loves her well. To be well loved is better for a woman than to love."

What Luya might have answered had not Mr. Vanbergen entered the room, Mrs. Vanbergen was left to conjecture. But Mr. Vanbergen having heard and approved his wife's remark, broke in cheerily to declare :

"Ja, 'tis so! I t'ink t'at vay. You petter haf t'e same opinions, Luya."

Luya arose, and, kissing her mother's cheek, went to Mr. Vanbergen and said, with mock severity :

"Papa Vanbergen, when you are about to enter a room where ladies are talking in private, you should make a noise before opening the door."

"Put you and your moeder ton't count. Besites, I haf talked to your moeder apout t'e very business, and my opinions is her opinions. I t'ink, also, t'at 'tis petter for a voomans to love t'an pe lovet. Put you von't tone neiter, for you von't marry Vallace Varing, and you von't marry Jacob ; ant so I say, talking all t'e time as your fat'er —"

"Which it is very impolite of you to do, papa, since you see me anxious to get past you without tipping you over. And I find it most unkind of you

to reproach me with not having married, when I should have thought you would be glad to keep me with you. But, though you are cruel enough to blame me for my devotion, I have charity enough to forgive you in spite of it."

She pinched his two lips together while she was speaking, and now kissing one corner of them she left him laughingly, and escaped out of the room.

"Donder! vife, if she von't, vat are ve going to to for kleinzoon? Ve must haf grantchiltren."

"The Lord will send them in his own time, Evert."

"Put he von't sent t'em if somepoty ton't let him know t'at ve vant t'em. You haf to take t'e Lort into your confitences ven you vant him to to you favours."

"I believe Luya is most unhappy, Evert."

"Vat you say! A girls as full of amusingness like t'at, unhappy! Ant going to a tances in a gown t'at cost me twenty pounts! Unhappy! How you talk, vife! Vy shoul't she pe unhappy?"

"Because Wallace Waring has been home a week without once having called to see her."

"Tamn Vallace Varing! I t'ought she hat forgotten all apout him. I'll go have some talks vit him. I'll pring him pack to her."

"Bless your soul, Evert, you could do nothing to make Luya more angry with you."

"Angry vit me for pringing to her t'e man she vants?"

"Yes, if the man had not come without the bringing."

"Vell, t'en, vy t'e tuivel she ton't take Jacob? He comes vitout t'e pringing! But t'at's t'e vay! If you gif a voomans vat she vants she ton't vant it, ant t'e ting she can't haf is t'e t'ing she can't lif vitout."

"How about me, Evert?" Mrs. Vanbergen asked, putting an arm about his shoulder, and smiling into his troubled face.

Mr. Vanbergen let the dim frown fade quite out of his forehead, and the habitual smile recovered possession of his lips.

"You aren't a voomans, you are a angels. You slippet out of heavens ven nopoty vas looking."

He brushed back the loop of gray hair from her brow, and smoothed her cheek with his chubby hand, gazing upon her with an expression of satisfied ownership that would have been comical had it not been infinitely tender. Then he took her head between both his hands and kissed her, held her head a little from him to note the effect, and kissed her again.

"Ve are some happy olt fools, he, vife?"

"Old and happy, yes, Evert; and fools maybe."

"Vell, 'tis a goot t'ing to pe fools like t'at."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LUYA, on quitting the room, had found Jacob in the kitchen at the mercy of Hendrik, who was rating him roundly upon his declining interest in the carrier service of the pigeons. Jacob had been in the habit of taking the pigeons once a week to keep them over night, and send them back in the morning with messages bound to their legs. This he had neglected to do for the past two weeks, and Hendrik was complaining that the birds would get out of practice, Jacob seriously explaining the unreasonableness of the fear.

“You must not scold Jacob, Hendrik; that is my own exclusive privilege. And then, I want him to be in the good humour now to take me for a walk along the Battery. I wish to get my lungs full of sea air, Jacob, to fortify me for the ball to-night. Are you inclined to oblige me with your company?”

“I am ready,” said Jacob, rising and taking up his hat.

“Wait for me on the stoop. I shall not be five minutes behind you.”

She went to put on the most capricious thing of a bonnet, and joined him with a lavender-coloured, soft crape shawl, draped over her shoulders, the autumn days having begun to lose something of their mildness. And she had thrust into her hair a rose that hung down over her ear in the most fascinatingly rowdy fashion, defiantly threatening to quit its place with every motion she made, but giving a coquettish addition to the quiet charm of her toilet. It pleasantly piqued Jacob, who wondered if she knew that it hung so insecurely, and if he should not offer to put it better in place, — but thinking it the prettiest accident that ever perfected beauty.

They had made some turns up and down, nodding to the other promenaders, but few in number, Luya chatting animatedly, Jacob replying with his usual laconic slowness, when, arriving in front of one of the benches, Luya said, abruptly :

“Sit down here now, Jacob, and tell me what it is that makes you so prodigiously solemn. I could swear you are in a mind to beat me, you are so very gruff and curt.”

“I, Luya !”

“You, Jacob. I see very well you are vexed with me. You are provoked against me, and haven’t the art to conceal your displeasure. Well, then, take me to task that I may have the liberty to defend myself ; for I find nothing so detestable as accusations that

are unanswerable through being unspoken. In what have I offended you, Jacob?"

"I don't like to see you unjust, that's all, Luya," Jacob answered, frankly and simply.

"Unjust!" exclaimed Luya. "Whatever do you mean, Jacob?" though her look straight ahead and away from him was a distinct confession that she knew well enough what he meant. "I hope you are not going to charge me in enigmas."

"I mean the way you are treating Wallace Waring."

"Treating him! I am having nothing whatever to do with him."

"That is it. You should have."

"Really! And do you know how that gentleman has treated *me*? If I had not eyes that will carry at distance, I should not be sure that Mr. Waring is in town at all! I vow, Jacob, I have half a mind to be vexed with you for reminding me how much I am in Mr. Waring's neglect."

"The fault is yours, Luya. You know very well it is in the heart of no man to neglect you if you give him leave to seek you."

"Leave, indeed, Jacob! When Mr. Waring comes to ask my leave —"

"You should not wait for that. You should send to him."

"Upon my word, Jacob!" said Luya, willing to seem offended, but conscious how little reason she

had to play a vain rôle with the downright candour of this man who knew her heart hardly less surely than she knew it herself.

"You are driving him away from you," Jacob went on, evenly, as if stating the merest commonplaces. "He is as proud as you are. Other friends are kinder to him. Miss Boylston is not so hard to come at. If you turn him away, it would be no marvel if he went to her."

"And if he were to do that?"

"'Twould be a great pity."

"You have a mighty sympathy with Mr. Waring, Jacob!"

"No; I haven't thought much about him. But I shouldn't like to see two people spoil their lives over a trifle of pride. You are in the wrong, Luya. It is your place to set things right. He only wants a word from you. Your heart is eager to speak that word. Speak it."

"Why, Jacob," she said, looking wonderingly into his face, a tone of admiration in her voice, "do you know you are pleading the cause of a — rival?"

She spoke the last words in hesitating delicacy, putting out her hand to let her fingers rest on his arm. She doubted if he realised in the moment the full meaning of his words. She thought he would have been glad of the estrangement.

"Not the cause of a rival, Luya," he said, shaking

his head. "I am pleading only for your — happiness. I want to see you happy. I haven't any rivals. I should be ready to kill any man who could wrong you, but I could not feel anything but goodwill for the man who loves you and whom you love. I want to see you marry the man you love. I can't bear to see you taking a course to break your heart at last. It is your place to make amends, — for Wallace doesn't know yet what prompted you to write what you did to him. You haven't explained to him as you have to me, but it is to him that the explanation belongs. He thinks now that it was —"

Jacob stopped, his mind having begun to review a scene in the counting-room the second day after Wallace Waring's return. He was alone at the desk when Wallace came in, and he had risen with a friendly exclamation and an outstretched hand of welcome.

But Wallace had repelled him with a gesture not altogether courteous.

"I am not come to shake hands, Mr. Wilbruch. My purpose is rather to settle a doubt at the sword's point, if you cannot persuade me that my suspicions wrong you."

Jacob looked a moment in surprised study of the calmly angry face before him, then thrust forward a chair and, requesting Wallace to be seated, went

to turn the key in the lock. Wallace did not sit down, and Jacob, coming back, stood mildly curious in front of him.

"What are your suspicions?" he asked.

"They concern the pains I think you took to dishonour me in a lady's eyes."

"What lady?"

"There is hardly a need of names between us."

"You mean Luya?"

"I mean Miss Vanbergen," Wallace said, correctively. "You, Mr. Wilbruch, are the only person acquainted with the circumstances of the affair in which you officiously interested yourself, who could have had any motive in making a bad showing of them to the lady I have named. Besides yourself there were only Lieutenant Willett and Mr. Bradford who had knowledge of the facts; and I do not hesitate to point you out as the one to have incensed the lady against me, the others having so little reason to injure me in that direction. The lady wrote me a note of dismissal that proved her to have had the worst aspects of the affair set before her. I come to you at my first opportunity for an explanation."

Jacob had stood with no other sign than a hardening of the face into something more than its habitual gravity, until Wallace had finished. He then crossed the room, unlocked and opened the door, and, holding it ajar, said, quietly :

"You come to the wrong person for an explanation, Mr. Waring."

"You refuse me an explanation?" Wallace demanded, stepping forward, threateningly.

"I have nothing to explain."

"Then you shall give me satisfaction. I shall send my friends to you."

"You may save yourself that trouble. I shall not engage with your friends."

"You will refuse me the satisfaction I demand of you?"

"I owe you no satisfaction. I shall not fight with you. These are business hours. Some one may come. May I ask you to go?"

Wallace laughed.

"I might have known you were a coward as well as a rogue, since none but a coward would pretend to befriend a man in order the better to betray him. So, you will not fight, Mr. Wilbruch. You are content to have gained your point without risk to your skin, and feel secure enough in your possession not to take the peril of defending it. There were small credit in striking you, but, that nothing may be omitted —"

Wallace had raised his hand to slap it into Jacob's face, but it was arrested in its course. Though not wanting in strength himself, he felt that there was more than his master in the grip that held his wrist,

and he scarcely attempted to release himself from Jacob's grasp. But he looked fiercely enough into Jacob's eyes during the seconds that his wrist was in that vice-like pressure, until suddenly it came upon him that there was something marvellously steady in those gray eyes, and something far from ignoble in the calm, clear face over which not so much as a shadow of anger had passed. And Wallace continued to gaze, after his arm had been released, all that was fine in his own nature rising up to accuse him as against this man, and, before he was aware of his purpose to speak, he had declared :

“You are not a coward, Wilbruch, and damn me if I can believe you are a rogue !”

Then a change, like the light on a leaf which flutters between sunshine and shadow in the breeze, passed swiftly over Jacob's face ; but before his thoughts got into words, Wallace, perturbed and uncertain, had gone out at the door still held open for him.

Jacob, reviewing this scene, and thinking for the hundredth time upon the enlightening things he might have said had his wits been better servants to his will, was brought to take account of Luya's presence by a tug at his coat-sleeve.

“You are a long time finding what it is that Mr. Waring thinks now ! Where have you sent your mind in chase of him ?”

"I was going to say that he thinks I am in some way to blame for your treatment of him." He put his hands on hers in an apologetic way as he added, "It isn't like you, Luya, to be unjust; but you are being unjust to three people, — most unjust to yourself. You are punishing yourself in making Wallace suffer and you are letting him believe things are true that are not true. I am not saying what I want to say. I don't know how to say things. But you owe it to Wallace to make friends with him. Do it."

Luya sat silent for a time, looking at a passing sail, and thinking how sensible was Jacob's way of seeing things. She recalled their conversation in the boat at Albany when she had offered to marry him, and he seemed now, as then, a sort of monitor with less than his share of human frailties and passions.

"Sometimes I marvel at you, Jacob. You are not a man of these days. You belong to the time of knights. You shall be my knight. I'll pin this rose to your breast. You may change it to the coat you will wear at the ball to-night, if it keeps its freshness, — and I promise you that before it is quite withered away I shall do my best to make my peace with Wallace."

She took the rose from her hair, though he would have prevented her, and began pinning it on his breast.

"You should have left it where it was prettiest," he protested.

"It is ungenteel of you not to think it prettiest where I choose to place it. Oh! there, you see, — your rebellion has made me prick my finger."

She held up the finger, showing him the tiny drop of blood peeping through the white skin.

"And pin-points are poisonous," Jacob said, taking her hand with as much concern as if the affair were serious, and quickly putting his lips to the finger to draw the poison.

"How foolish of you, Jacob!" she laughed, half struggling to get her hand free. "'Tis nothing. At least you might have let me do it for myself."

"How perfectly charming a picture!" some one cried, and Luya, starting up and looking behind her, saw that Miss Boylston, Wallace, Miss Lynn, and Ashton had approached them, crossing from the Parade.

"And a thousand pities to have spoiled it!" Miss Lynn simpered. "I vow, Miss Boylston, you should not have spoken."

"You lent yourself most feelingly to the pose, Miss Vanbergen," Ashton said. "You're quite an adept in the art."

"I am sure," Luya said, covering her embarrassment with a mocking gaiety, "that Miss Boylston

or Miss Lynn may do as well, if you will oblige them with a finger-prick."

"Oh, 'twas a hurt finger!" Miss Boylston laughed; "and the gentleman's lips were laid on as poultices! 'Tis the very romance of surgery."

"Egad! I'd turn surgeon for such practice as that," Ashton declared. "What say you, Waring?"

Wallace was rather in the vein for wringing necks than for kissing fingers, and might have made some answer not entirely courteous had not Luya, obeying an impulse that was partly the prompting of pride, anticipated him.

"I am sure Mr. Waring will not need to make himself a surgeon in order to show politeness to a lady." Then, advancing toward him, and holding out her hand, she added, with a look and a smile that he would have been dull to misunderstand, "I believe I am the last of your friends to welcome you back, but my welcome is not the least sincere."

He took her hand and bowed over it, and would have released it without a pressure but that her fingers seemed to cling to him. He raised her hand to his lips.

"Forgive me, Wallace," she whispered.

He lifted his head and they exchanged glances that were more eloquent than speech; but, giving him no time to reply in words, she turned to Jacob and said, laughingly:

“Come, surgeon, we will leave these good people to break jests upon us without embarrassment.”

And, taking Jacob's arm, she went up the walk with him, finding the earth surprisingly elastic under her step.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was commonly agreed that the ball was a famous affair. No one was invidious enough to pretend to a memory of anything more brilliant in kind. Perhaps more democratic in variety than one or two that had given earlier renown to the Black Horse Inn, it suffered nothing in point of elegance from comparison with any social event in the history of the town. Indeed, the gentlemen and principal merchants of the city, in uniting to do honour to the Governor, had resolved to leave nothing undone that could contribute to the celebrity of the fête. Never were so many candles seen blazing to light an equal number of people; and that the illumination of mind might be no less radiant, wine was to be served by the hogshead. Notable guests had arrived by invitation from Philadelphia and Albany, as well as from Williamsburg and Charleston, and there was a chance Personage come from London to confer with the Governor on certain colonial problems; so that local dignity was much put to it to preserve a proper distinction. There were some initial perplexities over questions of precedence; but where the wish to be amiable is

superior to every other consideration, difficulties of the sort are easy of adjustment by that simple rule of courtesy which substitutes sensibility for egotism. Good-humour locked arms with gaiety ; and if it be the rule that assemblies are but a tediousness to the flesh and a weariness to the soul, certainly this November night ball, the last which Mr. Todd lived to see under his hospitable roof, had no acquaintance with ennui.

It is hardly to be denied that there was some of that ostentation of riches which many imagine to be the evidence of a social eminence ; nor need it be pretended that there was no vulgarity decked out in velvets and laces ; but there was much to justify the remark of the Personage to the Governor that he "should not look to find a prettier company in St. James's itself." The beaux were as smart as their London patterns, in their long-skirted coats of rich velvet, in a colour to suit the taste of the wearer ; and had as shapely legs for satin small-clothes and silk stockings, and wore as much Flemish lace in frills and in jabots and at the edges of their white dressed-leather gloves ; and carried their beavers tucked under their arms with as secure a grace ; and tilted their silver-hilted swords with as genteel an air of masterful impudence. If a powdered wig magnifies the coarse features of a clown, it also enhances the manly traits of a fine countenance ; and there were

more good faces than ill-favoured ones to the share of the gentlemen who moved consciously about to the admiration of the ladies. And charming were these ladies in the latest modes both of dress and of manner brought from the worlds of Paris and London. Stiff bodices and skirts with deep panniers, and hooped petticoats of no great breadth, may be worn with amazing dignity when the rich material in becoming colours is handsomely brocaded in masses of gold and silver flowers to give it a formal set, and white throats and bosoms show the more enticingly through the parure of jewels for the uncompromising rigidity of a bodice. Happily, the fashion of dressing the hair low was come in, so that the ladies could lend their heads more freely to the animations of conversation and receive a compliment with less bolt-upright effrontery. When a lady may not incline her head without the danger of losing her balance, it is impossible that a flirtation should preserve the delicate bloom of intimacy, without which gallantry is but a process of mathematics.

Miss Boylston had planned against being eclipsed in the magnificence of her attire, and, as she made her way through the crowded rooms on a tour of fluttering inspection, her smile of satisfaction became more and more graciously engaging. She had especially dreaded the rivalry of Lady Montlevel, a vain body who held a sort of regency over the society of

Philadelphia; but, in a critical pause beside that lady, she had drawn as deep a sigh of relief as the bondage of her gown allowed and felt a tingling triumph relax her nerves. Not only was the brocade weighting down her skirt in a larger pattern of silver and gold, but her diamonds were as large and more numerous, and Miss Boylston did not for an instant question the superiority of her beauty to that of the Lady Montlevel. If her reassured vanity had any lingering fears, they were dispelled by the exclamations of admiration she overheard from all sides as she passed on Lieutenant Willett's arm. She had nearly completed the reconnaissance of the company, and her spirits were rising to their liveliest flow, when the lieutenant abruptly directed her attention to a group on the left by demanding:

"Who the deuce is that beauty?" and, before she had time to answer, he continued, "As I'm a sinner, it is the Vanbergen! Gad! she's prodigious! I had not thought she could make so devilishly fine a figure!"

"Artful minx!" Miss Boylston said, half aloud, after a quick but comprehensive survey of the offending object, and led the lieutenant in the opposite direction.

Luya, as the lilies of the field, was arrayed in simplicity. Her hair, gathered back loosely from her forehead, had neither sprig nor hairpin for orna-

ment. Her gown, of dim blue stuff woven with a silver silk brocade in a delicate pattern of vines and buds, had no other relief than the clouds of cobweb lace falling down from her sleeves. Her only jewelry was the coil of large gold beads at her throat. She might have stepped from the missal of a Franciscan monk, save that there was much too worldly a light in her eyes, and too little religious mystery in her smile. An artful minx, truly, since she knew very well with what care she had gone about setting herself in the completest possible contrast to Miss Boylston, conscious that she could not compete with her in display. But Luya's success was greater than her hope of pleasing had led her to anticipate, and when the Governor himself came to beg the honour of dancing a measure with her, it was not in nature that she should be unmoved by the fact that Wallace and Miss Boylston were ranged in the same set with her. It seemed to her that she had never laughed so easily, talked so wittily, nor timed her feet so perfectly to music in all her life. But something in the regard of Wallace may have had to do with her lightness.

The passion for gambling was much too keen to be put under restraint to the most frivolous of the Muses, and there were tables conveniently placed for those who preferred cards to dancing. Most of these tables were occupied by eager players of both sexes,

and at one of them Lieutenant Willett had been playing for some time with Ashton, young Vinton Spencer, — who, it turned out, had behaved rather valiantly at Louisburg, — and two gentlemen not of our acquaintance.

“You keep your old luck at cards, I see, lieutenant,” Spencer remarked, as Willett took up his winnings from the last play.

“I call it by the name of skill, Spencer. ’Tis judgment, not luck, that gives man the advantage.”

“You say that to escape the butt end of the adage,” Ashton laughed. “You would not have us think you can be without luck in love.”

“As for that, I think love to be as much a matter of judgment as cards themselves. I should as soon play blindfold at the one as at the other.”

“I should like to have your application of that theory to your affair with Miss Boylston,” said Ashton, sotto voce, “for I’m tempted to back Waring’s luck against your judgment in that direction.”

“You would lose,” replied Willett, in the same low tone, “for I am about to play a card which will turn the account very much against the chances of Mr. Waring.”

“You are speaking of Waring?” asked Spencer, catching at the name. “Is it true, as I hear, that his father’s misfortunes have thrown him upon his own resources?”

"Something has," said Ashton.

"I'm devilish sorry to hear it," said Spencer, with great sincerity.

"I had supposed you would have another opinion," Willett said, dryly, as he dealt out the cards anew.

Spencer's colour heightened a little.

"Faith, no," he said; "I'm never pleased to see a gentleman out of countenance with himself. But I had thought his father a man of uncommon wealth."

"A man's fortune is always exaggerated by the town's gossip," Willett observed, sagely. "But, let the reason be what it may, old Waring is no longer correcting the infirmities of his son's purse, and is having much ado, I'm told, to keep his own from gaping."

"That comes of a gentleman's taking to trade at a time of life when he should be content to pipe for others to dance," one of the two other players ventured to say.

"Quite the fact, Cornish," Ashton laughed. "As 'tis, our friend Wallace will have to resort to the bankrupt's providence."

"What is that?"

"A rich marriage."

"That will explain his devotion to Boylston's gilded butterfly."

"Devil take it, Cornish," expostulated the lieuten-

ant, "I'd remind you to be more respectful. Because Waring is chasing after a fortune is not a reason to speak lightly of every lady he may think to make his victim!"

"I spoke in admiration, not in lightness, Willett. I know but three grades of women, — angels, butterflies, and devils, — and, as I hate extremes, I think the best of the sex is the middle."

"By George, I'm half of your opinion," Ashton said, "though I'm not averse to a touch of the devil to take out the insipidity. And, if you'll allow me to say so, Willett, I think the lady we speak of is not without a flavour of brimstone, — else how the deuce should you expect to come near her?"

"For my part," Spencer ventured, "I've seen no woman yet without something of the angel in her, and I dare say —"

"Don't," interposed Willett, "you are yet too confoundedly young, Spencer, to deliver homilies on the sex."

"And I'll be bound that Waring will find the merit of an angel in the devil's own hag, if she bring him gold enough in her dowry."

This elegant sally from Ashton provoked a laugh about the table, and a titter in the circle of onlookers attracted by the spirited play and the voluble indifference of the players to the caprices of the cards.

"Here is Waring now," said Spencer, confiden-

tially, "but I find him in better company than Ashton has named for him."

Wallace came up at that instant with Miss Boylston, who was in quest of the lieutenant.

"La, gentlemen, are you all winners, that you are so merry over your game?" asked Miss Boylston.

"Faith, no, Miss Boylston," said Ashton, "and I am so much out of humour that I could quarrel with so charming a creature as yourself for suspecting me to be in mirth."

"La, Mr. Ashton," Miss Boylston laughingly declared, "if there is any talk of quarrelling by a gentleman so even-tempered as yourself, it must be that the cards have treated you but shabbily indeed."

"I have known them more obliging. But they and the lieutenant seem bent on my ruin to-night."

"Then I am come in time to your rescue, for I have him on my tablets for the next dance."

"And I shall be grateful, too, Miss Boylston," Spencer exclaimed, "for, if he stop, I shall not have pence enough left to throw to a beggar in another hour."

"You should quit the fellowship of cards, taking pattern by Mr. Waring's virtue, who has quite forsworn them."

"'Tis not an effect of virtue," Wallace admitted, smilingly, "I am under compulsion."

"Oh, but virtue is generally the fruit of obligation.

Will you take some consolation for your losses, Mr. Ashton?" tendering him her jewelled snuff-box as she spoke.

"I have long desired to have the privilege to have my fingers in your box," he said, accepting the favour.

"'Tis not free to every one, believe me; but I remember I had a pinch from your *tabatière* when you were pleased to have us try a new French powder. This, I am assured, is the very sort made for the particular use of the King of Spain."

"Might I make the experiment of a grain or two?" Spencer asked, reaching out a predatory thumb and finger.

"Indeed, no, Mr. Spencer," Miss Boylston replied, withdrawing her box as if greatly concerned for its contents. "'Tis a powder much too precious to be wasted in the nostrils of a novice. But come, lieutenant, — if the gentlemen will excuse you, — for I hear the fiddles scraping; and since I've been at the trouble to seek you, I'm not in the humour to miss my favourite cotillion."

"Egad, Miss Boylston, I take it as a great unkindness your insinuating that I need persuasion. Upon my word, Sophie," he whispered in her ear as they moved away, "you have but to crook your finger to have me follow you to the —"

"And upon my word, Lieutenant Willett," she

interrupted, "I am not greatly obliged to you for the intimation. I should think better of you for preventing me going in the direction."

"I was going to say to the altar," he urged.

"La, lieutenant, there was nothing so religious in your tone. But I am as like to lead you in the one direction as in the other, — for I'll swear I have no thought of taking you to church."

"Because of Wallace Waring?"

"That question is as stupid as it is impertinent. But for the sake of something to say, suppose it were because of him?"

"I would ask you how you are going to dispose of the other's claim."

"What other? The piece of Holland china?"

"Humph! no. I was thinking of a more substantial obstacle, — though I spoke without reflection."

"Then, on reflection, who do you mean? I've not seen him attentive to any one so very formidable."

"No, egad! 'twas managed most discreetly, — and yet not well enough to escape consequences of an unexpected sort."

"I detest equivocation, lieutenant. Who is the creature?"

"Claudine Lambert."

"What!"

"'Tis a fact, upon my honour."

"A garden wench!"

“But a very pretty one, you must allow, — and not a vulgar sort.”

“I vow, lieutenant, I have no faith in what you say.”

“Then you may take your incredulity to the father. The girl is gone into retreat, — taking French leave; but she left a note in which Wallace Waring’s name was writ plainly enough for the most skeptical.”

“Indeed, lieutenant, I know not how to thank you; but you shall see in the zest of my dancing that I am obliged to you to the tips of my toes for a most considerable service.”

The lieutenant’s spirits went up to the major pitch. He felt that officer and gentleman had never made spurious draft on honour with better justification. As for such things as scruples and conscience, — well, if the stratagem were not to pass for a jest when his ends were served, he would very willingly make such moral amends as the circumstances should demand. In the meantime, it was pleasant to think with what ease a rival had been set out of range.

But had the lieutenant been able to catch the drift of the lady’s thoughts he would have been teased to find that the sparkle in her eyes which had so enchanted him was the reflection of an entirely heretical sentiment. Miss Boylston was thinking to herself, “If a girl is fool enough to let herself be

made a toy of, I care not a fig's end if she have the shame of it, nor do I think the less of a gentleman for eating the silly peach that drops in his hat. But the pert Vanbergen was always a sentimental sort of ninny, with the crudest possible principles of right and wrong. It would be quite like her to turn her back on a man because of a peccadillo, and fall into a horror over an infirmity. 'Tis a thousand pounds to a penny but she will send Wallace to Bœotia if I drop but so much as a hint of this in her ear. 'Tis a pity I'm not on friendlier terms with her. But she shall come at the news by some means."

CHAPTER XXX.

WALLACE did not find the opportunity for the exchange of more than a passing bow with Luya until the evening was well advanced. But he got at last the favour of sitting out a dance with her ; and, though it was impossible to find a corner sufficiently secluded for the nicer requirements of a reconciliation, they came to very good terms in the course of half an hour. The explanations did not proceed very far, for the reason that neither of them felt the need of justifying the concerted beating of their hearts, nor the all-forgiving rapture of their eyes. Luya had said :

“I have so much to confess to you that I know not where to make a beginning.”

Wallace had replied :

“Begin with the confession that you love me.”

They found so many ways between them for the confession of this one veniality that they did not come to the bitter-sweet of mutual reproaches of their follies in the past two or three months. And while they were in the world-ignoring serenity of their common content, Mr. Waring, passing from

one room to another, came upon them and stopped, involuntarily, a few feet away in the moment of surprise. Father and son had not met since Wallace had been ordered from the house. Wallace rose deferentially, and inclined his head, and would have been glad to reach out his arms for the embrace of pardon ; but Mr. Waring, having looked coldly and emptily at Wallace, passed on into the next room, seeming grayer and more slender than ever in the showy richness of his party dress.

“How bitter your father is against me!” Luya sighed, a sudden check put upon her gaiety.

“It is not against you but against me that he feels bitterness.”

“But it is on my account.”

“No, it has nothing to do with you. It reminds me, however, that I owe it to you to say that I am henceforth to deal with the world on an independent footing. It is no longer a rich man's son you have for a lover, but a slim-pursed beggar whose wits are his only capital.”

“Well,” she said, looking up sidewise at him a little roguishly, “you told me once that you could succeed in anything you would set your mind to accomplish.”

“So I said, Luya, and, egad! so I can; and I have some ideas I think will level a road to the end I seek. But the plague of it is that time is needed

to bring any enterprise to its fruitage. I know not how many years will be demanded to fit me for taking a wife."

"And what is to fit you for that?"

"Fortune, Luya; for I will marry no girl above me in fortune."

"Then your vanity is greater than your love. Why should not the woman bring the money to balance with the man's talent?"

"Because, though the world is so blinded by the glitter of the golden calf that it cannot recognise honour apart from money, it is so stupid in its idolatry as to despise the fellow who marries to get money."

"And so it should. But to marry the woman you love, in spite of her money, is a vastly different affair. Yet, as for that," she said, edging a little nearer to him, and looking with sweet seriousness into his eyes, "I am willing to be as poor as you will have me. My father's money is not mine, and is no blight on me, I hope. And what my husband's fortune is it would be my pride to share, if so I might help him to its betterment."

"Luya," he said, with a sudden purpose to test her devotion, "my father has cast me to the devil, or to what better patron I may find, and his consent to my marriage or any other undertaking is no longer to be considered. Marry me! Become my

wife in these next two months, and we will start life as many another lucky couple has done, with the Bank of England in our hearts, and God's blessing in our pockets! Though, to be honest with you, I have four hundred pounds of prize-money in the bank as the foundation of my business career. I'll rank with the best of them at the end of ten years, if you'll put your smiles into the enterprise. What say you, Luya? Dare you put your theory into the practice?"

"I must have some days to consider," she answered, looking down and idly beating at her knees with her fan. "One must be wise when one does things that other people think foolish."

He chose to misunderstand her, and put a wrong construction on the smile which parted her lips, a smile that might have told him of her readiness to begin the mutual struggle on the morrow, were she alone to be thought of.

"Faith, you are right! I was born under the fool star, like the girl in the play, and they are but doltish notions that skip out of my head. But come! There is Bradford waving his glove at us. They are forming for a country dance. May I have you before another claims you?"

She went with him, at once bewildered and a little hurt by his change of manner, but, withal, too happy to let it disturb her long, and as they took their places in the forming line her face was radiant again.

Luya's position was the fourth from the end when the lines were completed ; but, just as the musicians were giving their initial flourish, Miss Boylston came hurrying up on the arm of Mr. Cornish, and, with the scantiest ceremony, pushed into the place above Luya.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Boylston," Luya said, after an instant's hesitation, and bridling as she spoke, "but your place is at the foot of the line."

"Oh!" rejoined Miss Boylston, with easy impudence, and a self-complacent glance about her, "I think I have the right to dance before Miss Vanbergen."

"If the rule that estimates a woman, as we do a carrot, by the length of root she has underground, may entitle you to precedence on other occasions, it does not permit you to push ahead of me in a dance already begun. Besides, when did it come about that a Boylston has precedence of a Vanbergen, unless in the matter of impudence?"

Though Luya spoke in a tone only to be heard distinctly by Miss Boylston, it was evident to the others that the ladies were at a misunderstanding, and Miss Boylston left no further doubt of its nature in her angry retort upon Luya.

"La, Miss Vanbergen, if you think I am not entitled to a place above you, you may appeal to the company."

Luya was now more ashamed of her part in the scene than angry at the effrontery of Miss Boylston ; but the general attention having been directed to her in this manner, she determined to maintain her privilege.

“ I do appeal to the company,” she said, “ if a lady may choose her place to the disadvantage of another after a dance is begun ? ”

The head couple had stopped in the midst of the first figure, and the dance was waiting the settlement of a dispute which threatened a general embarrassment. Several of those about her graciously offered to convince Miss Boylston that the convention of the ballroom did not support her claim ; but the lady, too proud to yield herself defeated, and rather more handsome than usual for her heightened temper, vowed her purpose to hold a place to which she believed herself entitled, though protesting that she rather would have died than be the occasion to such inconvenience, could she have foreseen the possibility of her rights being brought into question.

Luya, though her pride smarted under the affront, was unwilling to sacrifice the pleasure of the company to the vindication of her title to the contested place. Seeing that Miss Boylston was to prove unreasonable, she signalled to Wallace her wish to retire, a signal which Miss Boylston noted with a sense of triumph. But this triumph was succeeded

by vexation and an angry biting of the supercilious upper lip when Wallace, having offered his arm to Luya, said, bowing ceremoniously about him :

“I consent to Miss Vanbergen’s retirement because I think she has more honour in yielding than another can have in usurping the place to which Miss Vanbergen had an unquestionable right.”

This speech was balsam to Luya’s spirit, and she recovered zest enough under it to say, with a smile that was almost good-humoured :

“I hope no one will dance any the less merrily for the delay you have had in beginning, and that I leave behind me no more ill-will than I bear away.”

The incident had passed so quickly and quietly that no attention was attracted to it from beyond the set, and, a minute after Wallace and Luya had strolled away, the interrupted dance was begun again.

Suddenly one of the big guns from the Fort boomed out with a shock that made the building tremble. The report was followed by another and another, so rapidly that the startled assembly was thrown into the greatest confusion. Alarm was exaggerated into terror, for every one recognised in this ominous roar of cannon the announcement of a danger or a disaster. There was a rush for the doors and the windows, men and women in equal anxiety demanding one of another what the explosions could mean. Some imagined that the town was being

attacked by the war-ships which the French were supposed to have despatched to avenge the fall of Louisburg; others that the town was again at the mercy of a negro uprising. There was great commotion in the streets, too, — the clatter of horses being ridden at a headlong pace; the clamour of men and boys, which was all the more terrifying because the cries were indistinguishable. Ladies and gentlemen ran down from the ballroom into the streets, vainly trying to gather some information from the excited people hurrying to and fro. To the demand, "Are we being attacked?" came some ambiguous reply, "God knows who is being attacked! The French have gotten England."

But after the three guns, the cannon were silent, and from this silence the people took courage. However grave the situation that could warrant this alarming of the town, the danger was not immediate. With this confidence came more cool-headed inquiry and more intelligent replies. A merchant-ship had just arrived from England, and the captain had rowed to shore, bringing to the Fort the news of a great calamity. The English army had been utterly defeated, annihilated by the French and Scotch forces, led by Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. There had been a veritable massacre of English troops at Prestonpans, and the young prince was marching his victorious forces against London. He had arrived

within thirty miles of the capital, and, as the king's armies were in Flanders, it was believed the city would have to yield, for want of defenders. The people of London were in such consternation that the banks and the shops were left unopened. Funds had gone down ruinously in the prospect of a general bankruptcy. It was thought the throne must needs fall again into the hands of a Stuart, an event which could mean nothing less than that the French were to be masters. Indeed, one of King Louis's very conditions in lending support to the prince was the ceding to the French of three English ports, and there were to be colonial concessions as well. Who could say but New York itself would go into the measure of compensation? Long before this, no doubt, the question was decided, and the next vessel arriving might fetch news of a Stuart installed at St. James's Palace.

This story was told to the excited listeners in the ballroom against innumerable interruptions and with a multitude of stirring details. The effect upon the merchants varied with their interests, but most of them were stunned by the magnitude of the disaster, and they thought with dread and foreboding of to-morrow morning's transactions in the Exchange.

Stephen Waring was strangely affected. He had listened to the recital with strained attention, interposing no questions, making no comment, his intent

look and the pallor of his cheeks giving his face the appearance of a mask. But he was murmuring in an inarticulate monotone that scarcely moved his lips, "Funds have gone to nothing; funds have gone to nothing; ruin; ruin!" He stood with his arm about one of the slender supporting columns of the room, and continued standing there after the recital was ended and the rooms began clearing, and was standing there when Luya and Wallace came by. On seeing Luya, the blood came back into his face, and his eyes sparkled angrily.

"Oh, you come to laugh at me, do you! You — you, Miss Vanbergen! You think I am under the wheel, eh? You think this will finish me? So it will — so it will! Laugh, laugh! I shall not have a farthing in the world this time to-morrow night, no doubt! It is most grotesque, is it not, Miss Vanbergen? But you may take the credit of my ruin when it comes! I laughed at your imbecile father when he turned on me to please his daughter. I was very wrong, Miss Vanbergen, and it is your turn to laugh now! Laugh, laugh! I could laugh with you for a sixpence!"

Luya was frightened, not so much by the disordered speech as by the manner of Mr. Waring, who looked at her with fixed eyes as if quite unconscious that she was clinging to the arm of his son. He seemed not to see Wallace at all.

"You are much mistaken ; indeed, you are much mistaken, Mr. Waring," Luya said, taking a step or two toward him, in spite of her fear. "I know not who may be hurt by this news ; but I hope with all my heart —"

"I know — I know," Mr. Waring interrupted. "You'd like to pity me ! You'd like to play the Samaritan ! You'd like to pour oil in my wounds ! I know ! Very pretty ! There is a saintly sort of devil under that white skin of yours, down behind those blue eyes of yours ! But I'm not on the rack yet. Keep your sympathies till I need them, and then I shall not be mocked by them."

Wallace felt a grave anxiety on his father's account. It filled him with a vague alarm to see him there motionlessly holding by the column and pouring out this incoherent talk. He had several times addressed Mr. Waring during the second outburst, without once attracting a glance from those fever-lighted eyes, and he now took him gently by the arm.

"Come, father, you are not yourself. Let me help you home."

"What the devil business is it of yours ? If I had the money you have robbed me of all these years, I might breast this gale which is trying to blow me to the ends of the earth !"

"You don't know what you are saying, father.

Come with me. Things may not be as bad as first reports have made them. The next ship in may bring better news."

"And if it should, what then? Who will keep my head up till the ship comes in? And what would good news profit me unless I could have it in advance of any one else? Let go my arm! If you want to serve me, get me news in advance. I'll give you a thousand pounds an hour for news in advance that this vagabond prince and his French mob have been fed to the crows of England. That is the only service that I ask of you."

Mr. Waring suddenly let go the column, pushed Wallace aside, and went toward the door, walking with a quick, firm step, as if age and anxiety had been at once thrown off.

"Leave me—go with him!" Luya pleaded to Wallace, in a nervously excited way, and, before he could answer, she ran from him toward Bradford, who was coming to seek her.

"Take me home!" she cried.

But when, making his way through the crowd about the cloak-room, he had at last got her mantle, she said:

"I want to see the sailor who brought the news. Take me to find him."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. VANBERGEN had been aroused from his sleep by the noise of the cannon, and was standing wonderingly at a window, debating with Mrs. Vanbergen whether he should dress and go out to learn the cause of the unusual disturbance. After half an hour of indecision, his curiosity was getting the better of his disinclination, and he had begun a leisurely putting on of his garments when Jacob came knocking at the front door.

Mr. Vanbergen thrust his head through the open window.

“Who is t’ere?”

“Jacob.”

“Vat is t’e trouples?”

“Bad news from England.”

“Vait some minutes. I let you in.”

In a few minutes, seated in the great kitchen with the shadows mocking at the single candle-light, Jacob was telling to Mr. and Mrs. Vanbergen the news of the war and the commotion it had occasioned in the town. When he had finished, there was a silence for some time. Mr. Vanbergen went to the chimney-

piece and took down his pipe and tobacco. He lighted the pipe from the candle-flame and ruminatingly puffed at it a dozen or twenty times, watching the smoke coil up to the rafters.

"Vell, I tell you somet'ings, Jacob. 'Tis a pat news. But more for ot'er people as for us. Ve haf not peen in some speculations in t'e Exchange like some of our frients. Ve haf tone pusiness in t'ings t'at ve coult get our hants on. Ve haf not bottert vit stocks and funts ant t'em foolishness. Our goots vill keep. Ve may haf some trouples and lose some-t'ings, put t'at is pusiness chances all t'e same. It ton't make much tifferences vit our pusiness vedder t'e king is namet George or Charlie or Louis. T'e same kint of rum is goot to trink t'e healt' of tiffer-ent peoples. T'e vorlt must haf topacco ant tea ant pelts ant all t'em t'ings t'at ve haf to gif t'em. If t'ey ton't vant t'em to-tay, t'ey vill gif more for t'em to-morrow. Ve hafn't got plenty of reasons for excitement, Jacob. I always tolt myself I vas not a fools to keep away from t'e Exchange ven t'ey puy ant sell some t'ings t'at a'n't not'ings. Ven I puy somet'ing you can veigh it ant measure it, Jacob. Ven I gamples, I roll t'e powls myself. So I t'ink ve sent t'at ship to Virginia for t'at topacco to-morrow just t'e same as if King George vas on t'e t'rone. Put I am sorry, Jacob, for some ot'er peoples. Some-poty vill haf to smoke t'eir pipes vit'out topacco. I

suppose t'at Mr. Varing vill pe one of t'em. Vell, wife, you must not t'ink t'at I am an unkint fat'er ven I tell you t'at I am sorry for Mr. Varing, too."

"How can you have such an idea, Evert!" Mrs. Vanbergen remonstrated. "Do you think Luya no better Christian than a Manhattan?"

"Oh, ja, Luya is goot Christians. Put ven a man fools vit a girl in love —" Mr. Vanbergen suddenly remembered Jacob's feelings, and, in his momentary confusion, sucked at the flame of the candle to light his already glowing pipe.

"But what if the bank should have trouble?" Jacob asked.

"Oh, t'en ve vould haf trouple, too. Put Mr. Poylston is like me, Jacob, — a very careful business mans. Ton't haf some fears apout him. He vill manatge."

Some further talk was interrupted by an imperative knocking at the door.

"Tat's Luya's knockings," said Mr. Vanbergen, going to let her in.

She hurriedly bade Bradford good night and followed her father into the kitchen, demanding on the way if he had heard the news.

"Ja; Jacob haf tolt me."

"Then you have talked the matter over. What have you decided to do?"

"Tecitet to to!" Mr. Vanbergen exclaimed, as

they entered the kitchen. "Ve haf tecitet to go on vit t'e pusiness joost as effer! Goot cracious, Luya, t'e vorlt haf not stopped rolling around! T'e firm of Vanbergen ant Vilbruch haf not movet!"

"Father, Mr. Waring will need help. He must not be allowed to go down if we can prevent it. I want you to do me a favour, the greatest possible favour. I want you to save Mr. Waring."

"Save Mr. Varing! Got in hemel, Luya! Vat are you saying! How can I safe Mr. Varing?"

"A ship was to sail from Portsmouth four days after the brig that came in to-night. The brig lost two days in crossing—so that in two days we may expect more news from England."

"Ja, Luya, but —"

"Much may have happened in the four days. The news we have may be exaggerated. You must help Mr. Waring over the two days and he must have the next news, if it be good news, in advance of any one else."

"T'e girls is mat!" said Mr. Vanbergen, sinking into a chair and looking aghast at her excited face, which appeared to him spectral in the scant light.

"No, I am not mad, father; but I have a plan to save Mr. Waring—and we must—we shall save him. You have a vessel ready to go to Virginia in the morning. Well, you will start out as you intended, and as if you were going to Virginia, but you

will sail to meet the ship coming from England. You will meet her as far out as possible. You know the course of their sailing. You will get her news and send it at once —”

“Mat!” groaned Mr. Vanbergen. “Sent t’e news at vonce!”

“Yes, by the pigeons. You will take Hendrik’s pigeons with you. We will get them into the basket now, and I’ll arrange a cipher for the message. You will send off the first pigeon as soon as you have made out the ship. I inquired the name. It is the *Hester*. Mr. Bradford and I hunted down the captain of the brig, who gave us all the particulars, so there can be no mistake. She is a fast sailer. She can’t be far out. By meeting her we can gain a day; we can have the news fifteen, twenty hours in advance of any one else, — and that will mean a fortune. You will go, father; you will do this for me! You’ll go! You’ll do it! Say you will do it!”

“Vy, Luya, I might miss t’at topacco crop if I to t’at.”

“And make ten times as much as you would lose, — for you could use the news as well as Mr. Waring.”

“But if t’e news vas pat news?”

“It will not be bad news! Something tells me it will be good news. But, good news or bad news, if you will not do this for me, I’ll find a means for my-

self to come at the end, I care not how desperate soever the course ; for I tell you, papa, I would as lief die — ”

“ Hemel en aarde, Luya ! ” Mr. Vanbergen cried out, with a torrent of his half-forgotten Dutch, and rising to catch her two hands in his. “ Haf you t’ought t’at I coult refuse you ? Ven haf I effer refuset you somet’ings ? No, no, Luya, ton’t t’ink t’at your olt fater haf lifet so long to refuse you somet’ings ven he loves you most. T’ere, t’ere, you see your moeder is laughing at us pehint her handkerchief ! Ton’t you peen excitet, Luya. T’e ship shall go out at sunrise. I’ll go vit her myself. Ve’ll trust nopoty vit t’e pusiness. Ant Jacob vill do somet’ing to help Mr. Varing if he neets it, — he, Jacob ? And if I lose somet’ings, — vell, vell, t’is will pay me.”

Luya’s arms were about his neck, her cheek pressed against his, and half laughing, half crying, she was saying through his speech :

“ I knew you would do it. You are the best of fathers. Dear old papa ! I would not trade you for all the world ! ”

The plans were quickly arranged. Vanbergen was to go out with his vessel to meet the incoming ship, as proposed by Luya, and Jacob was to keep a close eye on the fortune of Mr. Waring during the panic which they knew to be inevitable. If Mr. Waring gave signs of falling under the pressure, Jacob would

come to the rescue through Harmsen, — for Luya would not have Waring know that it was her father from whom the money came, — but Vanbergen would not consent to the relief exceeding £9,000. That was the extent of his money in bank, and that was to be used only in the last emergency.

“If t’at vill keep Mr. Varing afloat, he may haf it ant velcome. Put all t’e rest of my money is in t’e lant t’at Luya’s chiltren must puilt t’eir house on. I von’t let trouples come to t’at.”

Luya prepared a simple cipher that Mr. Vanbergen should use in sending the message, so that if mischance should throw the billet into strange hands its meaning could not be guessed. She kept a copy of the cryptograph for herself, and then made Mr. Vanbergen experiment with a pretended message, to be sure that he would not err in the vital use of the cipher.

Jacob climbed the ladder to the pigeon-cote to secure the birds before they could venture forth on a day-dawn excursion ; and, while the light was yet gray over the waters, the sails of Mr. Vanbergen’s little ship were taking up the breeze from the land and bellying out toward the sea.

Kissing her father good-bye, Luya had whispered in his ear, “Don’t let the ship slip by you in the night, papa ! Remember, it is for the man I love.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

LONG before the hour at which the Exchange usually opened its doors, Broad Street was a scene of active excitement. People of every class and condition were gathered to discuss the news of the night before and compare opinions as to the probable result of the day's transactions. Daylight gave a grim reality to the gruesome fears of the night. The waiting for those doors to open was like the waiting for the order to begin firing along a line of battle. Those who had no personal risk in the financial outcome of the impending crisis were apparently as much perturbed as the men who knew that the next few hours were to make or break their fortunes. That mysterious telegraphy which operates as divination had influenced the settlements up the island and across the river. The farmers and market gardeners, coming to the markets with their stock and produce, drew with them a train of the eagerly curious to swell the throng of town people in the streets. Some attempts were made to restore confidence and avert a panic, the mayor himself speaking very sensibly to

that purpose from the Exchange steps. They, however, who were to profit by pessimistic views, took pains to have it seen and heard that their fears were not allayed, and when the Exchange was opened pandemonium rushed in to take possession of it.

Mr. Waring, though still under a high nervous tension, had recovered, to a great extent, from the shock of his first fears. He went into the fight courageously, and if his face was paler than usual, he carried his head more proudly erect. He had called on Mr. Boylston before breakfast, and they had gone to the bank together, that Mr. Waring might ascertain to a certainty the amount of his available credit.

"If what you have in the funds could be drawn out, you might stand a goodly amount of battering, Waring."

"For how much beyond my cash account will my cheque be honoured?"

"That must depend on the quotations. If things go as badly as they promise to, I'm afraid —"

"I mean how large a loan can I negotiate?"

"At this juncture, Waring, I dare not make any advance beyond the third of the actual value of the best securities."

"Name a figure."

After a little hesitation, Mr. Boylston made a com-

putation and pushed the paper across the table to Mr. Waring, who glanced at the figures, not very well pleased.

"Humph! And how large a personal loan will you make?"

"My dear Waring," said Mr. Boylston, shifting his position uneasily, and rumpling the feather of his pen against his nose in a deliberative way, "you and I have had one or two private talks, somewhat of a family character, and I think you found me rather inclined to —"

"Confound it, Boylston, 'tis no fault of mine if I have a fool for a son. 'Tis not a time now to reproach me with the fact. How much money will you lend me?"

"Less than I might have lent to the father-in-law of my daughter, Waring. I cannot put my bank in peril by private loans at the very minute I must expect to meet the demands of a thousand frightened depositors. It's a pity that you have meddled in stocks."

"How much money will you lend me?"

"An extra third on your securities."

"No more?"

"My dear Waring —"

"Very well; I shall ask you to indorse five cheques covering the entire amount of my credit."

"I hope you will consider, Waring, that I am

merely protecting the general interests of my clients, yours among the rest."

"Can we arrange the matter now? Or must I wait for banking hours with the others?"

"My dear Waring, I see you are in temper. We can arrange the matter now. I am most willing to oblige you. And I do not see that you have great reason to complain. With this amount in hand you should be able to fight through a very stormy day."

That was the courage Mr. Waring took into the bedlam of the Exchange, and with which he undertook to protect his threatened fortune. Speculation of every description had run so high in the steadily increasing prosperity of the city during the past two or three years that it had drawn most of the regular merchants into its treacherous swirl, and many of them were in as great peril of the suddenly created vortex as was Mr. Waring himself. Invested interests had to be protected at all hazards, and men of staid demeanour on ordinary occasions were conducting themselves like madmen in the confused babel.

Wallace, who had expected to see his father one of the most frenzied of the number, and had gone to the Exchange with the gravest apprehensions, was amazed at the calmness and decision of Mr. Waring's manner in meeting each demand of the falling prices. He had never seemed more cool and self-assured, more entirely master of himself. It was as if he

were following a winning game and saw clearly the successful outcome of every chance before him. Wallace felt a new admiration of his father expanding his heart. He wished that the struggle were a thing of force against force that he might beat a way through to his father's side and fight with him the desperate battle against overwhelming odds. Tears came into his eyes at the thought of his powerlessness to go to the rescue of the man who, he believed, was sustained in that seeming dauntlessness by pride alone.

Jacob, from his side of the room watching the conduct of Mr. Waring, was no less surprised than Wallace by the air of assurance in the upright bearing and passionless face, and came to the conclusion that Luya had been mightily deceived as to Mr. Waring's necessities.

But the admiration of the one was as ill-founded as the judgment of the other; for Stephen Waring had made a compact with himself before going to his troubled sleep in the early hours of the morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ACROSS the way from the Exchange was the King's Head Tavern, and Peters, the landlord, reckoned the last two days the best in the money-taking history of the hostel. Very well content was Peters, and he cared not a jot how long the pother over the way might continue if the excitement but kept his taps and spigots busy. If one man's meat was by nature another man's poison, he thought it very proper that the breaking of fortunes in the Exchange should lead to the cracking of bottles in his bar and parlours, and so to the speedier filling of the strong-box he believed to be trustier than any merchant's bank.

It was drawing near to closing time in the second day of the unabated disorder on 'Change. Mr. Peters was sitting complacently on the porch of his tavern, talking in a carelessly argumentative way with Mr. Benton, one of the city's patriarchs, and Jem Colson, boatswain and recruiter to a privateer that was now in need of men. The November weather had in it the mild, fresh tonic of spring.

"My opinion," Peters was saying, "is this: Them

as stirs up hornets shouldn't complain of the sting. And that's the opinion I hold to, neighbour."

"Ay, ay, mate; and I ship under your colours," declared Jem Colson, refreshing himself from a deep tankard.

"Keep to your opinion, Mr. Peters," retorted Mr. Benton, with quiet obstinacy, "and you, too, boat-swain Colson. But I have a mind to my own way of thinking; and it's *my* opinion that the law ought to put a stop to that," shaking his thin finger at the Exchange, through the doors of which men were hurrying in and out at intervals. "It ought to be put a stop to before our best men are brought to ruin by it. The way things have been going on in there for the last two days is a scandal to heaven, and *that's* my opinion."

"Well," said Peters, "I think as trade is trade, and that stock gambling, as you call it, is as good a trade as any, and quite a gentlemanly way to make or lose a fortune."

"Ay, ay, mate; and the quickest way to find your bearings in stormy weather."

"As for them as suffers, — one man's loss is some other man's gain."

"But breaking down business, Mr. Peters, and filling the debtors' prison and spoiling reputations don't gain much to the community, *I'm* thinking."

"Jailors must live as well as the best of us, mate."

"Five failures in forty-eight hours, and the Lord knows how many more to come!" Mr. Benton continued irascibly. "'Tis monstrous, Mr. Peters! And all for what? For any reason that anybody knows on? Zut! All for news of a battle that like enough never occurred!"

"Never occurred!" demanded Peters, in surprise. Then, wagging his head contentedly, he added, with a leer at Colson, "Whether it did occur or did not occur, neighbour, I'm getting sixpence the more to a pint of rum for it."

"Ay, and there's the injustice of it," declared Colson, taking no account of the amiable leer.

"There goes old Harmsen's clerk," said Mr. Benton, pointing, "looking worried enough, I'm thinking. They say that Harmsen's firm is bound to go down, and that it's a miracle he has held out so long."

"I'm not so sorry for Harmsen," Peters asserted, "for he has been but a close curmudgeon. But I'm sorry for Mr. Stephen Waring that's wound up with him, — and young Mr. Waring has always spent his money freely. I'm always sorry when a liberal gentleman comes to the end of his leather."

"You may well say end of his leather, for I heard the recorder say at noon this very day that Mr. Waring had given a judgment mortgage on his estate for a quarter of its value. That shows where he is headed for."

"Straight for Davy Jones's locker, mate, — and plenty of good company he'll find there, too."

"Well, there comes a lass whose father will be none the worse for King George's going without a crown, I warrant you," said Peters, nodding his head toward the right.

"No," agreed Mr. Benton, with a click of the throat that expressed his approval of one thing and his contempt of another, "Evert Vanbergen isn't fool enough to play ducks and drakes with his money in *that* way," indicating the Exchange with a renouncing sweep of the hand.

"She's as neat and well-rigged a craft as ever steered course on land!" asserted Colson, with an emphasis that seemed to challenge denial.

Mr. Benton arose to his feet creakingly, as Luya came rapidly down Broad Street, and made a reverential bow as she approached. The old fellow felt a responsible pride in Luya, having saved her from a tumble off one of the wharves when she was a chubby fay of six. To have kept her from going out of the world was much the same thing as having brought her into the world, in his logic; he accordingly assumed the right to pass the time of day with her whenever chance brought her into his sunshine. Seeing that Luya's face was wan and troubled, Mr. Benton came down the steps to meet her as she passed.

"Ah, Miss Luya, what have you done with the face we all love? Where are your smiles to-day?"

"Mr. Benton," she said, eagerly, "I'm glad to find you here. You may do me a service," taking him by the arm and drawing him along with her. "I wish Mr. Wilbruch called from the Exchange. I must speak with him. Can you get word to him for me? Would they let you on to the floor?"

"Wait, wait, Miss Luya; not so fast! Mr. Wilbruch is not there."

"Not there!"

"He went away ten minutes ago. I know, because I spoke to him. He has gone home, as the *business* of that thing there is about done for the day. I think I heard the closing bell ring just now. If you want to see Mr. Wilbruch —"

"I do want to see him. I must see him! But have you heard, Mr. Benton, how affairs have gone to-day? Do you know if any one — if Mr. Waring, Mr. Stephen Waring —"

"I know he is in a bad way, Miss Luya," Mr. Benton interrupted.

"But not yet beaten down?"

"No; I asked Mr. Wilbruch that. He is safe for to-day; but to-morrow —" Mr. Benton completed the sentence with an ominous shake of the head.

"I want to look into Mr. Waring's face. Can we stand there on the steps and watch them come out?"

She said this very strangely, it seemed to Mr. Benton, and he was disturbed by her restless, nervous manner.

"Yes, we could see them come out," he answered, warily. "But I think you'd best not stop. You don't seem to me to be well, Miss Luya."

"I am well, very well. Let us stand here. He could not pass without my seeing him. I want to look into his face."

She was talking to herself rather than to Mr. Benton, and seemed not to listen to his answers. She stood beside one of the columns in a position to command the doors, on which she kept her eyes fixed, as if in a moment of unwatchfulness they might open to let some one slip by unperceived. While she stood thus, hearing without heeding the garrulity of her companion, a boy came up to her and held out a card.

"For you, miss."

A lady looking from the window of a sedan-chair at the corner smiled as she saw Luya take the card, and ordered her chair-men to go on their way up Broad Street.

Luya looked at the card, on which there was but a line in pencil.

"Claudine Lambert has disappeared from town. Ask Wallace Waring why."

She read the words without seeming to catch their meaning, her mind being too greatly occupied by the thought that kept her attention fixed on the scene which was passing behind those closed doors, and which she saw in spite of the doors. And when, presently, they were flung open and the excited crowd surged noisily out, the card was crushed, forgotten, in the feverishly clenched hand, and she strained forward to see the one pale, haunting face of her fears.

Mr. Waring was among the last to come out. His face was more haggard for the two days' ordeal, but his head was as proudly erect as before, and there was even the faint outline of a smile upon his lips.

"It is there! It is true, then!" Luya spoke the words in the awed, hushed whisper of one looking at a spectre, and Mr. Benton, betrayed by her intensity, asked, in a frightened undertone:

"What is there? What is true?"

As Mr. Waring passed her, going down the steps, some one said to him:

"Well, Waring, you still have a fighting chance left for to-morrow, you may thank God!"

"It is hardly worth the taking," Mr. Waring answered, looking around at the merchant curiously.

"It is worth the taking, Mr. Waring!" Luya cried

out, earnestly. "Your turn may come to-morrow. Help may come in the night. Fight, Mr. Waring, fight!"

He lifted his hat, but neither bowed nor looked in her direction, and went on down the steps.

"You are sure Mr. Wilbruch went home?" she demanded of Mr. Benton.

"That is where he said he was going."

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Benton. Good day."

She ran down the steps, and, at a quick walk, went up Broad Street, but, instead of turning to the left, toward home, she went along Prince Street to Smith Street, and took the direction toward Golden Hill. She looked about for a chair, willing to escape the walk, but there was none in sight. Passing King Street, she saw one standing in front of a mercer's, and was about to signal to the chair-man when she recognised it for Miss Boylston's, and saw that lady in the act of quitting the shop to return to the chair. Miss Boylston also caught sight of Luya, wondered to see her so much in haste, and concluded that the visit to this neighbourhood was in some way inspired by the card she had sent to Luya a few minutes before.

"Keep that person in view," she commanded the head chair-man, and took her seat in the chair, half inclined to wager with one of the porters that she

could describe in advance the house at which the "person" would stop.

"If you please, madam," said the chair-man, after a time, "the lady has entered the gabled house in Queen Street."

"What lady?" demanded Miss Boylston, affecting the greatest surprise.

"The lady madam bade me keep in view."

"I bade you keep no lady in view, blockhead! I gave you direction home! Whither have you brought me? If you want to escape a punishment, make haste enough to correct your blunder." Then, settling back and smiling in satisfaction, she said to herself, "So! Miss Vanbergen comes alone to the house of Mr. Wilbruch! How fortunate that I should have made the discovery! This will serve much better than the Lambert episode, I'll go bail."

Arriving home, Miss Boylston spent a pleasant half-hour fashioning a note in a writing that should have no trace of her hand, and succeeded quite to her satisfaction, after a few experimental courses. She flattered herself, too, on the ingenuity of the verbal arrangement, which conveyed the proper information without resort to accusation.

"Would it interest Mr. Wallace Waring to learn that a young lady of his acquaintance pays private visits to a gentleman living as a bachelor in Queen Street? If so, he may inquire the particulars of — the lady least likely to confess a

knowledge of them. If Mr. Waring would have a hint of the lady's name, he need but look near the end of the alphabet to find it."

Folding the paper and sealing it, she addressed it in large characters to Wallace, and despatched it to the inn by her confidential maid, who was to fling it, unobserved, into the entry.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Is Mr. Wilbruch at home?" Luya asked, anxiously, of the old housekeeper who opened the door to her.

"Yes, Miss Luya."

"Show me into the parlour and have him come at once."

Jacob called from above stairs on hearing voices in his hall :

"What is it, Mrs. Leonard?"

"A lady, — Miss Luya, to see you."

Jacob came down the stairs two at a time, agitated by a fear that some evil had befallen the family. He entered the room, obscure in the fading light of a single uncurtained window, incredulous that it really was Luya seated there.

"What has happened, Luya?"

"Oh, Jacob, one of the pigeons has come back without a message!"

"Without a message? Well, that's not as bad as I feared. It is strange, though."

"It is ominous, Jacob. It means that the news is bad."

"No; it doesn't mean that, — for the first pigeon was to be sent when the ship was sighted. The second pigeon was to bring the news —"

Luya broke in upon his speech, her words coming hurriedly, as if she were eager to say many things at once.

"But we were to know by the first pigeon how far out they were, and when we could expect the second message. We can tell nothing about it now. We cannot tell from what distance the pigeon came, and so we cannot estimate when the ship will come in. And, then, who can say if the pigeon didn't escape? The ship may not even have been sighted yet. And the Exchange is closed — and the long night is before us — and it may happen — and if it should happen, I think I must die — for it would have been my doing — it would be the same as if I had done it — ah! it was my doing —"

She was cowering down in a great armchair, and gave free vent to her overcharged feelings, her face hidden in her hands, her body swaying from side to side as she sobbed. Jacob bent over her in trembling alarm to question her. He had never seen her affected like this. He took hold of her hands to draw them from her face, and, feeling them wet with her tears, he let them go again, fearing to profane a grief he did not know how to console. He would have rung the bell for Mrs. Leonard, but she begged

him not to do it, saying she would be calm in a moment, that it would do her a world of good to weep, and that she could talk to him all the better after. He stood there waiting, now and then putting his hand lightly on her head to smooth over her hair, reminding her of his presence, but patient that she should speak when it seemed to her best.

The sobs ceased at last, and presently she lifted her head. Drying her eyes, she said :

“I have suffered such a shock, Jacob !”

“You are letting anxiety make you ill, Luya. You are tormenting yourself with groundless fears — ”

“No, no ; not groundless fears, — they are terrible forebodings ; for I have had a forewarning, Jacob, — a forewarning of such horrible reality that I thought I should have died under it. I’ll tell you, Jacob. You may call it a dream, — but it was no dream, it was a vision, a prophecy ! No dream was ever like it. It was this afternoon. I was lying on the lounge in my sitting-room, in a waking dream, — for I was not asleep, — when, suddenly, like the blowing out of a light, the sunlight vanished and the stars appeared. I wasn’t asleep, for I felt frightened by the suddenness of the change and went to open the window to look out. I raised the window, but, instead of the night and the open air, I looked into a

lighted room, a strange room, with a great canopied bed in one corner, and opposite it a curious, low dressing-table with a tall, wide mirror over it. There was a man with his coat off, sitting with his back to me, writing at a table. He got up to go to a small desk, which he unlocked, and took a packet from a drawer. When he turned, I saw his face distinctly. It was Mr. Waring. A hunted, desperate face, but pale and calm, in spite of it, and upon his lips the strangest shadow of a smile. He put the packet on the table where he had been writing, and I remember as a curious thing that he struck on it three times with the back of his fingers as it lay there. Walking toward the dressing-table, he took off his waistcoat and threw it into a chair, and then, standing before the mirror, he removed his neckcloth and unfastened his shirt. He picked up a small, flat case and took from it — Oh! I see it all again! I see him standing there, looking into his own eyes, that gleam as bright as the steel blade in his hand! I see him bare his throat and run his fingers over it, laughing a mocking laugh that chills me! I see him raise the knife — Horrible, horrible!”

She covered her face with her hands, as much terrorised by the picture of her fancy as she could have been by the tragic reality. Jacob, fearing a recurrence of that paroxysm of weeping and self-condemnation, put his arm about her, kneeling

by her side, and spoke to her gently but commandingly.

"You must not have these thoughts, Luya. Your own fears made the dream. Mr. Waring is not a man to kill himself —"

"Oh! you don't know — you don't know! And I tell you it was not a dream. Dreams are not like that. I was carried out of myself. They found me, mamma and Hendrik, lying on the floor like one dead. They were a long time bringing me to myself. I did not tell them what I had seen, but I went at once to the Exchange. I saw Mr. Waring — it was the face of the vision, — haunted, desperate, mocking, with that same strange shadow of a smile, — the face of a man who would think it better to die than endure the disgrace of a failure, — pride and physical courage, but moral weakness. I called out to him. I could not help it, — I felt that I must. And, Jacob, the money that my father left — the cheque — you have not used it?"

"Yes, I gave it to Harmsen. It was that that enabled Mr. Waring to get through the day."

"He has had the full amount?"

"The full amount."

"And you have no more money?"

"None that I am authorised to use."

"But you have some?"

"I have your father's order on Mr. Boylston, telling

him to honour my cheque for whatever sum he will advance on the firm's credit — ”

“Then you can help Mr. Waring?”

Jacob shook his head.

“I am only to use the order if the message your father sends is favourable.”

“And you can use it as you please?”

Jacob made no answer.

“You can use it as you please, Jacob?”

“I must use it as your father has instructed me, Luya.”

“It is your money as much as it is my father's. You can use your own as you will.”

“Whatever is mine is yours, Luya, to do with as you will. I cannot misapply your father's money; but I'll draw a cheque for the amount that I have invested in the business. Mr. Waring shall have that, — all that I have; but, without news to steady the market, it won't go far.”

“Ah, I don't mean that you shall sacrifice yourself, Jacob! And if good news comes it will be no sacrifice, it will be a service that can be repaid. And you will do it? Mr. Waring shall have the money if a favourable message comes?”

“Yes.”

“I have no way to thank you. How could one thank a man like you? It would be like thanking the rain or the sunshine. I am going home now.”

She held out her hand to him. "You will go with me? The other pigeon may have come, — and Mr. Waring could have the message before nightfall. I should be happier if he could have it before nightfall. I have a dread of the night."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MRS. VANBERGEN, complaining of an indisposition, went early to bed, counselling Luya to follow the example. They had all gone up to Luya's sitting-room after supper, because its window looked out on the pigeon-cote twelve feet away.

"There is no earthly use your waiting into the night. It is as dark as Egypt, and you can't expect a pigeon to fly when he cannot see the length of your hand in front of his face."

"Yes, mamma, but pigeons do fly in the night," Hendrik asserted, with decision.

"Not if they can find a place to roost, I think, Master Hendrik," said his mother, amused by his superior air.

"What do you think, Jacob?" Luya asked, when Mrs. Vanbergen had retired. "Can the message come to-night?"

Jacob had been considering the matter very circumstantially since supper, and had elaborated a theory that was really in fair accord with the facts.

"My idea is this. Your father sighted the ship and made her out. Then he wrote his message and

got out one of the pigeons to send it, and the pigeon escaped. It came directly home, getting here an hour before sundown. I reckon that your father must be from three hundred and fifty to four hundred miles from shore. It would take a pigeon between four and five hours to fly the distance. Well, suppose the second pigeon was started an hour after the first one flew away. That would allow it only an hour or an hour and a half of daylight; it reached land in the darkness and, no doubt, stopped in the first tree it came to."

"You think that! And Arrow may be at roost within a few miles of us!"

"Yes."

"Oh, that would be too cruel a mockery!"

"But the moon is at its full to-night, and if the sky keeps clear till it rises, the pigeon may take advantage of the light to continue its flight home. Pigeons will not roost abroad if they can find their way home."

"And when does the moon rise?"

"Not until after twelve."

"Three hours of waiting! Such dreadful things may happen in three hours! You must go to bed, now, Hendrik, — 'tis much beyond your time, and you stay up to no purpose."

"Let me first take one more look to make sure that Arrow has not slipped in and fooled us."

He raised the window and climbed out on to the ladder with which he had greatly amused himself earlier in the evening. It was so much easier and quicker to go down a ladder than to descend by the stairs and go around the house to reach the cote. Then, too, it pleased Hendrik to show that he had the strength to swing the ladder from the window-ledge to the pole of the cote or back again, according as he wished to climb. He had made a dozen vain explorations of the pigeon-holes, and the last was no more fruitful than the others. He went reluctantly to his room at Luya's bidding, lamenting that boys should be made to go to bed at the pleasantest time of day, and when they were not at all ready to sleep. Yet, at the end of fifteen minutes, Hendrik was on a far journey into that wonderful country of Nod which is lighted by the light that never was on land or sea.

Then, in his turn, Jacob was for persuading Luya to rest.

"You would be sensible to do it, Luya. If you will go to sleep, I'll knock on your door at the first sign of the moonrise."

"You might fall asleep yourself if I should leave you alone."

"No fear of that."

"Truth to say, Jacob, I am two days aweary, and should be the better for a mouthful of sleep; but

I doubt I'll find it. I'll lie down, but not undressed, so that I shall be ready the moment you signal me,— unless I fall into a trance," she said, attempting a recovery of her usual lightness. "I have so remarkable a head that I know not if it have lead or brains to its machinery, — but 'tis of a mighty heaviness. If I go into a lethargy, I hope you will not twist my joints apart in the effort to arouse me. They say 'tis dangerous to wake one rudely from a coma, — and, as I live, Jacob, I feel nearer to a coma than I do to a frolic."

She laughed and went into her room, and Jacob seated himself to wait the rising of the moon, having a nebulous idea that his vigil would be a foolish sort of thing were it at the caprice of any one but Luya.

The time dragged along heavily, the minutes seeming to multiply as they passed; but at last a faint mist of light wavered in the darkness in almost indistinguishable fineness. In a few minutes the golden edge of the wide disc would push up into view, and he could call Luya to watch this softened and exquisite mimicry of the day's dawn, the full autumnal moon rising over the midnight shadowed waters.

He opened the window and took a deep breath of the keen fresh air, and, standing there, he heard Luya calling him in a whisper. She was at her door, pale-faced and beckoning.

"I have had that ghastly vision again, Jacob! And come, look! From my window you can see a light in Mr. Waring's house."

"That means nothing, Luya. You have had the same dream because it was in your mind, so —"

"Don't try to reason with me, Jacob. It is not a thing of reasoning. I feel — and all you can say would not take that feeling from me. I believe Mr. Waring is writing in that room, — I know he is, and if he finishes the writing, he will go to the desk and take out a packet, — and then! Jacob, I must know what is doing in that room. I must look in through that window."

Jacob took hold of her arm, detaining her as she started toward the stairs.

"You can't go, Luya. The window is in the second story. That means a climb. I'll go. The moon is rising now. You must watch for the coming of the pigeon."

"Then go, go at once, Jacob! And note things well. I have never been inside Mr. Waring's house. I know nothing about it. But remember what I have told you about the bed, the table, the desk, the dressing-table, and see if they are not as I have described them. And Mr. Waring, writing with his back to the window, his coat off, a three-branched candlestick on his table."

"I shall look well, Luya."

“And act, — act, Jacob, if you see a need!”

“There will be no need to do anything, Luya.”

They went down the stairs together, whispering, and stepping with care not to disturb Mrs. Van-bergen, and at the door Luya said :

“Knock ever so lightly when you return. I’ll hear you and will let you in.”

“I can come in through the window by the ladder with the least noise. Shall I not?”

“Yes, come that way,” said Luya. “Ah, look! The moon! It will soon be light. I shall take it as a gift from God if the pigeon comes in time.”

Jacob went up the road half-running, and turned down to the Waring house. The light came from one of the half-curtained windows of the upper story. Directly in front of the window, at a distance of some twenty feet, was a spreading elm, into the branches of which Jacob climbed, guiltily. He got into a position that commanded quite two-thirds of the room, and at the first glance he was startled to see with what accuracy Luya had described the various objects and their disposition. And there was Mr. Waring, his coat thrown off, writing intently, his back to the window, his head bent low over his work. A superstitious awe came upon Jacob. The longer he clung there looking in upon that scene of quiet labour which offered so little to the provocation of fear, the stronger became

the conviction that a tragedy was preparing. It was as if something were pressing the knowledge into his brain, crowding it into conscience, informing him and commanding him. He had never known sensations so much like fear; his hands trembled as they grasped the limb of the tree, and his knees seemed to lose power under him. To Jacob's mind nothing was as awful as self-destruction, — it was the unpardonable sin, the greatest blasphemy against the Maker. He seemed to be now face to face with the horror. The idea came into his head that he would make his way through the dark house to that lighted room, and take the man there by the shoulder and drag him out under the stars and the moon, that his soul might abhor itself unto repentance; or he would stand over him at the table there, and say :

“I know what you have it in your mind to do. Well, dare you do it while I look on?”

One of these things it was his duty to do, was it not? And yet, should he do either, what would it avail? What would be said? How could he justify his interference? How accuse a man of such a purpose? This midnight toil might be only the getting of resources into order for the next day's operations. It would be rash to act on vague, ill-grounded fears, fears that took rise from a girl's day-dream.

Jacob got down from the tree, greatly distressed in mind, as much a victim to nervous apprehension

as Luya herself. He was as eager as she that the message should come, and the clearness of the skies lighting under the full glow of the moon gave him hope that it would come. Returning to the house, he forced himself into an outward calm ; and mounting the ladder to Luya, who was waiting with the window open, he said, attempting a bantering tone :

“There’s nothing to fear. Your dream was only a dream. It was like other dreams. We can’t put trust in good dreams ; we should not have faith in bad ones.”

As he entered the room she held a candle up to his face, looking into his eyes silently. Though he looked at her firmly, she shook her head and said, turning away :

“I had not thought you would have tried to deceive me.”

Jacob made no response, but offered to close the window.

“No ; leave it open,” she said, “the air is life-giving. The night is not even cool. And I want to see anything that moves in the sky.”

They sat by the window without speaking, for a long time, each knowing what the other had uppermost in thought. After a time he asked :

“The message is to be in cipher, is it not ? What have you done with the key ?”

"I have it here," she answered, putting her hand on her bosom. "I have not left it out of my care for a moment."

There was again a silence.

"See if the light is burning, Jacob."

He went into her room, very well understanding what light she meant, and looked toward Mr. Waring's house.

"Yes, the light is burning," he said, coming back to his place at the window.

After a pause, she asked :

"What if it should not come, Jacob?"

"It will come, Luya."

He took her hand. It seemed to be chilled and bloodless.

"You are cold, Luya."

"No, I'm on fire. My brain is burning."

"I'll get you something."

"I want nothing." Then, as if suddenly recollecting the question, she asked :

"Has Claudine Lambert gone away?"

"I don't know."

"Some one sent me a card to-day. I can guess who sent it. I can guess why. Malice is such an extraordinary thing. It invents such stupid lies. There! there! there!" she suddenly cried out, excitedly, flinging herself to her knees and leaning out at the window.

"What is it?" demanded Jacob, startled by the sudden energy of her movement.

"Something flying! See, see! It is Arrow!"

"No — that is not Arrow. Look — it turns — it is a whippoorwill — it is gone."

"No, no, Jacob, not that," she exclaimed, insistently pointing, "yonder, — there — now you can see it against the white patch under the moon!"

"Yes, I see something. It flies like a pigeon!"

"It is a pigeon! I'm sure of it. It is dear old Arrow at last! It is, it is! See how straight he comes this way. Quick, Jacob, quick! He is coming lower. He will arrive before you can climb to the cote."

Jacob had got through the window and was going down the ladder as she spoke.

"There! there! he is swerving toward the Fort. He is past the Fort. There he comes! I can almost see the beat of his wings. But look, look, he is circling as if to alight! He *has* alighted!" she cried, despairingly. "He has stopped on the de Lancy house. I can't see him now. What if it were not Arrow, after all!"

The idea was like a blow. She bowed her head upon her arm resting on the window-sill, and moaned as if she had suffered a bodily hurt. But Jacob called out:

"I see him! Here he comes!"

She looked up quickly and saw the pigeon just fluttering to alight on the top of a tree near the end of the house.

“Ah! He is in the tree! Come down, Jacob, come down! He is afraid to come to the cote with you there. No — no — he has flown! There he wheels! Keep quiet! He is settling! There he is, just above your head. Gently, Jacob, gently! Don’t frighten him. Ah, ah, ah! you have him! Quick — the message! Lose no time. It must be delivered at once.”

She rose in such agitation of mind and in such a tremor of body that it seemed to her she had lost control of herself. She swayed toward the middle of the room, reaching out a hand to find support where there was none, and fell to the floor, with an instinctive but barely audible cry for help.

Jacob was securing the message and getting the ladder in place while calling out in subdued tones to the unconscious Luya :

“I have the message. Get the cipher ready. We won’t waste a minute. I’ll go at once with it.”

Presently he came up the ladder, and when his eyes were on a level with the window he saw her lying in that inert heap, and, in his careless eagerness to come to her relief, the ladder was thrown down as he entered at the window. He bent over her, calling to her to wake, and lifted her in his arms

to place her on the lounge, repeating her name into her ear as he bore her across the room.

“Luya! Luya! wake, wake! The message has come. I have it! Give me the cipher. Luya! Remember what is at stake! Wake, wake! you must wake!”

He beat at the palms of her hands and shook her by the shoulders, to no avail; and then his strong fingers twisted themselves into the lacing of her bodice, and, with a masterful force, snapped the silken cords like threads, and with a sweep of the hand set the imprisoned bosom free. Luya made a slight responsive movement and a sigh came from her lips; but Jacob saw a fold of paper just slipped from her uncovered breast, and, no longer having the need to revive her, he took up the paper and went to the table. He hurriedly unfolded the paper, saw that it was the “key,” opened the message, glanced hastily from one to the other, translating a word or two, then, crushing them both into one hand, he leaned toward Luya, calling low into her ear, “Wake, wake! Good news! Thank God for your sake, Luya!” and, not waiting to note that her lips moved and that her eyelids quivered, he left her, hastening from the room and down the stairs and into the night.

And, as he went out by the front door, in his hurry leaving it open behind him, Wallace Waring

looked in through the open window upon Luya just awaking from her swoon. He had been disturbed by the note brought to him in the evening, and, seeking relief for his feelings, had quit the players at the inn for a sleep-wooing walk in the moonlight. He had wandered to the Fort and come into the open in time to see a man entering at Luya's window. His jealousy carried him forward in a blind, unreasoning rage, and, setting the overturned ladder in place, he mounted, and climbed into the room.

Luya half arose, her mind still confused, as he stopped before her, dumb with anger.

"You must make haste, Jacob," she said, vaguely, looking up at Wallace and seeming to be struck by some strangeness of his appearance.

"You have not to urge him, madam! He has made good haste, I'll be his witness. So it was Jacob, then!"

"Is it you, Wallace?" she asked, not noting the fury of his speech, but brought to full consciousness by it. "Why, how came you here?"

"By the same way your lover came! you — you plaything!"

The brutality of his tone, the threatening attitude in which he stood, frightened and confounded her. In an involuntary movement of self-defence she put her hands to her bosom and so became aware of the disorder of her bodice. A perception of his meaning

rushed upon her. Shame reddened her cheek as she drew the two parts of the bodice together ; but he laughed, and the flush of modesty gave place to the pallor of indignation, and her eyes flashed as she looked at him.

“Wallace!”

“Oh, play your part, play your part!” he cried, interposing to prevent her as she would have passed. “It proves you are more wanton than I thought. You are practised in the arts! A simple novice would shed tears, confess her fault, and whine for pardon, swearing out her soul in promises! You’ve got beyond that weakness! You have found out how credulous men are! You face down accusation with the mask of virtue, — indignant innocence. And on my word you wear it bravely!”

“Wallace!” There was all the resentment of outraged womanhood in the tone.

“Oh! you are not clever enough to make me discredit the evidence of my own eyes. If I have been your dupe, I’ll not be your fool as well. But I’ll listen to you. ’Twere a pity not to hear you heap reproaches on me. That’s in the rôle. Play your part in its entirety. Come, speak the speech as you have studied it! Let outraged Virtue have her oracle. Chance brought me to witness your gal-lant’s enterprise; take the chance to convince me it was honourable.”

During the first of this passionate tirade Luya's emotions had been all but insupportable. As it continued, her feelings rapidly changed, pain and wonderment and anger being succeeded by a sustaining pride. When he mockingly bowed, giving her leave to speak, she looked at him a moment in calm, superb dignity, with a self-respect so complete that she no longer attempted to hide the disarray of her dress. Then, without a word, she crossed to her own room, entered, closed the door behind her, and turned the key in the lock.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. WARING had finished his writing and drawn close the curtains of his window. In his shirt sleeves, the loose collar with its ruffle of lace turned well back from his throat, he was standing before the mirror, rather curiously studying the mocking face reflected there. The sudden violent crash of the front door knocker startled him. Something fell glitteringly from his hand, and, striking on the marble of the table, had a piece broken from its fine edge. He looked about him fearfully, like one alarmed in some lawless act. He listened to the knocking, which had but brief intermittent intervals. He thought noise was never so great and echoing. It was like an attempt to awaken the neighbourhood. Hearing the sound of something overturned in a distant part of the house, he knew the servants had been aroused. He feared they might let in the importunate person, and, passing through the next room and along a hall, he called down the stairs :

“Cato!”

"Yes, Marse Stephen?"

"Let the door alone. Go to bed."

"Yes, Marse Stephen."

The knocking continued determinedly. Mr. Waring raised the window over the front door.

"What is it you want?" he demanded.

"I want to speak with Mr. Waring."

"I am Mr. Waring."

"I have a thing of importance to lay before you, if you will bid them let me in."

"Who are you?"

"Jacob Wilbruch."

"Ha! I think I can guess what you have to say to me. Be good enough to leave my door in peace."

He drew in his head and was about to lower the window. Jacob cried out, protestingly:

"On my honour as a man 'tis to your interest. News is come from England."

Mr. Waring caught at the word.

"News from England! Has a ship come in?"

Jacob reasoned with uncommon rapidity or answered from intuition, for, without hesitation, he replied:

"Yes, a ship has come in."

"And the news?" Mr. Waring leaned eagerly out of the window, repeating his question impatiently before there was time to answer it.

"The king's army is victorious."

“Thank God! Thank God! It is true, Wilbruch? It is true?”

“Absolutely true, Mr. Waring.”

Mr. Waring burst into a laugh, an uncanny laugh for him, for it was the laugh of a boy escaping the penalty of an escapade, — a gleeful laugh, yet with the shiver of the past apprehension in it. He was ashamed of the outburst, but could not restrain himself. He closed the window unceremoniously and went back to his room, laughing as he went, and, tearing into shreds the writing on the table, held the ribbons of the paper in the candle flame, laughing to see them burn. He blew out the lights and threw himself on to the bed without undressing, drawing a robe over him, and saying aloud, as if speaking to some one, “If the market recovers in the morning I’m saved. But if I could have had the news to myself, I could have bankrupted them all! I should like to have given them a twist! Oh, if I only had another ten or twenty thousand pounds!”

Jacob, disconcerted by the abrupt close of the conversation before he could make his explanation, stood irresolute on the doorstep for some time after Mr. Waring retired from the window. He felt reassured by the manner in which the news had been received, and, resolving to see Mr. Waring before Exchange time in the morning, he went down the walk well

content, intending to report his success to Luya. Looking ahead as he walked, he saw a man approaching him, who seemed to have come into the broadway from the vicinity of the Vanbergen house. As they came nearer together, something familiar in the carriage of the man struck him ; but, before he could distinguish who it was, the other called out :

“Draw, if you have a weapon to defend yourself !”

“I am unarmed,” Jacob said, “but I should not draw on you if I were not. I have no quarrel with you.”

“It shall not be said that I waylaid you like an assassin in the night, — though I swear my conscience would acquit me were I to kill you as you were a rat ! But you shall fight me before the sun is an hour high ; you shall, or, by heaven, the town shall know the why of it !”

“I don’t know what has come over you, — but you are doing yourself and me a wrong. If you know what has passed to-night —”

“Don’t bandy words with me ! I’ve seen your doxy !” — Jacob started at the word, — “I know well enough what has passed to-night ! You can’t lie out of it ! You can’t trick me as you did before ! You shall fight for your demirep, — your pretty blonde baggage, — or the town shall know how I scared you from her arms this midnight —”

Jacob, uttering a cry that was at once a roar of

anguish and of rage, sprang forward, gripping Wallace by the throat to strangle his speech. He was transformed into a fury. He bore Wallace to the ground, and held his head backward across his knee, panting as if it were his own breast from which the breath was being crushed. He paid no attention to Wallace's struggles.

"Yes, I will fight you! You are not worthy to have her. I'll take her from you. You have dared to insult her. I shall avenge that. But you shall not make her your reason for fighting me. You shall not dishonour her by bringing her name to the support of your knavery. You shall fight me for this,—that I'm treating you like a scullion, that I have choked you like a dog, that I have flung you in the dust like a rag. I'll fight you now!"

Jacob flung Wallace from him and stood erect, waiting till Wallace should recover the power to answer him. It was more the humbled pride than the hurt body that made Wallace so slow in rising to his feet. He could hardly credit his senses. The assault was so unexpected, was of a character so little to be anticipated, that he was as incapable of understanding it as he had been unable to avert it. His soul revolted against the unmanly degradation; and his pride was all the more bitterly stung because he believed that the man who had so unpardonably humbled him had added this brutal injury to a most

infamous betrayal. When he had risen to his feet, therefore, his state of mind was aggravated by the thought that he must meet this man on terms of equality, — must fight with this ruffian as if he were a gentleman. Wallace took up his hat from the ground, brushed the dust from his dress with his handkerchief, adjusted his sword in the sash, and, ready to go, said, with composure enough :

“There need not be any delay over preliminaries. I shall be at the Black Horse Inn with a friend at eight o’clock. Small swords or pistols?”

“Small swords.”

Wallace bowed, and, turning about, went in the direction of the inn. Jacob stood for a considerable time irresolute. He was uncertain how to proceed with regard to Luya. He felt that he was in some way accountable to her for the shameful insinuations against her which his ears had heard and which his hands had not adequately punished. He thought he must go to her in contrition, asking pardon that he should have been the occasion of reproach to her. But he was ignorant what had passed between Luya and Wallace, and how far he was privileged to intrude upon Luya’s confidence. He went reluctantly toward the house, persuading himself to silence. There was still a light in Luya’s room. He knocked gently on the outer door, which some one had closed after him.

Presently the door opened a little way.

"I thought you would come, Jacob. Is it all well?"

"Yes. Only I did not have the chance to show Mr. Waring the message or give him the cheque."

"That does not matter, if the worst dread is over. You can see him again in the morning." She spoke with little interest, he thought.

"I shall hardly have time. I must think of your father's interests. I have much to do. I'll leave the message and the cheque with you. You can get them to Mr. Waring."

"I think I do not care to do that."

"Why?"

He detected a tinge of bitterness in her tone, and there was an eagerness in his question. She did not choose that Jacob should know of the scene between her and Wallace, and, fearing that she had indicated too much of her feeling, she hastened to say:

"Leave them with me. It is right that he have the help he needs. I'll go to him myself early in the morning."

He gave her the message and the "key," and took from his pocketbook the cheque he had expected to give Mr. Waring with the news.

Luya had come down-stairs with the fear in her heart that Wallace and Jacob might have met, and, though Jacob's manner and talk relieved her mind

of that fear, there was still a lingering uneasiness. When she had taken the papers and he was turning away with a "good night," she ventured a question.

"It is so beautiful out, 'tis a great pity there is no one abroad to see! I am almost tempted to have you take me to the Battery. There must be a wonderful light on the water. Is there no one stirring but you?"

"There seems to be no one."

"And you have seen no one at all?"

"No one."

"Our people are not romantic. Good night, — or, to speak by the hour, good morning."

Jacob held her hand a moment hesitatingly, and then lifted it to his lips and kissed it reverently. Kissing hands was not in Jacob's fashion, and she wondered.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was half-past seven, and the first purple of the morning was still faint on the rim of the sea. Work was doing by candle-light at the Black Horse Inn. Mr. Todd was standing in the back parlour, looking through the double doors, directing the men who were clearing the upper end of the state dining-room.

"Leave that window looking on the garden open. There'll be need of air. Drop the curtains of the street windows. There will be light enough at eight."

Wallace entered the parlour while Mr. Todd was speaking.

"Mr. Bradford hasn't come yet, Todd?"

"Not yet. But there is still half an hour. You are all ready, sir?"

"Yes; I've been ready these five hours. I wonder at Bradford's delay."

"I could wish there were no occasion to his coming, Mr. Waring. I hope the affair is not so serious but a scratch or two will mend it."

"If the scratch be deep enough. You have had word from Surgeon Bailin?"

"Yes ; he is waiting in the coffee-room."

"Egad ! 'tis well the surgeon at least is prompt."

"Have you breakfasted ?"

"I'm not in stomach. I look to the exercise to give me appetite."

"I hope, sir, you'll have an appetite after it," said Mr. Todd, ruefully going toward the double doors to close them. "I think everything is in order. If there is anything you wish —"

"Thank you, Todd, there is nothing. Ah, Allen," he cried, going to receive Bradford, who came in at the side door, "I was beginning to wish for you."

"I've been delayed," Bradford said, holding out his left hand, his right being encumbered with a rapier case.

"No matter. Now that you are come — By your leave, Todd."

"I was going. These doors will be locked on the inside. You will enter from the hall." He retired, drawing together the heavy curtains and closing the doors.

"What has happened, Wallace ?" Bradford asked, earnestly.

"You have the answer in your hand. Let me see them."

He took the case and placed it on the table and undid the fastenings.

"Yes, but the circumstances," urged Bradford.

"Who is your adversary? And what the deuce has pushed you on to such haste?"

Wallace had taken out one of the rapiers and was testing it.

"I could have wished them heavier. But 'tis firm enough to find that bastard's heart, I'll be bound!"

"Of whom are you speaking? Who is the man?"

"Must you be told? Haven't you guessed? Can't your mind pick out the scoundrel? Is there another man who could have — Oh, Allen!" he cried, flinging down the rapiers and going passionately to Bradford, "I've been tricked — duped — betrayed — made the butt of a — Oh, I've got the fire of hell burning in my brain — I shall go mad if I think of it! I'll kill him — I'll reach her heart through his — I'll take such revenge as I can!"

"Good Heaven, Wallace, you're not fit to fight a duel in this state! You tremble like a leaf."

"Yes, because I'm a fool, — a wretched, miserable fool with a heart, Allen! For I loved her! God pity me, I love her now — love her in spite of it! I tremble because I am not man enough to despise the woman who has wronged me! I should have forgiven her — I confess it — I should have forgiven her if she had so much as wept! But not a word! Not a word of shame! Not a tear of penitence!"

Bradford grasped him by the arm, shocked by the suspicion in his mind.

"Are you talking of —"

"Yes, yes, of her!" Wallace interrupted, vehemently.

"Luya?"

"Of whom else?"

"And the man is —"

"Jacob Wilbruch! Yes! Damn them, damn them!"

Bradford was dumfounded. His intelligence revolted against an accusation so incredible.

"You have gone clean out of reason, Wallace. The thing is not to be thought of. Nothing is more unbelievable. Jacob Wilbruch would not wrong her for the universe. And she — Good God! Jealousy has made a madman of you!"

"Oh! I have said that no less than a thousand times in the last three hours, and a thousand times my doubts have been answered by the testimony of my own eyes. I came upon them, — surprised them in the midnight rendezvous. I saw him clamber in at her window, and followed him. I must have made a noise to alarm him, for he had fled when I entered the room. But she — ugh! And she was dumb — dumb — and brazened it out with her silence —"

"Whatever the appearances may be —"

"Facts — facts — we are talking of facts, not appearances."

"I don't believe it."

"You don't believe it!"

"No; I believe nothing to the discredit of that lady."

"Oh! I remember now," Wallace laughed. "You had a fancy for her once yourself! You, too, thought so much loveliness must have something of saintliness in it, and, not being the victim of the illusion, you still believe in it. Then you refuse to serve me?"

"I hope to serve you to some reason."

"Spare yourself the trouble. My preceptor this morning shall be a yard of steel; and I swear, Allen, I should be glad if the lesson went home to my heart. But if you do not think to second me —"

"There's no talk of that, Wallace. I will serve you because I am your friend, and because I would not have some one else in my place prying at the cause of the quarrel. But I think you are rushing blindly into a crime, — a crime against as pure a woman —"

"I would to God it were so, Allen! Come to my room. We've not much time to waste, and I have a foolish thing of a will there which I'd have you witness. I have a presentiment —"

“Pish, man ! We’ll have nothing to do with such devil’s pranks as presentiments !”

He returned the rapiers to the case and, taking it up, followed Wallace out of the room. As they were passing a window, going up the stairs, Wallace stopped and looked out.

“There is my father ! What brings him out so early ? And he seems in spirit, Allen ! I hope he is ; though I marvel he should be.” And, continuing up the stairs, he added, “Gad, ’tis odd that my father and I should be indebted to the same little Judas for our different bad fortunes.”

“You begin the day betimes, Mr. Waring,” said Surgeon Bailin, greeting the entrance of Mr. Stephen Waring into the inn.

“When I have reason, surgeon,” Mr. Waring replied, cheerfully. “I take this to be a propitious day, and come to drink my dish of tea where I can have the news with it.”

“If you could get your news as fresh as the tea, it might be worth the exertion, Mr. Waring. But I shall be pleased to trade some old news for ten minutes of your company.”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Waring, seating himself, “there is the mould of two months on our freshest news ; but news is like cheese, the better for being ripe when served. A pot of tea if you please, Todd, and a hot bun.”

“Happy to have the rare honour of serving you, Mr. Waring. And I am sorry to begin by begging you to excuse the surgeon, who is asked for.”

Mr. Todd gave him a significant look, warning him to be guarded before Mr. Waring.

“Well, as I am not to have your company, Mr. Waring, you cannot blame me if I keep my news; though, truth to say, I should have been plaguily put to invention to amuse you, unless you have in you enough science to appreciate the art with which I came between Dominie Small and a carbuncle on Wednesday last. But that is news will keep for an older telling.” The surgeon went out, laughing, following the direction given by Mr. Todd.

“And what are the particulars of the news, Todd? Was it a decisive victory?”

“Victory, Mr. Waring?” Mr. Todd asked, much perplexed. “Of what victory do you speak, sir?”

“The king’s victory over the French, to be sure. The victory over Charles Edward and his rabble. Come, come, man, don’t stare till your eyes drop out. Have you not yet heard the news the ship brought in last night?”

Mr. Waring spoke with sinking heart and paling cheeks. He understood from Mr. Todd’s perplexity that a deception had been practised upon him. He anticipated the answer.

“No ship came in last night, Mr. Waring.”

He started to arise from the table, but was seized with such a trembling of the legs that he sank back into the chair. He saw that the innkeeper believed him to be suffering a mental disturbance, and was regarding him with solicitude. He could not bear to be pitied.

"You must allow me my little jest, Todd. But I have a sudden spasm of the heart, — an old weakness, — and it takes the jest out of me. I know no ship has come in. I think — I think I'll have you fetch my tea into the back parlor. I should like to lie on the sofa awhile. I'll be quite myself in a few minutes."

He rose resolutely, and, declaring that he was already better, declined Mr. Todd's arm and went in the direction of the parlour. As he was passing along the corridor he unheedingly heard a boy's voice saying at the side entrance :

"I know the way to the parlour, Luya. I'll show you, — and then I'll find him for you."

As he reached the door, he heard the boy's voice say :

"There he is just ahead of us." And this time Waring looked around, pausing in the doorway. He recognised Luya, and his hands clenched and the muscles of his face contracted under the shock of his anger. It seemed as if he would strike her, but she came fearlessly to him.

"I have come to speak with you, Mr. Waring. I saw you pass our house. I tried to overtake you."

"What is your motive in pursuing and hounding me?"

"I wish to befriend you, Mr. Waring, by doing you a timely service. The news you had last night —"

"So! It was your doing, then! I might have known it, since it was your lover who came to torment me! And you thought, you Jezebel, that you would play upon my weakness, and beat down my mind to match with my fallen fortune! But you failed in that, you see. I have mind enough to look through the mask of youth and innocence you wear down into your vicious heart!"

He entered the room and would have closed the door, but Luya, holding Hendrik by the hand, followed so close upon him that she was on the threshold when he turned. She was frightened and trembling, but nothing short of physical violence could have prevented her saying to him what self-respect bade her say.

"You must listen to me, Mr. Waring!"

"I want none of your tricks and inventions! Be good enough to leave me!"

"As soon, Mr. Waring, as I have convinced you of your mistake. There have been no tricks and inventions, there was no deception. The news was true —"

"As true as that a ship came in last night! Have done with this barefaced impudence —"

"The ship has not yet come in, it cannot get in to-day; but I have its news. It needs but a minute to convince you, if you have enough reasonableness to listen."

She spoke with such positiveness that he moved aside mechanically, and she pressed into the room. Motioning Hendrik to go to the window, she took from the silk bag on her arm the message and a carefully written translation of it, which she laid side by side upon the table. Mr. Waring, in spite of himself, watched her movements with interest, a hope of which he was hardly conscious laying a restraint upon his anger. Her self-possession returned to her, and she spoke quietly, indifferent, apparently, whether or not he should credit her words, being merely concerned to quit a duty to herself.

"This message was brought by a carrier-pigeon from my father. It is authentic. This is the translation. My father sailed three days ago, at my urging, to meet the ship from England. This is the news he got from that ship, the *Hester*:

"'Young Pretender beaten. French and Scotch forces scattered. Great victory for the king. Confidence restored. Tell Jacob to buy freely.'"

Mr. Waring's face gave indication of a struggle of the emotions, but it was evident that doubt and distrust were uppermost, and there was something like a sneer on his lips. Luya noted these unfavourable signs with kindling pride. She even wondered at herself for caring to convince this man of her honesty, — this stupidly arrogant man, whose son had so grossly forfeited his and his father's rights to her consideration. But it would be a satisfaction to make this man understand her contempt of his sneers, and to humble him with the knowledge that she was really holding out a fortune to his taking. She went on with a sense of pleasure in admitting him into a confidence she would not have let him share under more favourable conditions.

“I watched day and night for the coming of that message, in order that you might have the news in time to save yourself, and you had it within a quarter of an hour of its coming, — a well-timed coming, I think.”

A shiver went through Mr. Waring as he remembered the timely knocking at his door. His eyes went down under her gaze.

“You ask what my motive was,” she continued, noting the change in him. “My object was to win your favour. I am not ashamed to say that I hoped by doing you this service to gain your consent to my marriage with your son, for I thought your son loved

me as loyally as I loved him. What I have gained is the most incredible insults from you both,—insults so base that they have killed my love, so unwarranted that they no longer wound my pride. Your favour or disapprobation is nothing to me now. Your son defamed me on account of the man who was helping to save your honour. I come to you now with news and a cheque that should enable you to retrieve and advance your fortune, only because I would not lower my self-respect by taking the revenge I might. They are there on the table; do with them what you please. Come, Hendrik.”

She moved toward the door. Mr. Waring, mastered by the convincing sincerity of her manner and words, hurried to intercept her.

“Miss Vanbergen, wait, I beg of you. I am convinced of the truth of what you say. I have wronged you; I ask your pardon. Let us come to an understanding. Let us clear up the mistakes. Send the child away,” the last words being a whispered request.

Luya was not of a mind to continue the scene, but at his earnest pleading yielded, and pushed Hendrik gently toward the door, bidding him wait for her in front of the inn. But the child had a feeling that Luya needed a protector near her, for he distrusted Mr. Waring. Pale-faced, gray-haired men whose eyes burned like fire were uncanny folk

to leave alone with girls. He begged to be allowed to stay.

"I'll be good. I won't listen. I'll wait by the window, behind the curtain."

He went to take up the position as he spoke, and saw, to his joy, that large, downy flakes of snow, the first heralds of winter, had begun chasing each other hither and thither through the air or tumbling to the ground to rest. After one exclamation of delight, his spirit slipped into that absence and quiet which let the voices of nature be heard, and the gamboling snowflakes became as playfellows to him, and led him whither they listed.

Mr. Waring demanded eagerly of Luya all the particulars of the sending and return of the pigeons, of the arrival at midnight, and of Jacob's share in it all; and, thoroughly convinced that the news was trustworthy and that it meant his salvation, he rose and came to stand in front of her.

"I have all along been unjust to you. I have been wrong in my speech and manner toward you. You have proved in the most generous and magnanimous way how unworthy I was to judge you, how little I knew or understood you. I won't thank you for what you have done; instead, I ask you to do me yet another kindness, — forgive me! Can you do that?"

He held out both his hands to her, and she put

hers into them, rising as she did so and smiling faintly.

"If there is anything I need to forgive I forgive you. And you can forgive me, too."

He held her hands in silence for a little time, looking into her face meditatively; then, shaking his head slowly, he said:

"No, I've nothing to forgive you. It is true I should not have been brought to such perilous straits if I had remained in business with your father. But I have learned something that was worth the risk, if I come fairly out." Then, imagining that he had spoken too freely, admitted too much, he said, as if to explain his words, "I have learned to respect honest merchantry. I find that 'tis not every fool can make a good tradesman!"

He turned to the table and took up the cheque. He fingered it irresolutely for awhile, then folded it, tendering it to Luya.

"I shall not need this. I can get what money I want from my banker on the strength of the news your pigeons have brought. Boylston will think better of my securities now." He laughed, the sense of freedom and power being very pleasant to him. "But I shall express my gratitude to Mr. Wilbruch."

She took the cheque, rather sorry, after all, that Mr. Waring could depend on Mr. Boylston's assist-

ance. She called to Hendrik and was going, when Mr. Waring put out his hands again to take hers.

“I shall call on your father when he returns. I have something to ask him. I wish to take his daughter from him.”

The colour came into her cheeks, but she looked steadily into his eyes, withdrawing her hands from his.

“That is over, Mr. Waring.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BEFORE Mr. Waring's astonishment allowed him to question Luya, Mr. Todd entered the parlour, hurriedly.

"I have taken the liberty to have your tea served in another room, Mr. Waring. It is quite ready."

"I prefer to have it here, Todd, if it is the same to you. And I hope Miss Vanbergen will drink a cup with me." Mr. Waring laid his hand on Luya's detainingly.

"Not in here, I beg of you, Mr. Waring," Mr. Todd said, urgently. "This room is under engagement, sir." Then, coming close to Mr. Waring, and speaking in a confidential whisper, he added, "A matter between gentlemen is being settled in the dining-room, sir. If an accident should happen, this room would be wanted."

"A duel, Todd!" exclaimed Mr. Waring, aloud.

"A duel!" Luya repeated, an intuitive fear seizing upon her heart. "Between whom, Mr. Todd?" grasping his arm nervously, as if to force an answer from him. "Who are to fight the duel? Is it Mr. Wilbruch? Is it Mr. Waring?"

"Wilbruch! Waring! Good God, Todd! Is my son at a duel with Mr. Wilbruch?" He started for the curtained double doors, but Mr. Todd held him back.

"Have a care, Mr. Waring! The door is locked, and any noise to disturb their attention would be most unfortunate, sir."

"Are they in there?" Luya asked, under her breath, and, running to the door, she snatched one of the curtains aside to listen, falling to her knees and pressing her ear to the keyhole.

"Is it my son?" demanded Mr. Waring, greatly agitated. "Answer me! Answer me!"

"Yes, Mr. Waring, it is your son, and Mr. Wilbruch."

"Oh!" moaned Luya, kneeling by the door, "I can hear them moving about — I can hear the striking of their swords."

She rose suddenly, her face blanched, her hands trembling, and came to Mr. Waring, imploringly passionate.

"Prevent it! Stop it! In God's name, Mr. Waring, don't let it go on. It is your son! It is the man who befriended you! It is the man who came to you last night! Stop them, stop them!"

She clung to him desperately, repeating the demand over and over as if his will could end the combat.

"He can't stop them, Miss Luya," Mr. Todd said,

kindly but insistently. "The doors are locked. And if there is any disturbance here it may cost the life of one of them. You had best come away."

Mr. Waring put his arm about her to comfort and soothe her, though he was scarcely less tremulous than she.

"Mr. Todd is right, my child. We can do nothing. We dare not interfere. Leave us, Todd, leave us. We'll wait here in silence."

Mr. Todd unwillingly retired, leaving them. As the door closed behind him, Luya started at the sound, imagining it to be the unlocking of the double doors, and ran to them. She took hold of the knob and turned it, pushing at the doors, and, in a sudden frenzy of fear, called out :

"Wallace! Wallace! It is a crime you are doing! In pity's name, some one unlock the door!" And she began beating at the doors.

There was an exclamation of rage from the room beyond, for Wallace had recognised her voice, and thrust at Jacob with reckless violence as he cried :

"A sweetheart to the rescue!"

Mr. Waring had hurried to Luya and grasped her hands, forcing her away from the door.

"My child, think what you are doing! One unguarded thrust might be fatal —"

"But if they fight to the end, what then? Oh, Mr. Waring, something can be done! Something

must be done! I lied to you! I love your son! Save him! He will obey you. Speak to him! Call to him! He will stop at your bidding."

"Listen to me, Luya. There is but one thing can be done. It is a desperate chance, and a dangerous chance. See there," pointing to the window, "you can see that a window to the dining-room is open. The child might climb through —"

Luya caught instantly at the idea.

"He can, he will! Hendrik!"

She ran to the corner where Hendrik was crouched down, weeping in silent terror of he knew not what, and took his head between her hands, murmuring encouragement, and kissing his tears away.

"If he is careful, they will be too much engaged to notice him —"

"Yes, yes, Hendrik understands," Luya interrupted, eagerly. "He will be careful, he will be brave. You are to unlock the door, Hendrik. It must be done quickly, before any one can stop you. The minute you are in the room, run straight for the door and turn the key —"

"Yes, sister Luya; I'll do what you tell me."

Mr. Waring had raised the parlour window, and they helped Hendrik out, Mr. Waring leaning down and holding the boy at arm's length to shorten the drop to the ground. On striking the ground, Hen-

drik fell full length in the light snow, but was up before they could wonder if he were hurt, and ran to the trellis under the dining-room window. He climbed quickly to the window, and, as he paused at a signal from Mr. Waring, to look cautiously into the room, Luya hurried to the door and stood with her hand on the knob in feverish readiness to push in the instant the key turned in the lock. She stood there, panting. The time seemed so long that she feared that the plan had failed. She could hear the play of steel against steel, the shuffling of feet on the oak boards, the intermittent sounds and exclamations of men in deadly excitement, and suddenly the cry, "A hit!" followed by an angry denial and a redoubled energy of striking steel. Seconds only were passing, but she thought them minutes, and she could not repress the emotion that swelled to her lips in the fear of Hendrik's failure. She called out to Mr. Waring, hysterically :

"They have stopped him! They have stopped him! Hendrik! Hendrik!"

But, while she was yet uttering the name, the door swung open under her pressure, and she was precipitated into the room at such an impetus that she was carried into the very midst of the group, and fell against Jacob's breast, he catching her with his arm. It was at the very moment when Wallace, whose back was to the door, took advantage of Jacob's distracted

attention to make a savage thrust. The blade, as slender as that of a poniard, passed through Luya's arm into Jacob's side.

Wallace drew back his sword and flung it to the floor.

"I've killed her!" he cried, seeing her limp and silent in Jacob's embrace, and would have taken her in his own arms, but Jacob put out a hand against him.

Surgeon Bailin quieted the confusion with professional coolness.

"No excitement, gentlemen! Place her in this chair. So. Let me see. But you are wounded, Wilbruch!" he exclaimed, catching sight of the stain in Jacob's shirt.

"No, it is her blood. Look to her," Jacob replied.

And while the surgeon was bending over Luya, Wallace and Bradford and Mr. Waring pressing near, Jacob stood a little distant from them, with his left hand held against his side, and his rapier grasped in his right.

Mr. Manning, his second, came to Jacob, inquiring anxiously.

"Are you hurt, Wilbruch?"

"'Tis but a touch. It hardly bleeds."

"Let me take your sword."

"Not until I know."

"Know what?"

"If he has killed her."

Manning looked into Jacob's face, and read his purpose. Jacob was standing in sword's length of Wallace, who was kneeling beside Luya's chair.

"Just Heaven! Are you thinking of such a thing?" demanded Manning, in a whisper. "Would you murder a man in cold blood?"

"I should not think it a murder," Jacob said, calmly.

Manning took hold of the sword, attempting to get possession of it quietly. Jacob gripped it firmly. They stood waiting, each with a hand on the sword.

"Well, surgeon?" asked Wallace.

"As I thought," replied Surgeon Bailin. "'Tis but a prick in the arm. A matter of a few days' bandaging. A healthier arm, with blood to match, never came under my eyes. But there is something amiss with the nervous system. It is too much keyed up. I shall have to tell Vanbergen to allow his daughter less excitement. Well, we'll dress this pretty puncture and I'll be obliged to the one that shall hand me a basin of water."

Hendrik was off at the word, the tears that terror had frozen in his heart flooding his eyes under the glow of love reassured.

Jacob released his hold on the sword, permitting Manning to take it, and went to a sofa near the

window, sitting in a half-reclining position and keeping his eyes fixed on the surgeon and Luya.

"You are sure your hurt does not need prompt attention?" Manning asked, anxiously. "Let me look at it."

"My hurt does not require a surgeon, Manning," Jacob said, smiling and putting him off. "But, after he is quite done attending to Luya, Bailin may put on a bit of plaister, if he thinks it worth troubling about. I don't."

Wallace had risen to his feet with a "Thank God!" when he learned that Luya's wound was not serious, and Mr. Waring, putting a hand on his shoulder, said, in a low tone:

"We may well thank God, my son."

Wallace looked into his father's face, surprised by the friendliness of the voice and manner.

"And we may thank him not only that the accident to her was small, but that you did no harm to your adversary, for they are both our benefactors."

He linked his arm in with Wallace's in the old familiar way, as if quarrel had never come between them, and, leading him into the next room, told him, still speaking in confidential tone, the story of the midnight message and his deliverance from ruin. Wallace was profoundly touched by the recital. The main circumstances recounted by his father permitted him to supply from his own facts many of

the essential details that made clear the whole adventure, which he had so grossly misjudged. Conscience set him on the rack of remorse, for he recognised his conduct as a crime against Luya and against Jacob as well. Busy with these thoughts and his purpose of reparation, he hardly heard, and certainly did not comprehend, what his father was saying as to his own obligations to Wilbruch and Luya, especially the ambiguous phrase, "I owe it to them that I can judge with charity my son's temptation to cover disgrace with a crime, for they saved me in a more shameful moment." But he understood the final "Let us be closer friends henceforth, Wallace; and see to it, lad, that you have the virtue to make friends with them."

He hurried again into the parlour, where the surgeon was chatting with Luya, Bradford looking on smilingly.

"We are quite ourselves now, eh? Hartshorn is a sovereign restorer. You find the pressure on your arm a little tight? Never mind that. To-morrow or the next day, if you are good, we'll abate it the smallest fraction of an inch. And, to prevent inflammation, I'll write a prescription, if I can find a bit of paper big enough to scribble a monk's prayer on."

He turned to his coat to find his note-book, as Wallace came to throw himself down beside Luya,

unmindful of those about him, and take her hand and cover it with kisses, saying, hurriedly and brokenly :

“Forgive me, forgive me ! It was not I — it was a madman — a poor, blind fool, Luya, that you should pity ! I’ll make amends — don’t condemn me — though I merit only your scorn — I am only fit to be despised — I was unworthy of your love — but forgive me — forgive me out of your goodness — forgive me !”

Luya leaned forward, bending her head toward Wallace.

There was a sharp, frightened cry from Manning :
“Surgeon Bailin, quick !”

They looked in the direction of the cry, startled by its suddenness, and saw Manning lifting Jacob back on to the sofa from which he had just fallen forward, being caught in Manning’s arms, who had but returned to him after a five minutes’ absence.

Surgeon Bailin was quickly at Jacob’s side, Luya and the others, greatly alarmed, following closely.

Bailin stooped over and hastily pulled open Jacob’s shirt.

“Great God ! he has been bleeding to death for the last half-hour, while I have been toying with a scratch !”

He hurried back to the table to get his instruments, as Luya, too stunned to utter sound, pushed by and flung herself to her knees beside Jacob,

moaning his name and stroking her hand down over his face as one sometimes wakes a sleeping child.

“Don’t drive me away,” she said, when the surgeon came again and would have raised her from her place. “He doesn’t need you now!”

THE END.

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